The Saturday Evening
POST
April 2, 1960 — 15¢

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THE BATTLE OF WISCONSIN

KENNEDY vs HUMPHREY

By STEWART ALSOP

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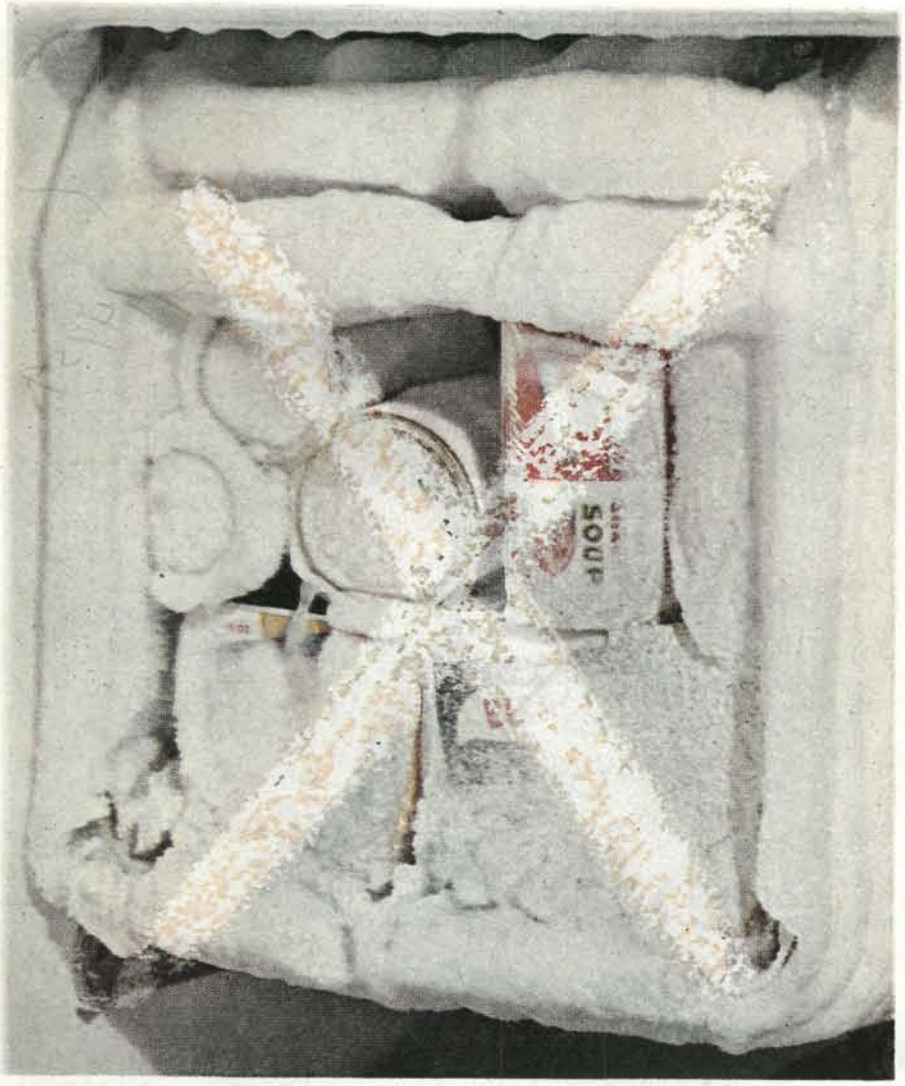

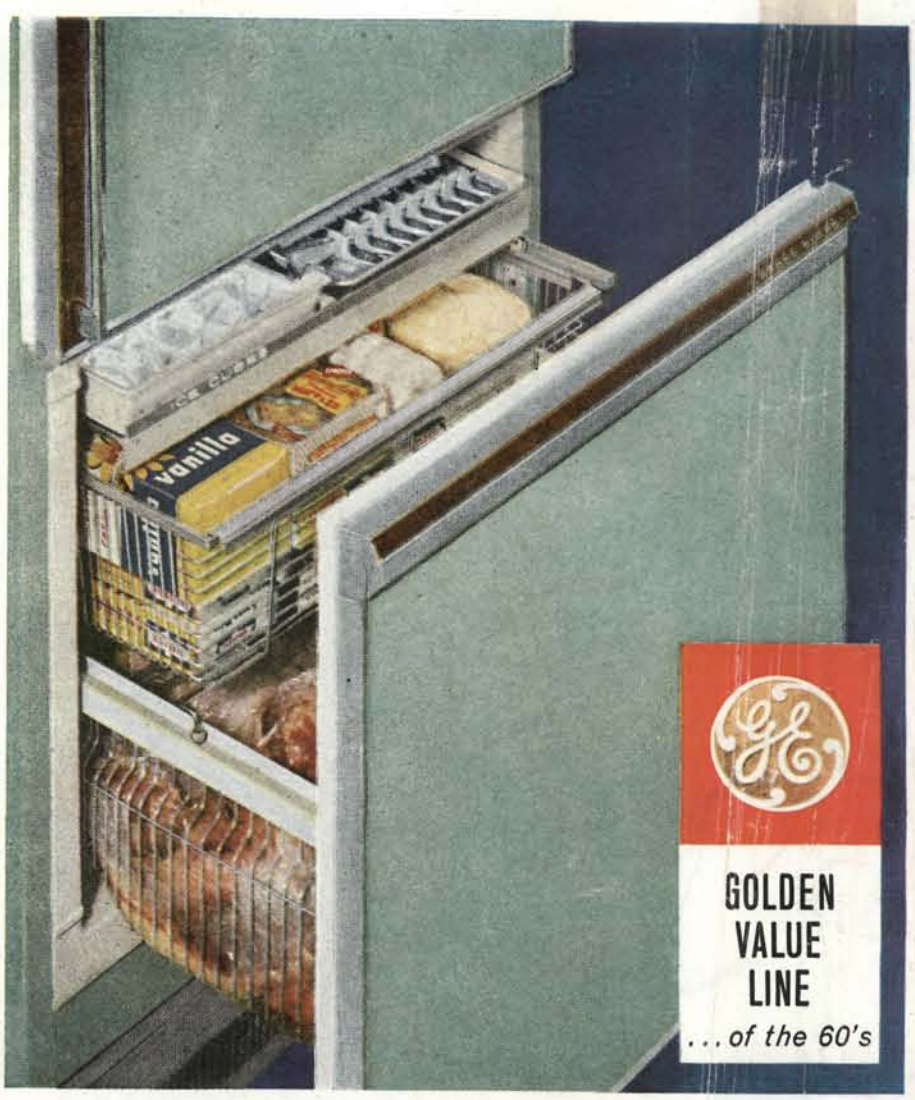

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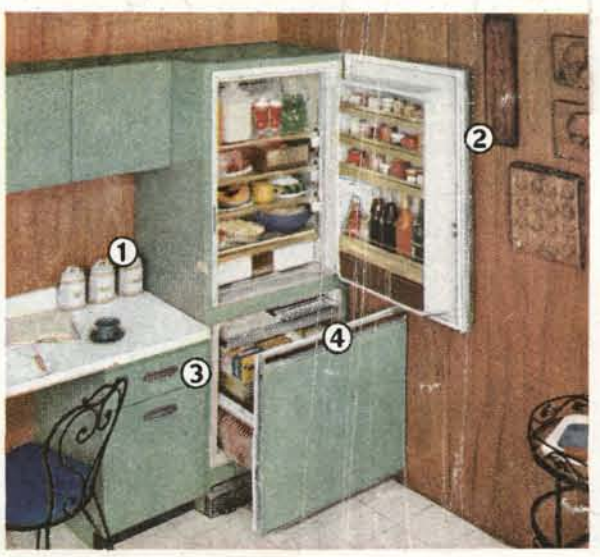
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric Company, Household Refrigerator Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.

Swing-Out Shelves bring even front! And you can adjust with food—to

New! Changeable Decorator Panels let you change the front of this refrigerator-freezer to match your kitchen decor! Available as accessories in 4 Mix-or- Also three Fashion Finishes—Simulated



Straight-Line Desi and Big Roll-Out Freezer. 1. Fits flush with wal —no coils in back to accumulate dirt. 2. No waste space at side for door clearance 3. Front lines up wit base cabinets. 4. Roll-Out Free ge supermarket bags of food!

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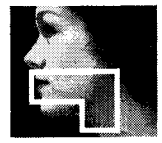
Germs in mouth and throat cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs, and no tooth paste is antiseptic. No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does...on contact, by millions, on every oral surface. No wonder more American families use Listerine than all other mouthwashes combined!

Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!

YOU KILL GERMS ON 4 TIMES AS MUCH ORAL SURFACE THE LISTERINE WAY*

Tooth paste reaches only teeth, gum-line. And it's NOT antiseptic.



Listerine way kills germs on tongue, palate, tonsils, all over mouth and throat.

*See directions on label

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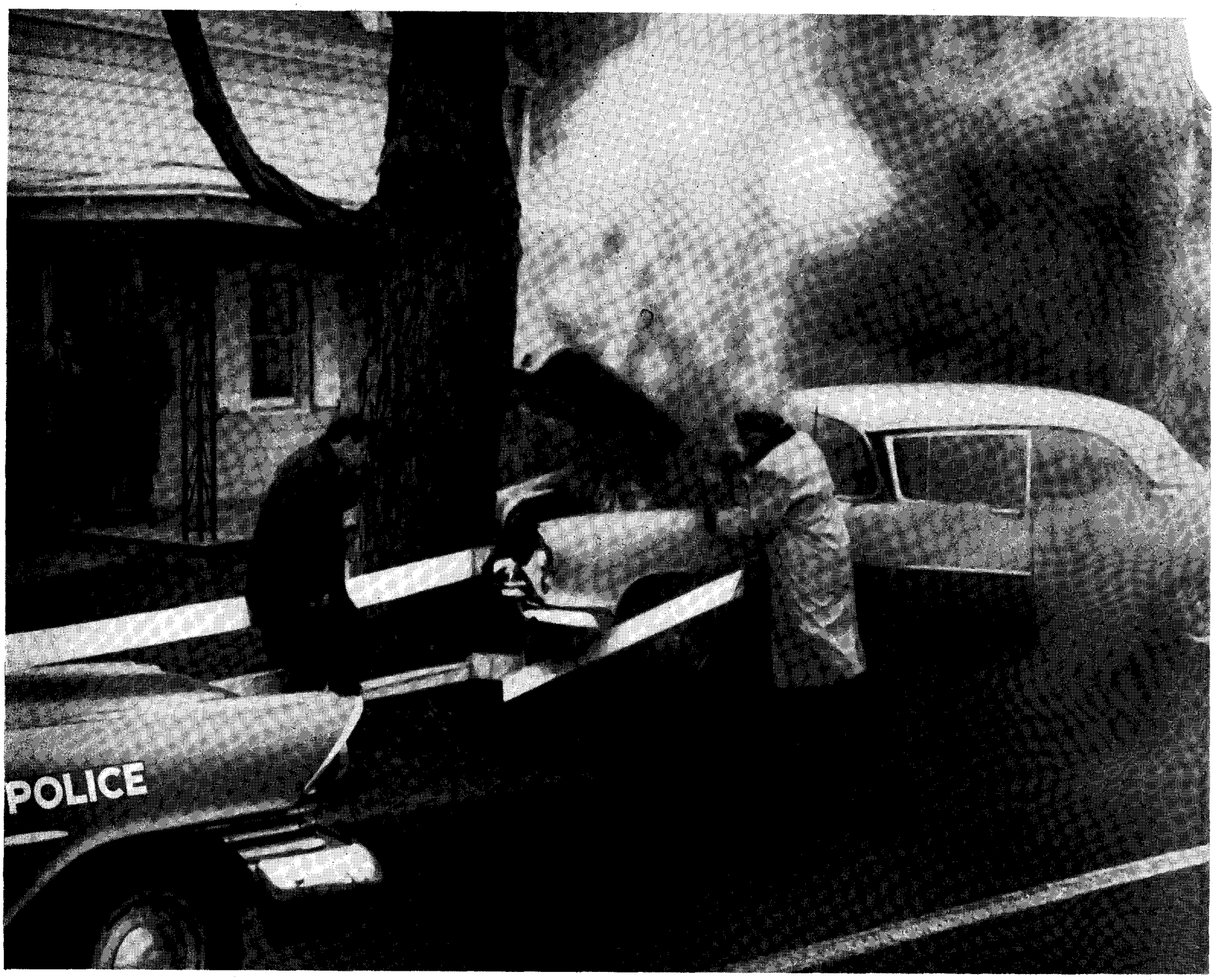
the company that stands by you



MOMENT OF HORROR

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"It was pleasant to chat with you on that awful 'day-after-the-night-before' and have you reassure me that I had no worries."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

April 2, 1960 *Vol. 232, No. 40*

4 Short Stories

The Governor's Girl . . . . . *Elizabeth Langhorne* 22
The Doubtful Doctor . . . . . *Louis Paul* 25
Anything for Money . . . . . *Ed Montgomery* 30
The Secret Vice of Professor Cliffside . . . . . *Will Harriss* 34

7 Articles

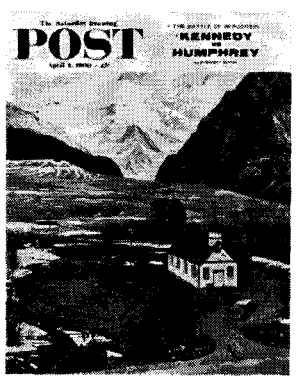
The Battle of Wisconsin: Kennedy vs. Humphrey . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 19
The Ladies' Favorite Cardinal . . . . . *Bob Broeg* 24
Giant in the Jungle . . . . . *David Howarth* 26
The Face of America: Farewell to Snow . . . *Photograph by Hanson Carroll* 28
My Adventures as an Illustrator, Conclusion: I Paint the President
Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell 31
Adventures of the Mind, 49: The Two Cities of Law . . . *Charles L. Black Jr.* 32
Big Hit on Main Street . . . . . *Paul F. Healy* 36

2 Serials

Moon Pilot (Conclusion) . . . . . *Robert Buckner* 38
Night Without End (Seventh of eight parts) . . . . . *Alistair MacLean* 42

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse . . . 45, 55, 70, 77, 94, 97
Hazel 114
Keeping Posted 116



THE COVER

It's recess time in Pine Creek, Montana, and teacher, hot-footing it toward first base, is giving her class a lesson in arithmetic: no runs, plus a young man on third, plus a line drive to left-center, equals one run. Artist John Clymer often has passed this one-room schoolhouse en route to nearby Yellowstone National Park, thinking each time that it belonged on the cover of *The Post*. Last April the muddy outline of a ball diamond inspired his theme; recently we learned that the teacher, Mrs. Mable Easton, really does play baseball with her young scholars. Clymer confesses that in order to get part of the Absaroka Mountains on his canvas, he was obliged to turn the schoolyard around. We agree that a hilly back drop is quite in order, *montaña* being the Spanish word for mountain.

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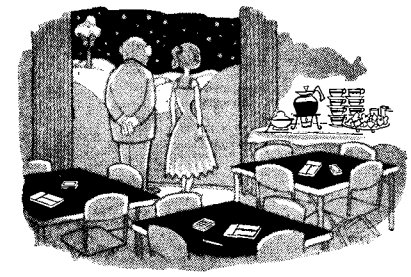
Letters

The Long, Long Snow

Dear Sirs:

Talk about your blizzard of '88! According to the enclosed cartoon [below, from the Nov. 23, 1957, *Post*] the big snow began in November, 1957, and



now on the cover of the Feb. 20, 1960, issue [below] we find it *still* snowing. And they're *still* waiting. Such patience.

CARL A. ROGGE
Drexel Hill, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

From the looks of things, this terrific storm has been going on for hours. Are we to assume that Mrs. Waite has been slaving all day over a hot stove, blissfully unaware of the impending threat to her hospitality?

Hadn't it occurred to her to call off the banquet?

R. H. NOYES
Fair Haven, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

There is a solution for Mr. and Mrs. Waite. We had prepared a Swedish smorgasbord for seventy-five people and a blizzard developed during the afternoon. We telephoned all the neighbors. Paths were shoveled, and they came, forty of them, men, women and children. The result—neighbors who had never met before became acquainted, a good time was had by all and the food was consumed with enjoyment.

ETHEL W. BECKER
Moline, Ill.

If We Don't Help

Dear Sirs:

Demaree Bess writes convincingly, as usual, in Is Foreign Aid Jeopardizing American Jobs? [Feb. 27] but misses three important conclusions: (1) The less-developed nations are going to develop whether we help them or not. If we do not, then Russia and China will give them aid and they may well wind up in the Communist camp. If they did that, *plenty* of Americans would be without jobs. . . . (2) The best-developed nations are also our best customers as well as our strongest competitors. Japan, for example, is a real competitor, but she is also the third largest buyer of American goods. . . . If we want to sell our finished products, nations must be developed so their people can buy. . . . (3) American machines and efficiency tend to offset cheap labor in other nations, and labor costs will go up there, with a better standard of living. . . .

How can so many people—including Mr. Bess—overlook these simple facts of life? They talk about competition as if it were something dreadful, instead of the "life of business" that it really is.

WILLARD JOHNSON, *President*
Committee for International
Economic Growth
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

One of the best and most accurate articles that I have read in a long time. If some real, protective tariffs aren't forthcoming soon, the buying power in the United States is in for a big letdown.

R. M. COOK
Anaheim, Calif.

Lowly and Despised?

Dear Sirs:

Bravo for In Defense of the State University [by Paul Engle, Feb. 13]. It's a heartwarming event whenever *The Post* comes through with a rebuttal to the agonized wails of the AIL (All Is Lost) Society.

JACK R. CRADDOCK
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

The author would have us believe that these universities are "dedicated to the total life of man" and explains that ethereal statement in terms of research and discovery in the sciences . . . and of production in the . . . arts. These are activities of the faculty for the most part, with assistance from graduate students in many instances.

But what of undergraduate instruction, which many people have assumed to be the chief function of the state universities?

EARLE O. WHITTIER
Rehoboth Beach, Del.

Dear Sirs:

[I] have the naïve belief that the primary purpose of these schools is to educate our young people. This purpose is being lost in the shuffle.

As my husband put it, the university is run first for the administration, second for the building and grounds department (we must have bigger and better buildings and landscaped campuses), third for the research men and those professors who publish ("publish or perish" is an all too common slogan), and way down at the bottom, for the brilliant, gifted teacher and the lowly, often despised student.

ELEANOR KEYES GRETTUM
El Cerrito, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We were appalled by the apparent contradiction of a basic principle of Newtonian physics. The arc of Doctor Mendenhall's lunch-pail pendulum couldn't possibly have varied "according

(Continued on Page 6)

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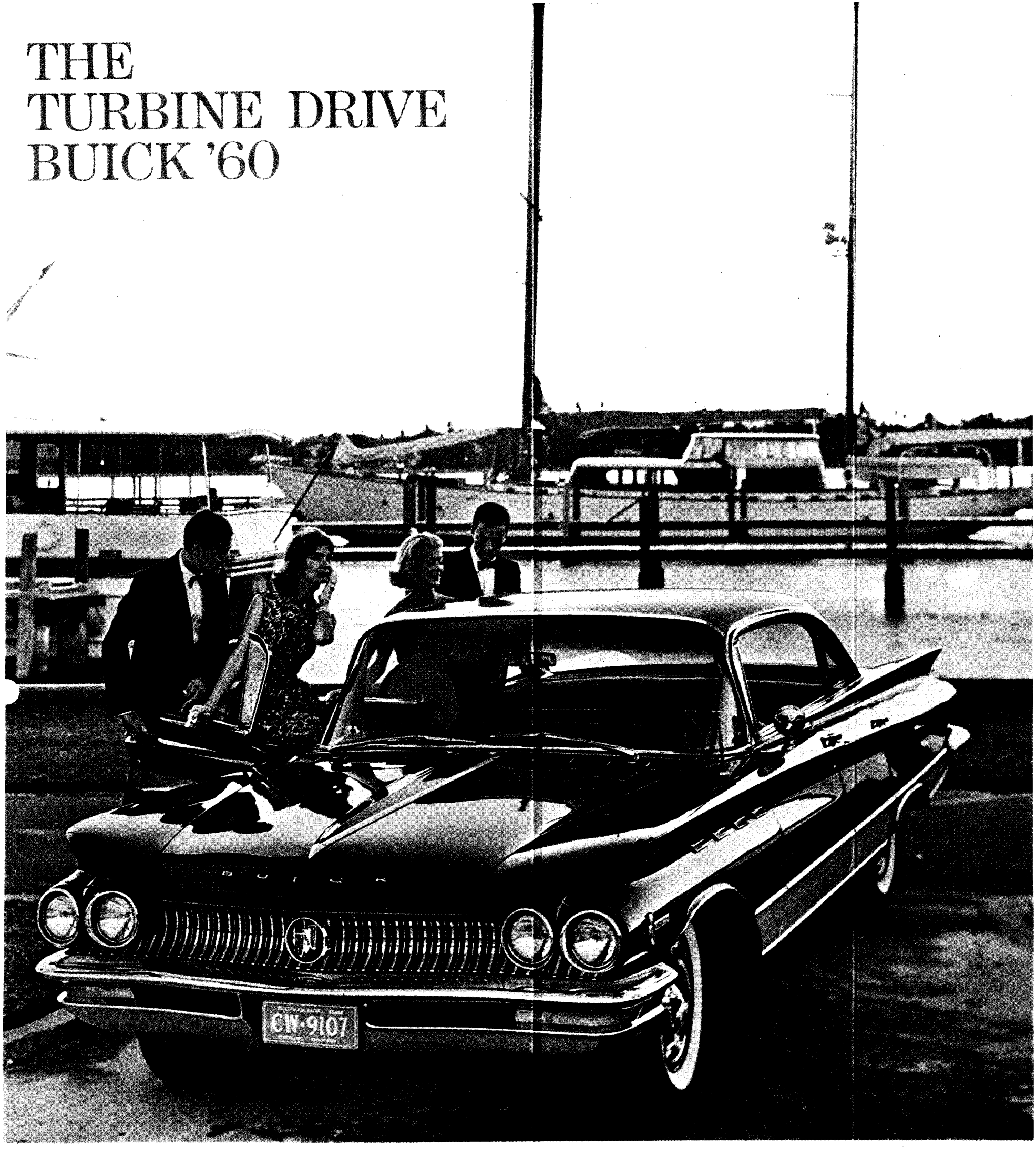
THE TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60



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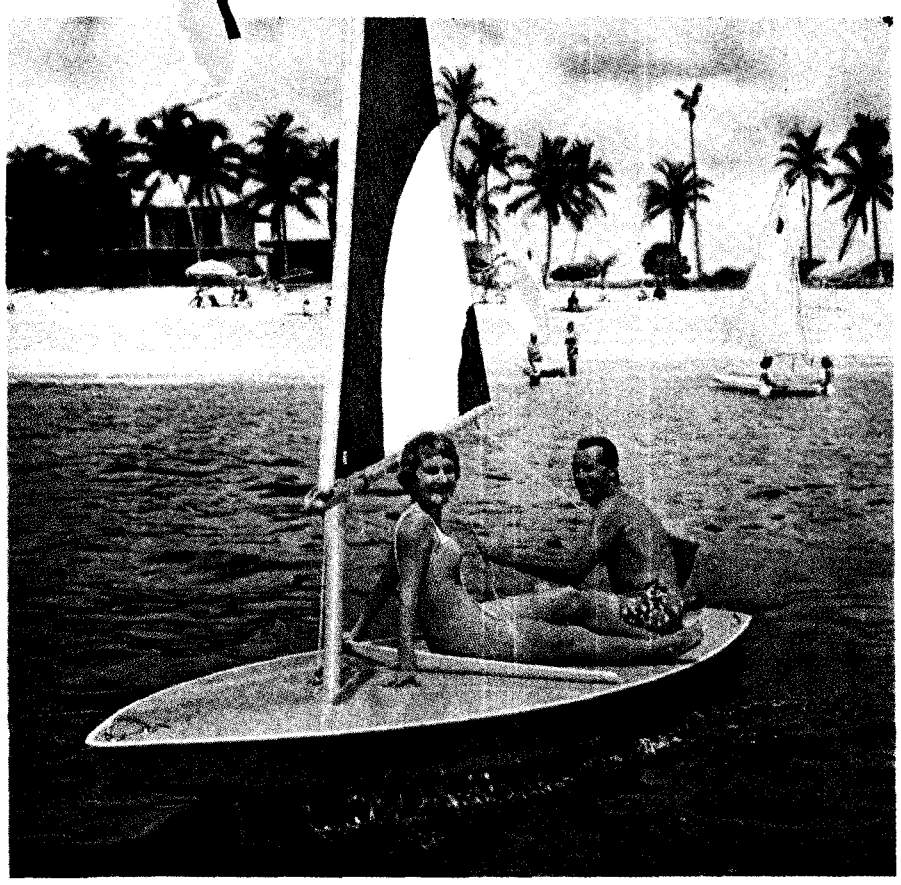
Indian River. . . one of Florida's nine vacation regions



Light-hearted family fun afloat or ashore

A hundred miles of uncrowded island beaches invite you along Florida's middle east coast. Bring the family. Soak up sun on the sloping sands. Swim and sail in gentle surf.

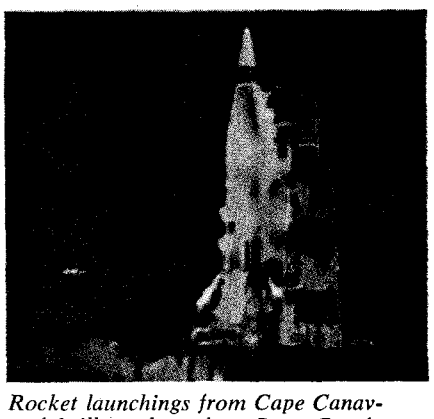
A great salt-water lagoon backs up this island strand from Titusville to Stuart. It makes a tranquil setting for boating, water-skiing. And the fishing is superb.

From shore or boat tie into mackerel, snook, giant trout. Drop a line from bridges or jetties for unpredictably varied catches. Cast in surf for whiting, sea bass, blues. Try your luck at deep-sea trolling.

Enjoy sightseeing through this region's rich farm lands. Taste flavor-famous Indian River oranges. Attractive accommodations are easy to find on the mainland or along the ocean beaches. And rates, you will be pleased to find, are comforting to the family budget.

There is much more to tell you than there is room for here. To get full details about this and every one of Florida's nine vacation regions, send for your copy of the new guide book offered below.

Sailfish like this Jensen Beach trophy are caught all along this coast.



Rocket launchings from Cape Canaveral thrill watchers along Cocoa Beach.

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

to whether or not the professor had eaten his lunch" since the length of arc of a pendulum depends only upon its initial displacement from the vertical position and not upon the mass.

DAVID JUNCKER
DENNIS WOOD
JOHN HOLLY
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Mass.

● *"Technically correct," Engle admits, "but the professor could swing the pail harder after a nourishing lunch."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

How did Professor Felheim of the University of Michigan analyze Hamlet, Romeo and Macbeth in terms of campus life in order to create the laughs and

Felheim and students.

mirth shown by his students? I think you ought to let us in on the secret.

S. G. SKAALAND
Sandstone, Minn.

● *Samples from Felheim's lectures: "Lady Macbeth is neurotic. You know, like your roommate." "The women in Shakespeare's early comedies are like coeds. They know what they want, and they go out and get it."—ED.*

Nobody Likes a Bill Collector

Dear Sirs:

I was not exactly thrilled by your article [DEADBEATS ARE MY BUSINESS, by Eugene H. Barnes, Ph.D., as told to Peter Wyden, Feb. 27] which describes the tricky art of collecting money from deadbeats. . . . I am a deadbeat.

V. JANATKA
Staten Island, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I was shocked and disgusted at his admission of threats, trickery and deceit to collect accounts.

MRS. ROY K. JONES
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

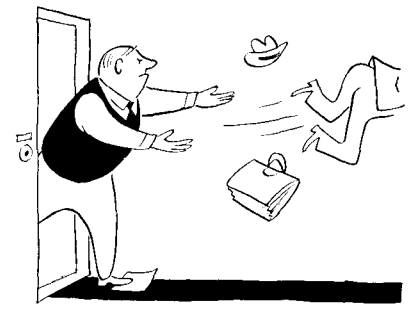
It smells too much like Russia.

MRS. B. M. MOORE
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Picture quickly a rather rotund gentleman holding his nose and gasping for a breath of fresh air. You have a picture of me after reading that new low in reporting. . . .

I've put more bill collectors out of business than anyone in this town. Not



because I don't pay my bills, but because, when I find out I've been lied to, this 240 pounds gets pretty rough to handle.

R. E. KIMES
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

I am one of those "neighbors" whom Mr. Barnes (or some other collection agent) finds it is "most effective to call." I think it is rude and inconsiderate to bring some unsuspecting neighbor into someone else's financial mess.

MRS. HAROLD HEATH
Weymouth, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Barnes is so right when he said, "Nobody likes a bill collector." No doubt he fills a useful, even a necessary, function in our society. So does a maggot, but you don't see one of them getting on their hind legs to shout about their exploits.

MARTIN HENGEVELD
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I'm almost tempted to run up a big debt just to show these guys that, though they may be able to break other people, they can't break me. I'd like to watch them try. . . . I have always detested people who don't pay their bills, but I think that now I detest the methods of the bill collector even more.

JAY DELKIN
University of British Columbia
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

Your article did not place enough emphasis on the consequences suffered by debtors for defying moral standards. As a result, debtors are going to look upon collectors as gimmick testers, behavior students and bluffers. You have invited debtors to play the "game" to the very end, hoping to escape with their monetary reward plus the satisfaction of having outwitted a supposed expert. Some cloudy day when a public sale is posted against the debtors or when their wages are attached, they will at last see the collector in his true nobility as a *friend* who tried to counsel them and save them from themselves.

WILLIAM M. WEBER
Bonded Professional Credits
Allentown, Pa.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
6—Gus Pasquarella. • 19, 20, 21—Ollie Atkins. • 22, 23—Peter Stevens. • 24—Bill Shrout; United Press International; Bill Shrout. • 25—Larry Kritcher. • 26—von Meiss Teuffen from Pix; London Daily Express from Pictorial Parade; Central Press from Pictorial Parade. • 27—Two by Camera Press from Pix; map by Center Studio; United Press International. • 28, 29—Hanson Carroll. • 30—Bernard D'Andrea. • 31—Clemens Kalischer; two by Norman Rockwell. • 33—Arnold Newman. • 34, 35—Arthur Lidov. 36, 37—Larry Fried. • 38, 39—Walter Skor. • 42—Bruce Bomberger. • 83—Norman Rockwell. • 98—Central Press from Pictorial Parade; Pix. • 122—Ollie Atkins; Jim Stinnett; Milton Kamins; Ollie Atkins.

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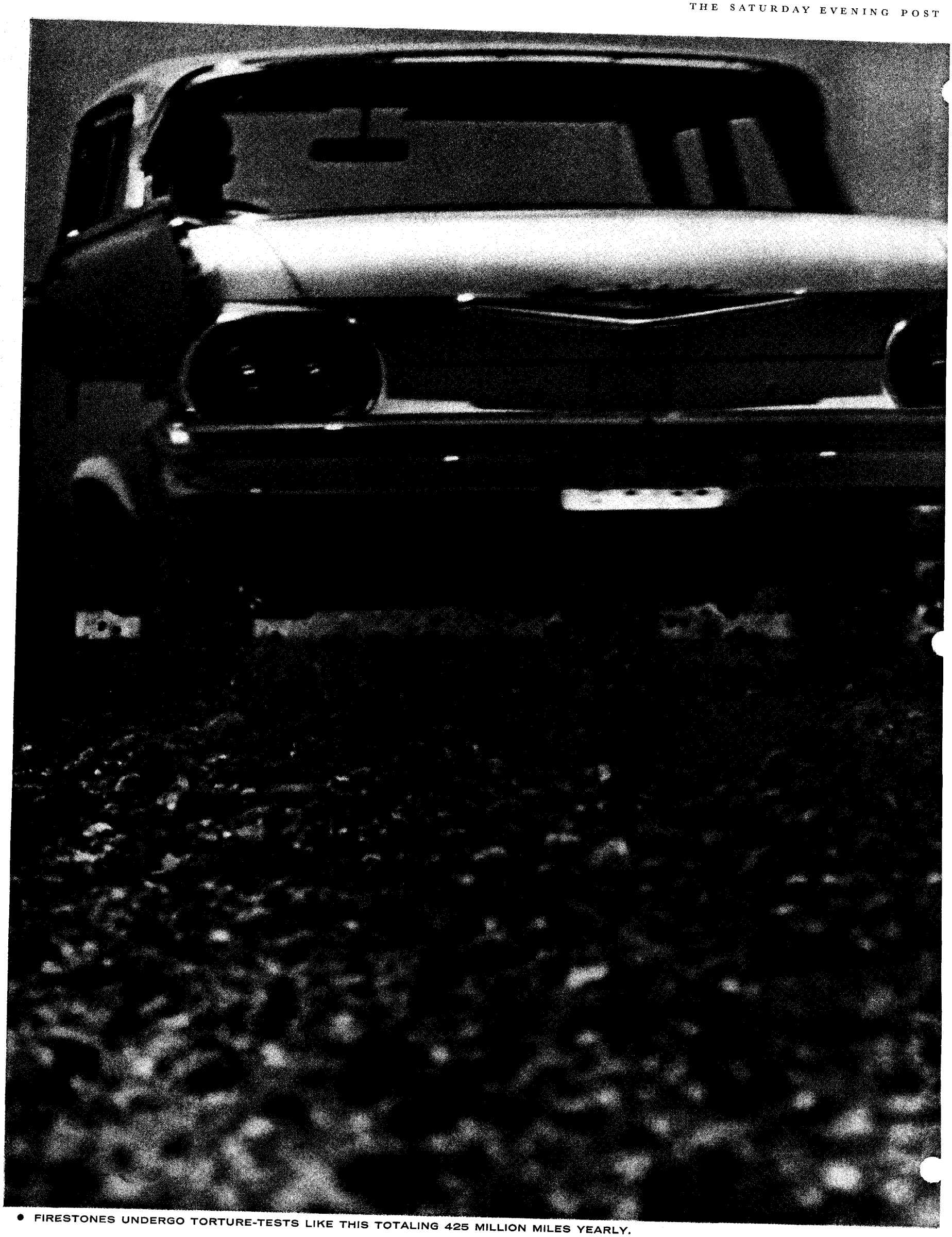

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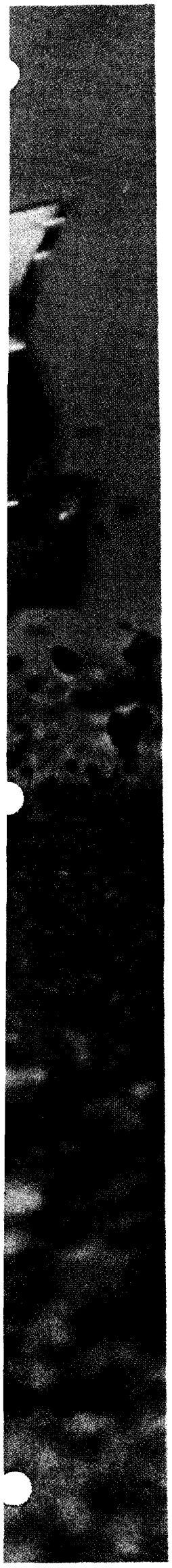

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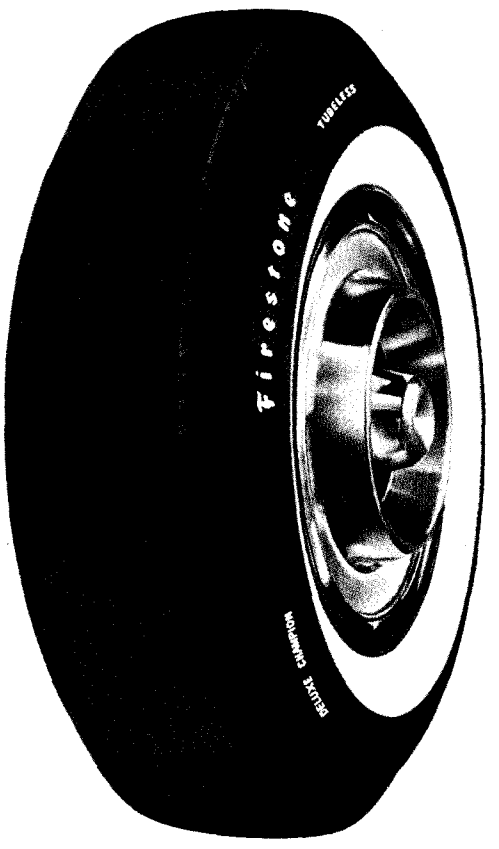
An extraordinary new softer-riding yet longer-lasting tread rubber, Firestone Rubber-X-101 all but eliminates tire squeal, even on sharpest turns. Also, with Rubber-X-101 you can easily get an additional 4,000 to 5,000 miles—and at regular tire prices! Get test-proved, best-proved Firestone Rubber-X-101 at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store!



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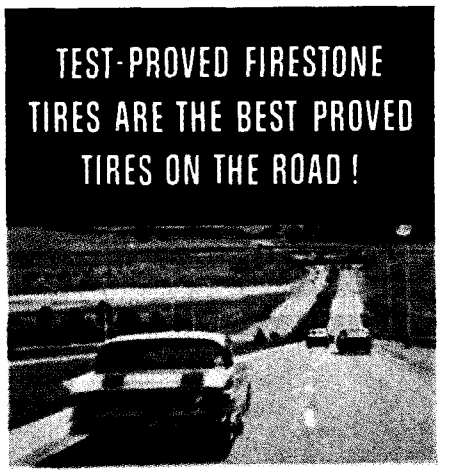

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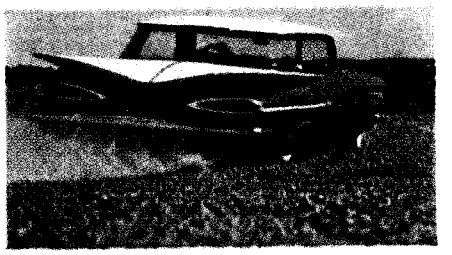
PROVED *on major city taxi fleets*



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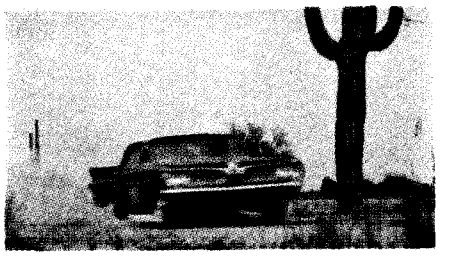
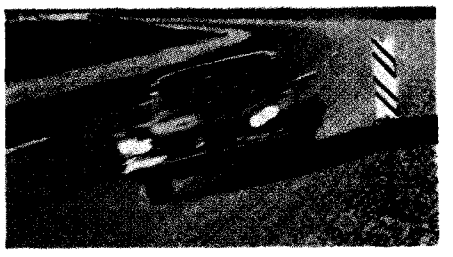
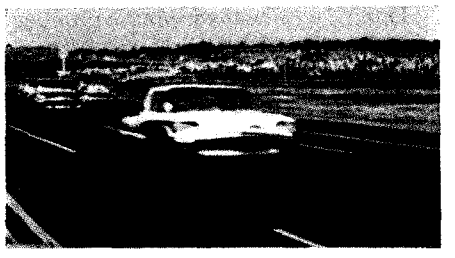


PROVED *on burning desert roads*



PROVED *on world's fastest test track*

PROVED *on the steepest mountain turns*



PROVED *on all major speedways*

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Editorials

Ike Has Revived Our Fading Prestige in Latin America

In the nick of time President Eisenhower came to the rescue of the State Department, whose efforts to avoid acts or statements which stir up anti-United States demonstrations in Latin America had verged on the ridiculous. Although the President left a few loose ends dangling in his pronunciamento, it is now *de rigueur* to frown on Communist efforts to subvert countries in this hemisphere.

In our anxiety to avoid demonstrations and other troubles, we have made some egregious bobbles. Latin America can hardly have been favorably impressed by the action of the State Department in linking the impending execution of a rapist and kidnaper to possible riots in Uruguay, a Red hot spot in South America. The suggestion that the administration of justice in an American community is subject to veto by Communist mobs, whose members riot against the execution of one convicted criminal but accept the murder of millions by Red despots for no crime at all, doesn't improve the American image anywhere.

As to Cuba, our premature recognition of Castro has been followed by much wringing of the hands and doleful speculation as to whether Castro is a Communist or has a Communist brother or is surrounded by Communists, when the easily demonstrable truth is that his regime is behaving as Communist regimes usually behave. The opposition is throttled; even former companions in arms are thrust into dungeons without trial. Constant harangues against foreign aggressors and local "traitors" fill the air. Property, including that of Americans, is confiscated; and to rub it in, Castro consummates a deal with the Soviet's trader Mikoyan by which the U.S.S.R. buys Cuban sugar at the world price and at almost half the price paid by the imperialist United States. What other arrangements the Soviet troublemaker may have made with Castro is not known.

A key objective in the Communist plan to move in on Latin America—or rather to consolidate the gains already made—is the Panama Canal. Agitators have demanded that the Panamanian flag be flown beside the United States flag in the Canal Zone, and official United States opinion, including that of President Eisenhower, appears to be that this sharing of flagpoles would do no harm. The President explained that, inasmuch as Panama appeared to have "titular sovereignty" over the zone, it was unrealistic to become too excited about demands to fly the Panama flag along with ours. "Titular sovereignty" is a phrase used by President Taft many years ago, with the explanation that it didn't alter the facts and might quiet the local politicos. The phrase hardly disposes of the fact that, under the treaty with Panama, this country enjoys all the rights of sovereignty, "to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power and authority."

The flag may be "just a symbol" to us, but we can be sure that to the Panamanians who are making this demand, the flag is a symbol of sovereign power. To them, and to all Latin America, the equal presence of Panama's flag in the Canal Zone would mean the first step toward the relinquishment of our position there. The Panamanian press is generally in agreement with an editorial in *La Nacion*, owned by the Vice President of Panama, in which the paper declared that last year's attack by students on the American zone will be followed by other episodes "until all the Yankees are driven out of the Canal Zone and the Canal is nationalized."

There is no sentiment in this country for depriving any Latin American nation of its rights. Propaganda to the contrary rests on policies long repudiated by the U.S.A. But we, too, have rights in Latin America established by treaty or by contract among individuals, which we are bound to protect, not only in our own interest but in the interest of stability in this hemisphere. Our friends in Latin America, many of whom are under Communist-inspired siege, look to us for the word that our security and theirs is not to be frittered away. The President's assurance on this point ought to clear the air.

Minority Report on the Population Trend: Many Things Could Happen to Reverse It!

By WALTER SONNEBERG

Until fairly recently the rapid growth of population was hailed as a desirable accompaniment to economic progress. Manufacturers and businessmen looked forward to an unending increase in customers for their products. Politicians anticipated greater numbers of uncritical voters. Others, including scientists and sociologists, regard the "population explosion" as a disaster.

Although current trends indicate a rise in population of alarming proportions, a few lonely analysts suggest that the hopes and fears of a permanent upsweep in the world's population may be exaggerated. Differing radically from the prophets of doom is Dr. V. R. Fuchs, Columbia University economist, who predicts that "the birth rate will begin to decline shortly."

Doctor Fuchs feels that too many predictions of continued rise in population fail to take into account the reasons why the birth rate has been so high in recent years, or to "weigh the factors which may bring about changes in the birth rate."

For example, although girls in the United States marry at an earlier age than in the recent past, they cease to bear children earlier than their grandmothers did. Although large families are still the vogue with middle-class young people, a downward shift in prosperity could change the pattern. Indeed the National Office of Vital Statistics, as early as last year, reported a downswing in the number of marriages in slump-ridden areas, such as Detroit. Doctor Fuchs believes that the present optimism among young people as to the number of children they can afford is explained by the recent rapid growth of money incomes which has made people more prosperous than they ever expected to be. When things level off, people will tend to be more realistic.

Women may also be reluctant to bring babies into a world cursed by social unrest, the drift toward statism and mounting debt, both public and private. At any rate, unfavorable social conditions are already beginning to change the attitude of the peoples in Asia on this subject. Birth control by various means is urged with apparent anxiety by the governments of Japan, India and Red China.

Coincidental with these developments is some sober second thought among the booster groups which have greeted the population rise with cheers. It has dawned on some of them that, granted that more millions of people will need more gadgets, they also will need more hospitals, more jails, more relief checks, more highways—in short, things that mean more taxes. Many of our "younger marrieds" may be so burdened with housing debt, car-debt payments and the like as to be poor prospects for the gigantic sales counted on by population-growth enthusiasts.

At any rate, Darrell Huff, author of *How To Lie With Statistics*, concludes that the "trend up to now may be a fact, but the future trend represents no more than an educated guess. Implied in it is 'everything else being equal' and 'present trends continuing.' Somehow everything else refuses to remain equal, else life would be dull indeed!" In population statistics as in stock-market prices, a "trend" in one direction should prompt wise people to expect a trend the other way.

"Trends" are not automatic, but depend on decisions of individuals which are influenced by all sorts of economic, psychological and political factors. The population explosion could be curtailed by moderate estimates by individuals of their future prospects, just as up to now optimistic estimates have tended to stimulate it. But the present rate of population increase poses a serious problem, and the "explosion" is to be taken seriously until it peters out.

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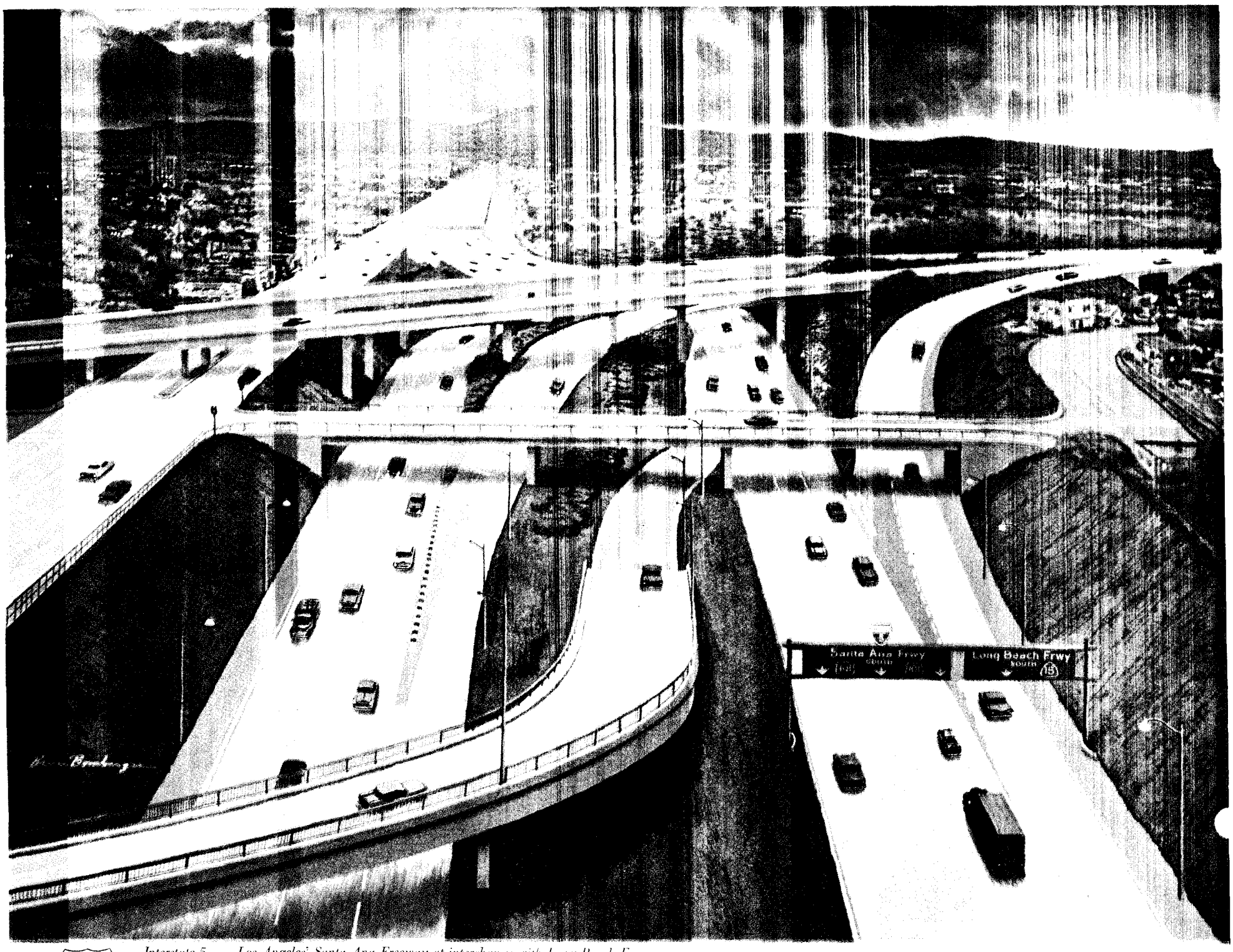


Interstate 5 . . . Los Angeles' Santa Ana Freeway at interchange with Long Beach Freeway.

HOW **NEW-TYPE CONCRETE** ON THE HIGHWAYS IS ENGINEERED TO SAVE YOUR TAX DOLLARS FOR 50 YEARS AND MORE!

(No pavement could be ***stronger even if*** *carved from solid rock)*

Next time you're driving over new-type concrete, thinking how smooth-riding and comfortable it is, add this pleasant thought: Engineers predict today's concrete will last 50 years and more. And the upkeep costs to taxpayers will be the lowest ever known—as much as 60% lower than for asphalt.

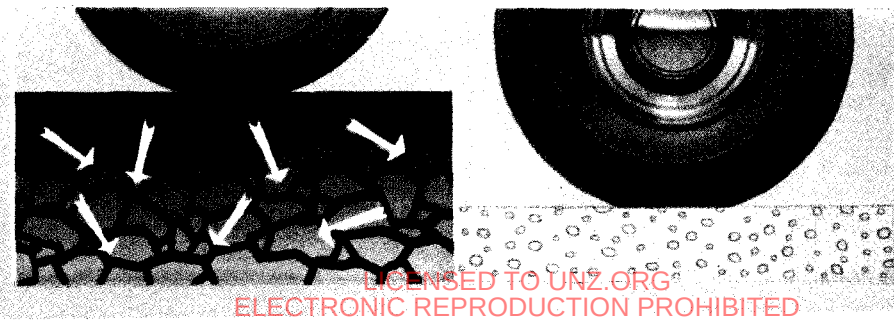
Modern concrete is tremendously strong—flinty hard and non-flexing. Laid flat on a specially designed subbase, it *stays* flat. Tires can't squeeze grooves and waves into it. Even freezing and de-icers won't roughen new-type concrete. A unique weatherproofing process, called "air entrainment," protects it for life. This pavement needs no expensive resurfacing every few years. So the initial cost isn't just a down payment.

Thrift comes built in—and so do comfort and safety. New-type concrete is *sound-conditioned*. No "thumps." It's laid continuously with only narrow sawed-in cushion spaces you can't hear or feel. And its grainy, light-colored surface means sure stops, better night visibility.

As a taxpayer and driver you can be glad this is the kind of pavement being used on thousands of miles of the new Interstate Highway System.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION *A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete*

No moving parts in concrete! *(Right picture)* It's unyielding. Materials stay put, preventing internal wear. In flexible pavement, *(left)* movement grinds off corners of stones so they don't lock together, causing settling and low spots.



FOR HIGHWAYS WITH A SOLID FUTURE

NEW-TYPE Concrete

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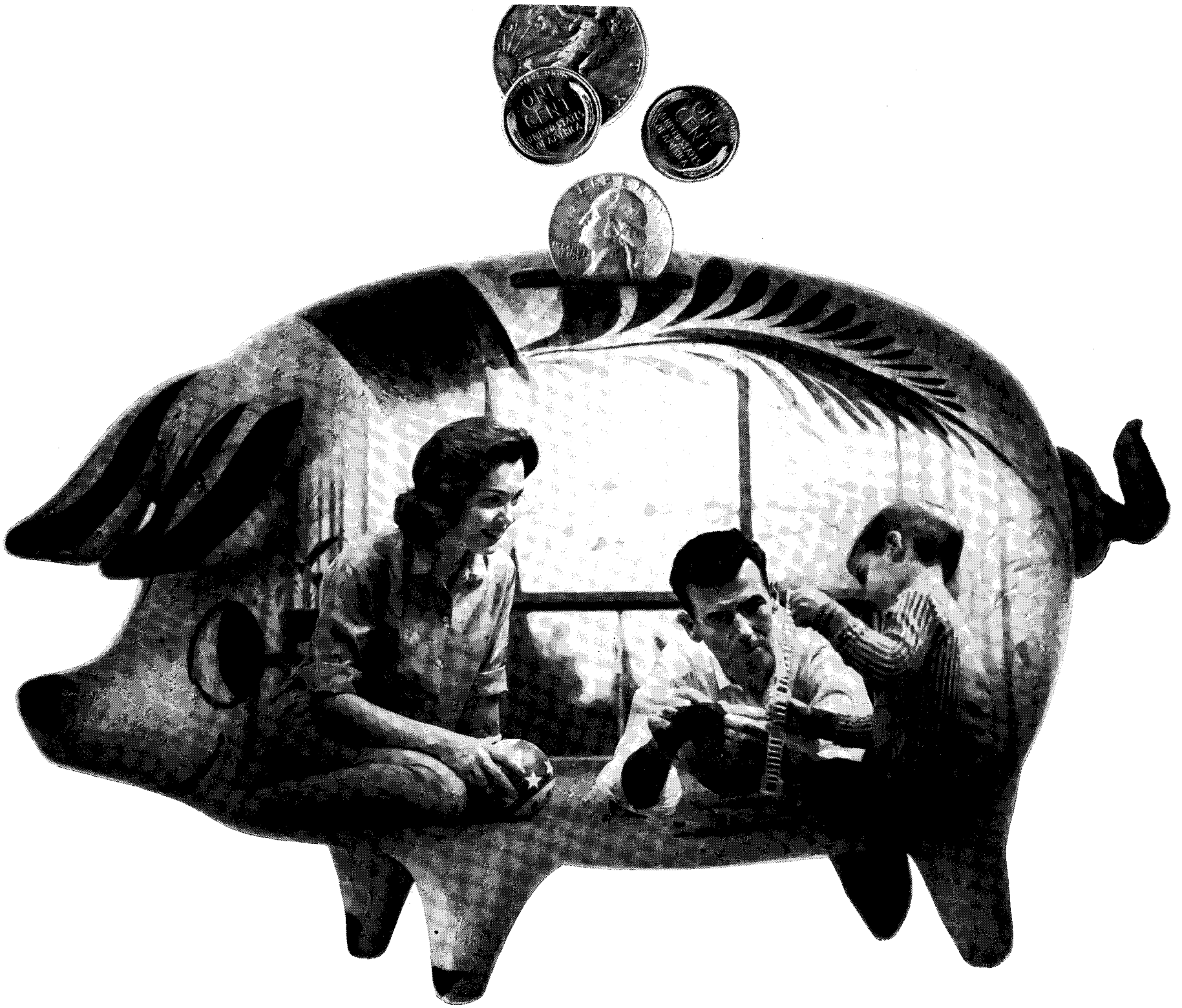


If you're saving for your family's future ...

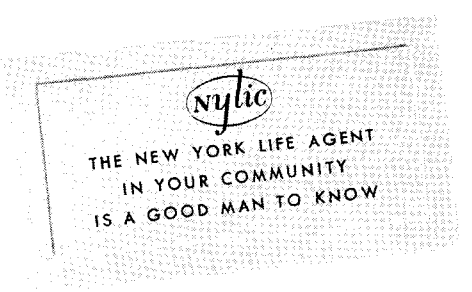
make sure you own enough life insurance now!

How much is enough? It depends upon your family's size, needs, plans. Your New York Life Agent can help you figure the proper amount!

No matter what your savings plan may be, and in spite of any concern you may have about the future effects of inflation—don't overlook the importance of giving your family adequate life insurance protection right now. Basic financial security is vital to every family, and *nothing* provides it as surely, as quickly as life insurance. It creates an immediate estate your family can count on.

Just make sure that you have enough. The amount you need depends upon your standard of living, the number and ages of your children, and other factors. For a realistic figure, see your New York Life Agent. He can plan a program based on modern policies you can afford. Example: the Assured Accumulator Policy that "banks" $10,000 for your retirement and, until then, protects your family with that much life insurance—yet costs a man of 30 about 77 cents a day!

Call your New York Life Agent soon, or write: New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. EP-53, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. (In Canada: 443 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario)



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INSURANCE COMPANY

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Where did the squeaks and rattles go?

Chrysler Corporation's new Unibody Construction surrounds you with silent strength

PLYMOUTH—built a new solid way for your solid satisfaction.

"Squeaks are for mice, and rattles fo babies," said the engineers who designe the 1960 cars from Chrysler Corporation So they went to work and engineered ther out of Unibody, Chrysler Corporation's new way to build cars.

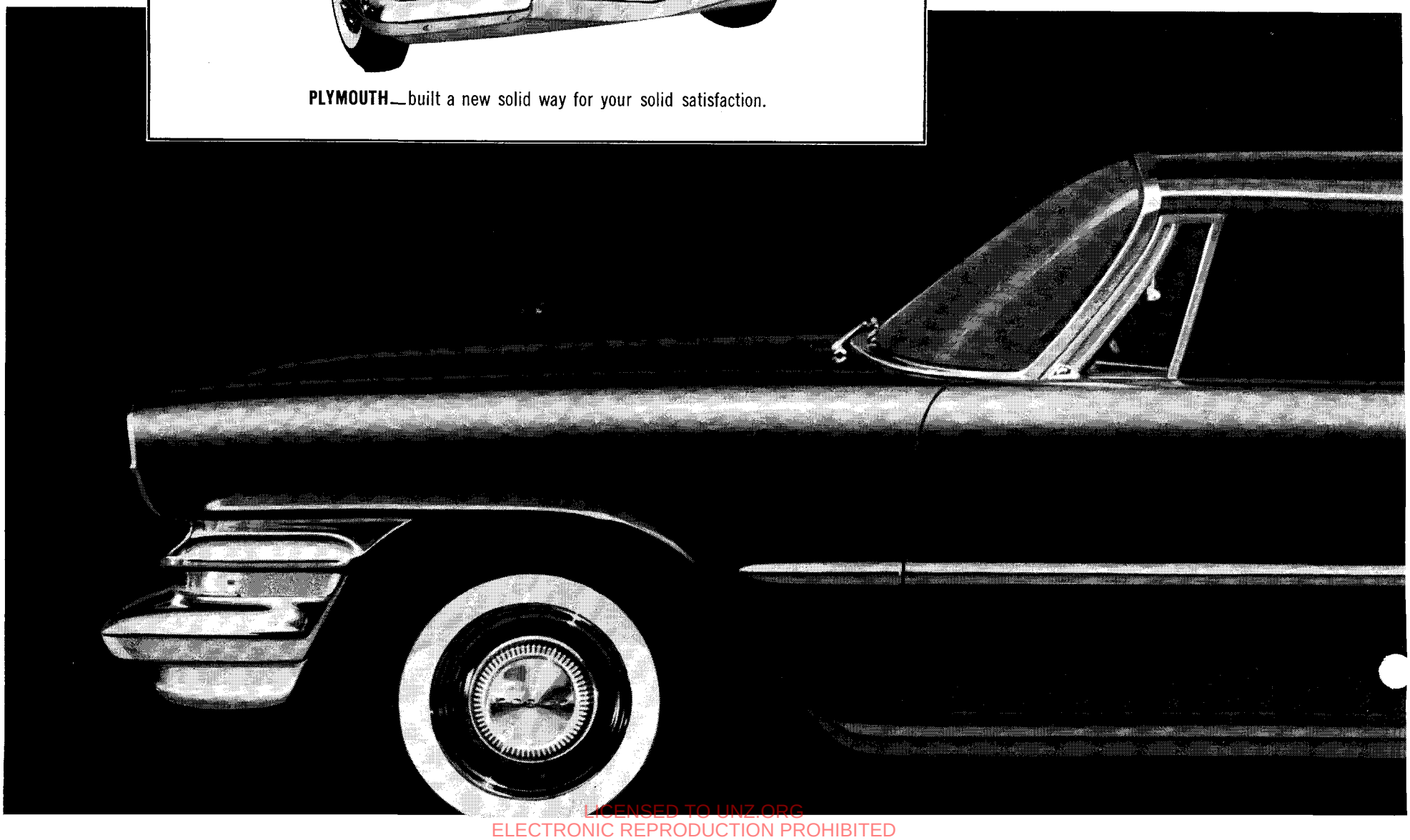
In Unibody, body and frame are a solid welded unit. No joints to squeak or rattle These cars are framed like a bridge and ar twice as strong as cars built the old way When you own one you'll find it feels ship-shape and solid longer than any other ca you've ever had.

You'll have a car that looks new longe than other cars, too. You'll go for years without rust bubbles in your paint o freckles in your chrome. A new Chrysle Corporation rust-prevention process, which sees the body soaked 7 times, leaves a solid shield that even salt spray can't pierce.

There are other fine features to these new cars, too. But most important is the feel you get at the wheel. Torsion-Aire Ride, Chrysler Corporation's exclusive suspension system, shrugs off bumps and dips. And the power steering is on full time. It never takes a break as the power steering does in some cars.

Go to a dealer's soon. Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes. In the car and your spirits.

Pure Automobile
for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more



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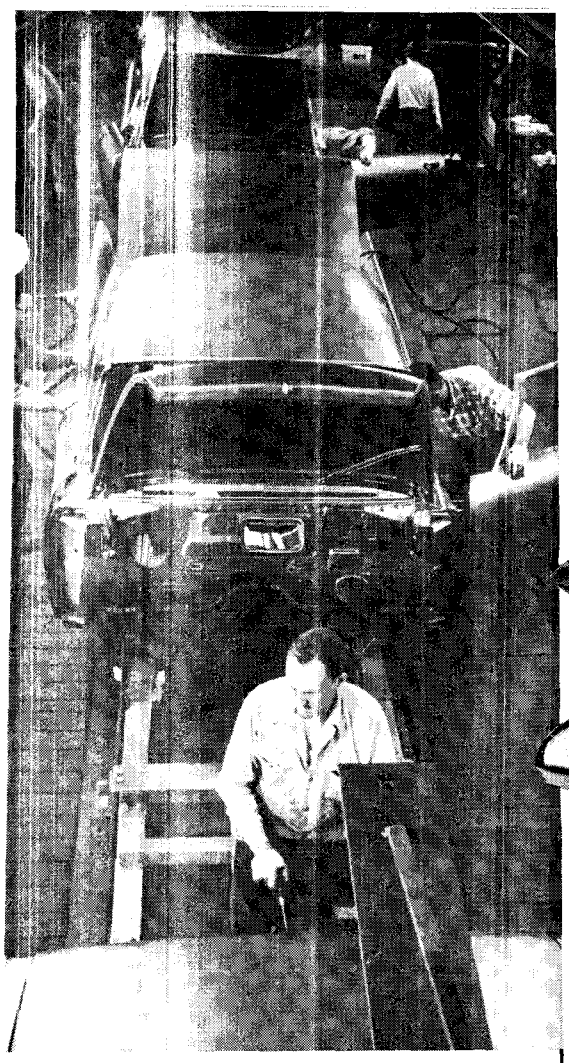
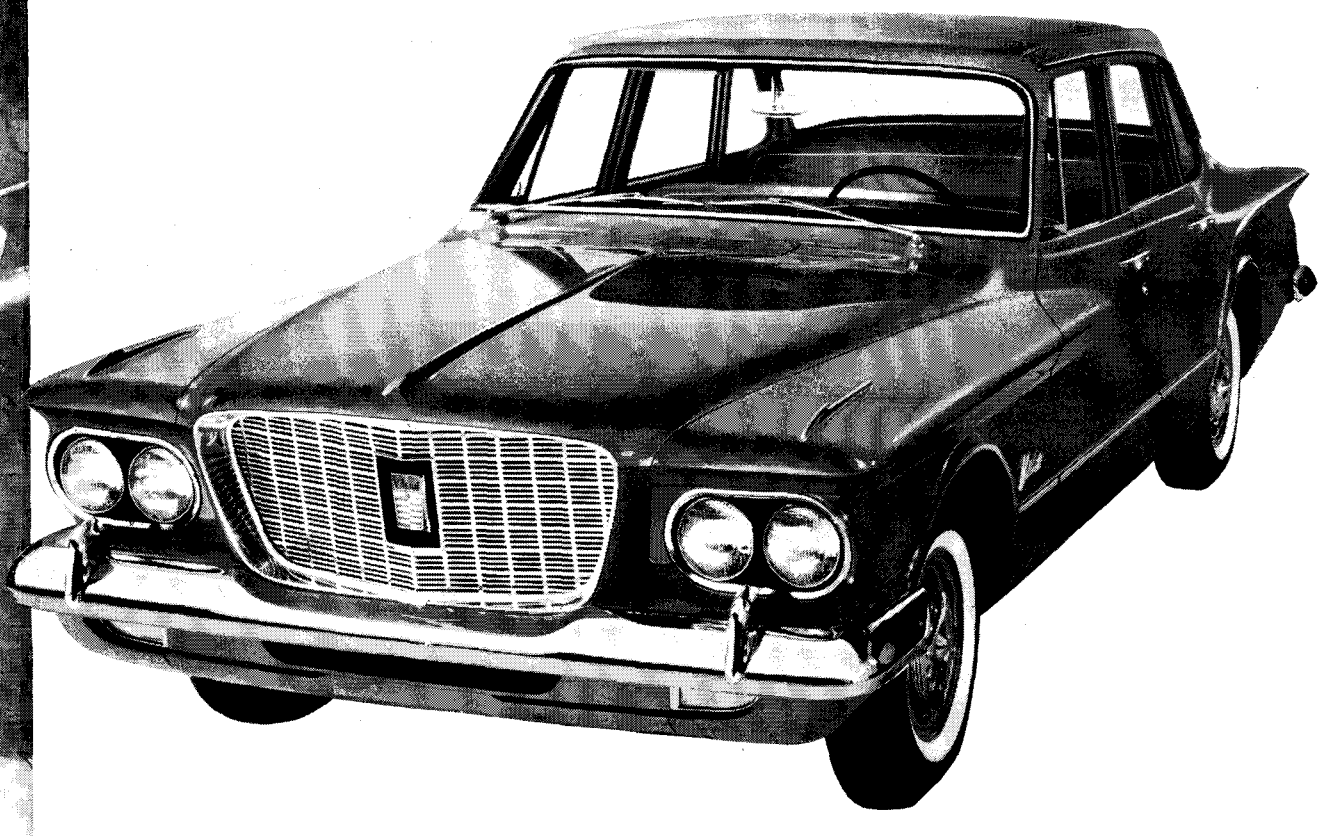


Chrysler Corporation cars, built the new Unibody way, go through the most rigid quality-control measures in the automotive industry. Each car goes through 38 major inspections and countless minor inspections as it's being built. Another reason these are the best-built cars that ever came off an assembly line.

VALIANT—the economy car you'd want at any price.



The Quick, the Strong, and the Quiet

from CHRYSLER CORPORATION

VALIANT PLYMOUTH DODGE DART DODGE DE SOTO CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

DODGE DART—a complete new line of full-sized cars in the popular price field.

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Now Carrier brings you not 4-month...not 5-month... but year-round...

HOME AIR

To millions of Americans, home air conditioning has been a room unit in the window—a way to keep cool when the weather is hot.

But true air conditioning is a great deal more than 4-month or 5-month relief from heat. True air conditioning should provide 12-month comfort. And at the same time make important contributions to family health.

Now Carrier 12-Month Air Conditioning brings all the benefits of true air conditioning to your home—and for the first time. A product of Carrier research, this new kind of central air conditioning introduces humidity control in the winter, as well as in the summer; and continuous self-cleaning filtration that clears the air of odors, removes pollen and other harmful elements.

Read about Carrier 12-Month Home Air Conditioning at the right. Then call the Carrier Dealer listed in the Yellow Pages. He has this wonderful new experience in living waiting for you and at a price within the means of any average family.

12-MONTH AIR PURIFICATION

Pollen and many other harmful elements are continuously removed from the air by a revolutionary new air purifier. Its power to reduce contamination and purify air means better health for every member of the family.

12-MONTH CLEANLINESS

A unique filter, self-cleaning to maintain its high efficiency, makes homes cleaner, too. There's less need to dust. Draperies and upholstered pieces stay fresher. Result, cleaning bills and red

Carrier Air Conditioning Company

A DIVISION OF CARRIER CORPORATION • SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

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CONDITIONING

12-MONTH ODOR REMOVAL

Cooking and other household odors are whisked away. Even air heavy with pipe, cigar and cigarette odor is sweet and fresh again in a matter of minutes. Now your home is pleasanter than ever for your family and guests.

12-MONTH TEMPERATURE CONTROL

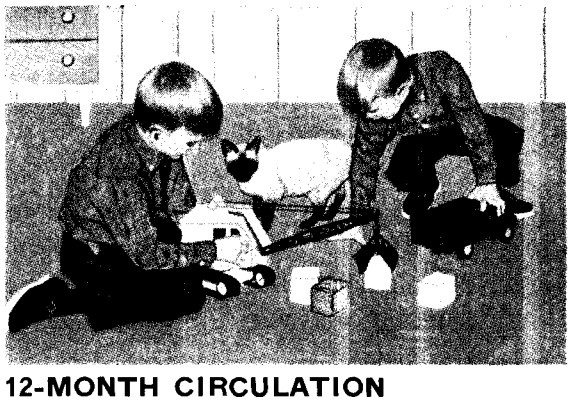
The house is snug and warm in winter, delightfully cool in hot weather and just right in between. All this occurs automatically. Or you may choose your comfort to fit the day—lessen contrast between indoors and out.

12-MONTH VENTILATION

Drafts from open windows are no longer a problem. Air is filtered and conditioned before it is gently circulated through every room in the house. Dust, dirt, insects, driving rains and outside noises are kept outside.

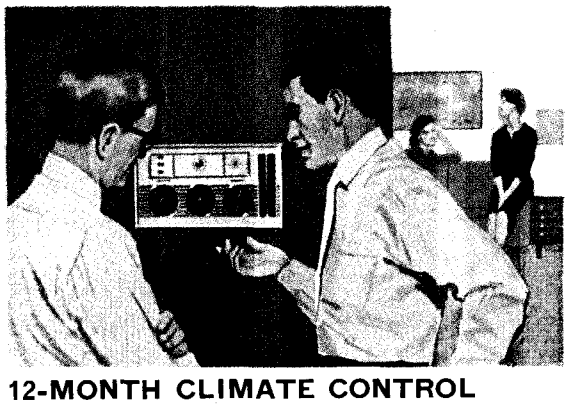
12-MONTH HUMIDITY CONTROL

In winter, moisture is fed into bone-dry warm air that irritates nasal passages and causes furniture to come apart. In summer, moisture is removed from the humid air that makes you suffer from heat, makes drawers stick.



12-MONTH CIRCULATION

Warmth or coolness is evenly and quietly diffused throughout the house. There is no stagnant air, no stratification, no "cold rooms," or "hot rooms." And air purification constantly freshens the air you breathe.



12-MONTH CLIMATE CONTROL

This Carrier Climate Center on the wall is visual proof that your family is getting all the benefits that true air conditioning provides. Here you watch—as well as experience—12-month air conditioning in operation!

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Painted especially for Benjamin Moore & Co. by Stevan Dohanos

©BENJAMIN MOORE & CO. 1960

A little MOORE paint makes a big difference

—even if one of mother's recruits isn't giving painting her full attention. Easy-to-use Moore paint finishes assure professional-looking results. Visit your Benjamin Moore Dealer and pick your Moore paint from colors that challenge the rainbow. See for yourself: redecorating with Moore paint is the easiest way to give any room new life.

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For over 75 years preferred by professionals . . . perfect for you

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The Saturday Evening POST
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KENNEDY vs. HUMPHREY

THE BATTLE OF WISCONSIN:

A Post editor analyzes next week's critical Wisconsin primary contest—and goes out on a limb by picking a winner.

By STEWART ALSOP

Left: In the classic tradition, politician Humphrey pats a voter's daughter on the head. "When he is campaigning," says Alsop, "he behaves a good deal of the time like an exuberant master of ceremonies."

Below: Kennedy likewise proves he is fond of moppets—in this case 9 of the 16 children of Mrs. Walter Alwin (extreme left). But Alsop says of campaigner Kennedy, "It is obvious that a good deal of the time he would just as soon be doing something else."

The meeting hall in the small town of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, is packed with people—mostly women, as it is midafternoon, with a sprinkling of elderly men and a few quiet, healthy-looking children. The hall is hot, but everyone wears coats and galoshes, for it is cold and slushy outside. The people listen attentively, heads craned forward, as the thin, young-looking man speaks. He keeps his left hand in his pocket and emphasizes his points with a quick, nervous downward jab of the index finger of his right hand.

"This is the most significant primary in many years," the thin man says with a jab of the finger. "It will probably determine who shall be the Democratic candidate for President and therefore even who shall be the next President of the United States. And I think it's a good thing that the choice of the next President should be made here in this state of Wisconsin and not in some downtown hotel room in Los Angeles."

The speaker is Sen. John Kennedy of Massachusetts. Looking around the little hall at the serious-faced people, it is somehow hard to believe that what is going on in Wisconsin is as important as Kennedy says it is, for the scene is so familiarly American, so utterly unportentous. And yet it is quite true that the Wisconsin primary is "the most significant in many years." In fact, it is the most significant primary since the primary system was born, in Wisconsin itself, half a century ago. It is the big, semifinal bout before the Democratic Convention in July, and it will certainly influence greatly the course of events at that convention, in the presidential campaign to follow, and thereafter.

The candidates, accordingly, have worked harder and longer for votes than in any primary campaign in history. For more than six weeks now Kennedy and his friend, fellow

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Democrat and deadly rival, Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, have been stumping up and down Wisconsin, campaigning with the fierce energy that only the shining prize of the Presidency inspires. On next Wednesday, April sixth, the day after next Tuesday's election returns are counted, the outcome of their efforts will be made known in big headlines in every newspaper in the land.

Suppose those headlines read: HUMPHREY SCORES UPSET VICTORY IN WISCONSIN. Then Kennedy will be not quite dead perhaps as a presidential candidate, but most grievously wounded. And Humphrey will become what he is not today—a fully serious contender for the nomination.

But suppose the headlines read: KENNEDY WINS BIG IN WISCONSIN. In that case Kennedy will have the nomination almost within his grasp. And if he is nominated, he will have a flip-of-the-coin chance of becoming, at forty-three and at a critical moment in history, "the next President of the United States."

The Wisconsin primary, in short, really could change the course of history. It is an odd and interesting contest, moreover, mainly because Wisconsin is an odd and interesting state.

But before going on to examine the peculiar factors which will influence the outcome, let us have a look at the candidates themselves, as they trudge through the streets of Wisconsin towns, smiling and shaking hands, or as they address tightly packed audiences of Wisconsin voters. For Wisconsin is a state in which the peculiar American ritual of political campaigning is taken very seriously indeed and the way both Kennedy and Humphrey campaign will certainly affect the outcome. Both men, moreover, have an intensely individual way of going about the business of making friends and winning votes.

It is a strange business surely, and a queer way to get to be President. In part, political campaigning is a simple physical endurance test. On the day that Jack Kennedy addressed the little crowd in Lake Geneva, for example, he had already been campaigning for eleven hours—he had started shaking hands at 5:30 of a bitter-cold morning outside the gates of a Madison meat factory. And he had another six or seven hours of speechmaking, handshaking, and charm-exuding to go before he could crawl thankfully into bed in a Milwaukee hotel room.

To some politicians, campaigning is the very breath of life, and they enjoy every minute of it. The indefatigable Sen. Estes Kefauver is a notable example of this breed, and so, to a lesser extent, is Hubert Humphrey. When Kennedy is campaigning, it is obvious that a good deal of the time he would just as soon be doing something else. Nor is this surprising. For an extremely successful politician, Kennedy is an unexpectedly self-conscious and diffident man, and the hallowed campaign ritual often seems designed not only to exhaust the candidate but also to make him look silly.

The Kennedy campaign routine is always about the same. As the Kennedy caravan draws up in the main street of town after town, a disembodied voice with a marked Boston accent booms out over a loud-speaker: "Senator John Kennedy is now on the sidewalk and he would like to meet *all* the voters of Wisconsin." The announcement of this unattainable ambition is followed by the Kennedy campaign song, which is even more fatuous than most campaign songs; it ends with the same triumphant line thrice repeated: "Oops, there goes the opposition, kerplop."

While the loud-speaker is blatting away, Kennedy and his beautiful wife Jacqueline wander up the street with an uncertain and faintly embarrassed air, a little like a pair of lost children. Dutifully they make their way into Ray's Grill or the Schultz Brothers Junior Department Store or the Hopkins Store for Men to shake hands with the clerks and sometimes an astonished customer or two. Their progress is occasionally interrupted by small demonstrations for the benefit of the press cameras, like the time when a group of brightly dressed little girls suddenly surrounded Kennedy to give a well-rehearsed cheer: "Right sock, left sock, rubber-soled shoes; we've got a candidate who can't lose."

As this was happening Kennedy wore a rather bemused air, as though he had unexpectedly found himself knee-deep in midgets. And sometimes, after marching up to a potential voter, pumping his hand and announcing, "I'm John Kennedy," Kennedy was obviously at a loss how to keep the conversation going from there.

Humphrey demonstrates his hog-calling skill for a Dane County farmer. Although he has strong farm and labor support his censure—though restrained—of Wisconsin's late Senator McCarthy may alienate the primary voters, Alsop says.

The Minnesota senator with his wife, who was with him on the Wisconsin jaunt "If Muriel and I ever move into 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, it would be a real family place," he says

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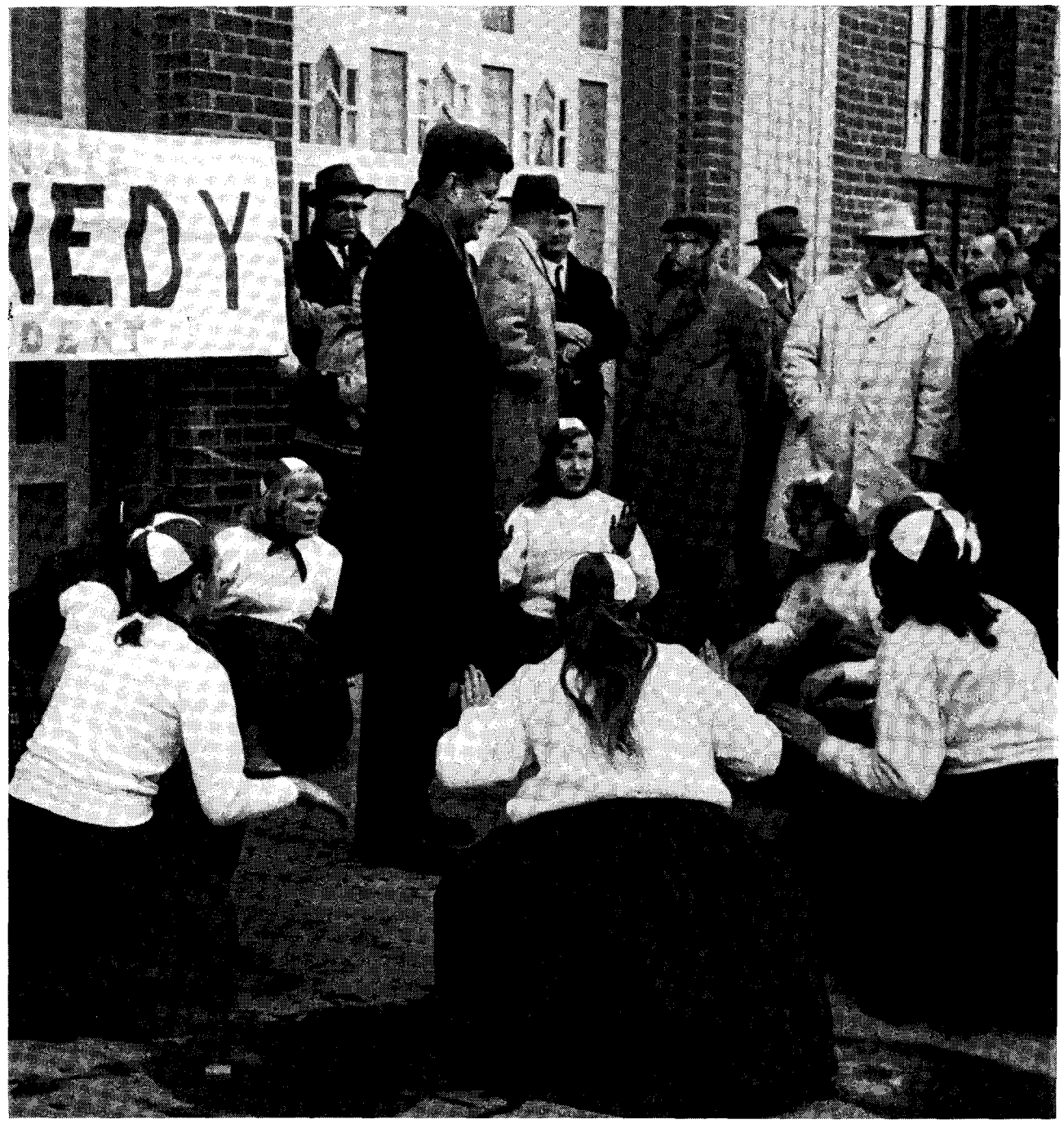
Youthful cheerleaders in Elkhorn, Wis., surrounded Kennedy with this well-rehearsed chant: "Right sock, left sock, rubber-soled shoes; we've got a candidate who can't lose."



And yet, although political campaigning is certainly a very queer business, it makes sense all the same. By some mysterious process a campaign helps to fix in the minds of the voters, even those who have never seen the candidate in the flesh, a vivid and often surprisingly accurate mental image of the kind of man he is. When Kennedy is campaigning, the famous Kennedy charm—a mixture of the unexpected diffidence and the warm Kennedy smile—comes through clearly. But what comes through even more clearly is the fact that Kennedy is a thoroughly serious man.

He is not a humorless man. He is very good at the kind of small quip which gets an audience on a politician's side. After all his speeches there is a question-and-answer period. On one such occasion he asked for "one more question" and was rewarded with a long, rambling, completely unanswerable query from an outraged female. For a moment Kennedy looked a trifle stunned, and then he remarked ruefully, "I should have stopped a minute sooner," and the audience laughed in sympathy. But the most lasting impression Kennedy leaves with an audience is that he takes the business of running for President very seriously indeed.

Before some audiences Kennedy is capable of outeggheading Adlai Stevenson hands down. In the course of a rather brief talk he made to the student body of Wisconsin State College at Whitewater, for example, he quoted Aristotle, George Bernard Shaw, Walter Lippmann, Prof. Sidney Hook, President Eisenhower, Thomas Jefferson (twice), John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln. It is no wonder that the publishers of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* advertise: "Sen. John F. Kennedy owns the modern Bartlett's. Do you?"

But this sort of thing is not mere parroting. The talk to the Whitewater students was an obviously deeply felt disquisition in the related roles of the educator and the politician in a free society. Kennedy is proud of being an educated man as well as a politician, and he makes no bones about it. He never talks down to an audience. In the course of one day's campaigning he unblushingly used such phrases as: "obscure and esoteric dialects," "sophisticated weapons systems," "inelasticity of demand" and "exponents of the democratic system." And when Kennedy is asked a question which interests him, whether it is about the farm surplus, the bases in Morocco and Spain, or the chances of a settlement of the Berlin crisis, he goes into quite astonishing detail in his answers.

No doubt this gravity of approach is in part consciously designed to counterbalance Kennedy's youthful appearance. Actually, seen at close range, Kennedy is no spring chicken—his hair is flecked with gray, and the lines around his eyes and lips are deep. But despite the well-publicized new haircut, which is supposed to make him look older and stodgier, from a little distance he still does have the air of a recent undergraduate. His seriousness of manner is plainly intended to reassure the voters that he is no longer wet behind the ears. But it also comes naturally to the man.

"Jack's greatest asset is that he takes himself seriously for the Presidency," one reporter remarked, after (Continued on Page 93)

Jacqueline Kennedy joined her husband in the sidewalk campaigning. Next week's primary voting will determine the effectiveness of this six-week stint. "If Kennedy wins big," says Alsop, "he will have the nomination almost within his grasp."

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Just as James stepped out of the car, someone yelled, "Look at Leda!"

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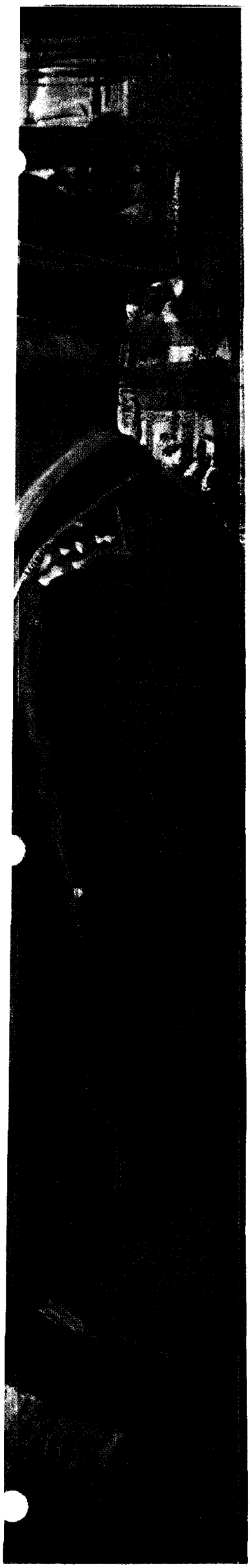

What ever possessed her to picket her own father on his night of triumph?

THE GOVERNOR'S GIRL

By ELIZABETH LANGHORNE

James, of course, should never have succeeded in politics. He has a superb sense of timing, a natural political flair, but he was born with a solid-gold spoon in his mouth; and inherited wealth, although nice, is not supposed to help one politically. It hasn't worked that way for him. Everybody loves him, gold spoon and all. Everyone, that is, but one small, implacable group—the League for Fair Industrial Practices almost cost him the election.

I had come East for my brother's inauguration as governor of his state. I visit the Carberrys every year, but on this visit I had a very strange feeling, as though I were seeing James and Edith and Leda for the first time. I wondered how Edith, my extremely reserved and conservative sister-in-law, would stand the political limelight. But I never doubted that Leda would be the photographer's darling, the public-relations man's dream.

Leda was an only child, and an extraordinarily lovely one at that. Her wide dark eyes are set in a face of clear and startling pallor, framed in close-cropped curls. As a rule no one is more enchanted by Leda than her father, so that on my first morning at breakfast his manner took me completely by surprise. He hardly allowed her to finish greeting me, but spoke to her at once and very roughly.

"Blue jeans again this morning?"

"Yes, father." She pulled out a chair and sat down. There was an almost challenging pause. "Would you rather I wore something else?"

"I certainly would—particularly this morning. As you may remember, the *Herald* is sending a man over for pictures."

"I remembered," said Leda softly. "That's why I wore them. I thought you wanted us to look like the typical American family."

"Did you really?" said James. "Perhaps we will all do better if you try not to think."

After breakfast Leda reappeared, dressed in a very smart navy linen with pearls. I thought that she had rather overdone the idea of dressing, but James did not seem to notice. The *Herald* man herded us agilely about the garden. "Here," he said finally. "A family group is the idea. . . . A little closer, governor." He looked at Leda in a pained way. "A smile, Miss Carberry," he said hopefully, "a smile, please!"

Leda carefully arranged a smile. The young man crouched like a grasshopper behind his camera, which emitted several clicks.

"Thank you. . . . Thank you very much, sir. I'd just like to get a few words from the family now—the woman's angle. . . . Do you enjoy having a political husband, Mrs. Carberry?"

"Oh, yes, very much." Edith smiled with the utmost heroism. "I have enjoyed my husband's campaign very much."

"And you, Miss Carberry. Are you interested in politics?"

Leda looked him straight in the eye. "Officially," she said, "I have no politics."

When the young man had folded his camera and gone, I looked at James, wondering if he was going to take up her rather extraordinary behavior. He only said dryly, "There are going to be people for dinner tonight, Leda. I want you to be here."

"Yes, father." She would not meet his eye.

"I want you to be here on time."

"Yes, father." This time she looked at him as she spoke, but there was a clear note of irony in her voice. As soon as he had gone she said, "Excuse me," and vanished. Edith and I were left alone.

I looked at my sister-in-law. "In heaven's name, Edith, what has happened to Leda?"

Edith's hands, usually restrained to the point of rigidity, flew out in a helpless gesture. "I am worried, Alice, really worried." (Continued on Page 88)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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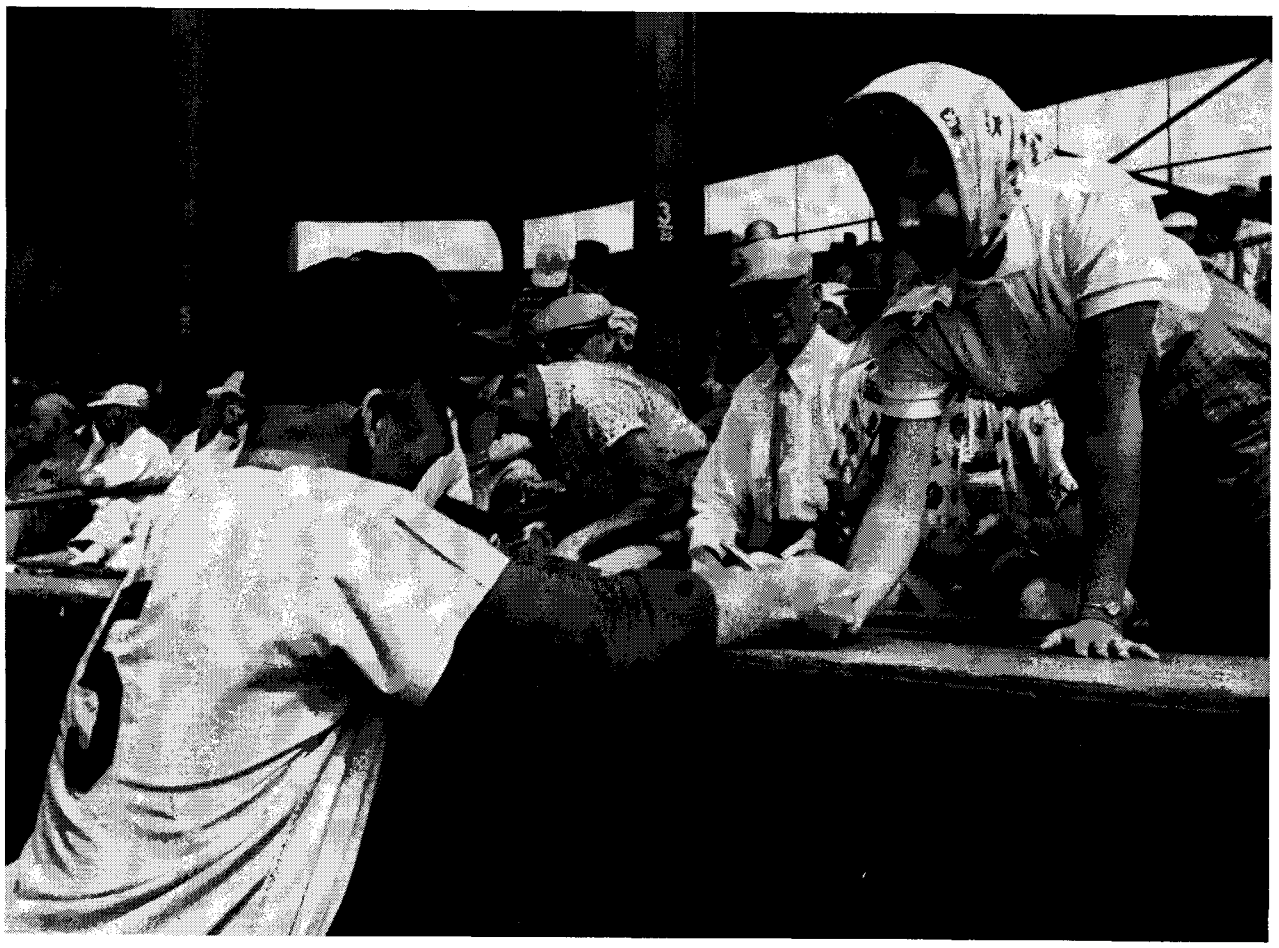
The Ladies' Favorite Cardinal

Joe Cunningham, idol of female fans in St. Louis, is a clutch hitter with a flair for showmanship. Yet he still had to struggle to make the big leagues.

By Bob Broeg



The pretty St. Louis fan shown above got Joe's autograph last month at the Cards' St. Petersburg training camp.

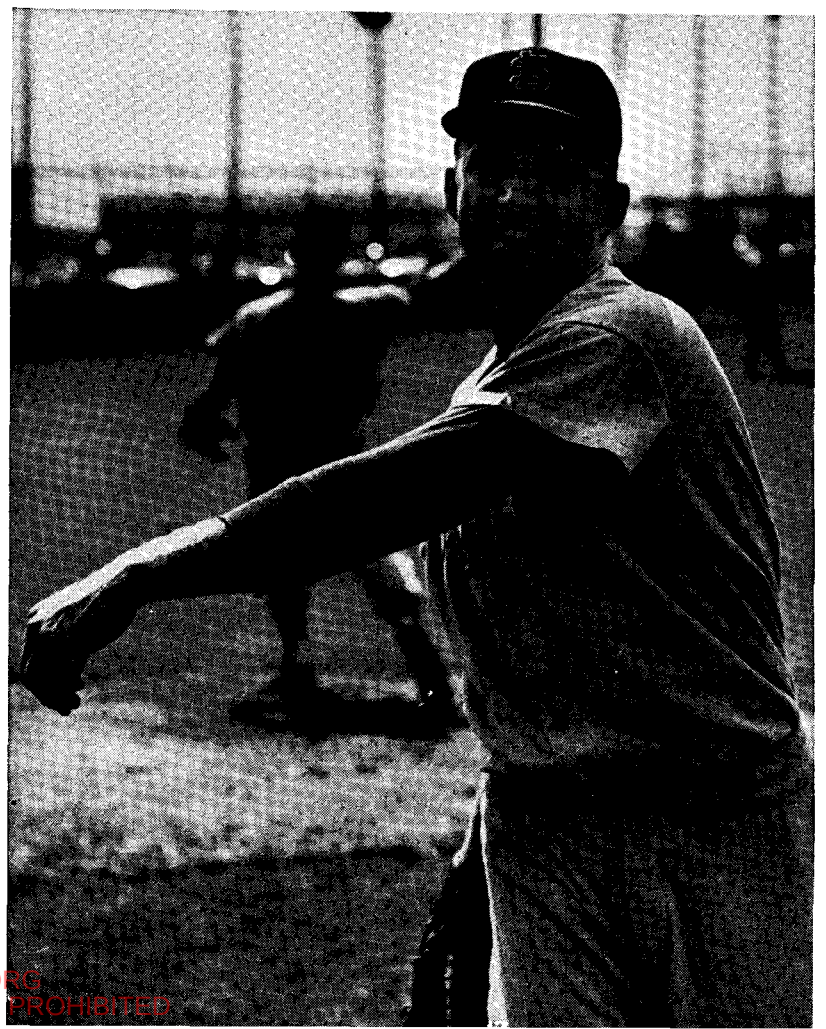
In St. Louis, a town which has seen some of the best in baseball, the fans have an unlikely new hero. He is Joe Cunningham, an awkwardly effective athlete who so far has made no great national splash. Cunningham doesn't hold top billing on a team that still has Stan Musial as its biggest name and Ken Boyer as its best all-round performer. In local popularity, though, Joe Cunningham had moved just ahead last year, when he finished second to Milwaukee's Henry Aaron in the National League batting race with an imposing .345 average.

Joe is a special favorite of the feminine rooters in St. Louis. The Cardinals haven't had such a Ladies' Day idol since the late Sunny Jim Bottomley left the club more than twenty-five years ago. Sunny Jim, a graceful first baseman with home-run power, was somewhat comparable.

Bottomley wasn't as handsome or as outstanding a hitter as Rogers Hornsby, or as flashy as a later Redbird teammate, Frank Frisch. However, there was something about the way he smiled and swaggered and the way he wore his cap at a rakish angle that always captivated the ladies.

Cunningham has appeal of a different sort. Although he (Continued on Page 110)

Right-fielder Cunningham making one of his typical, sliding, diving catches. "Joe goes all out, all the time," says his manager, Solly Hemus.



When Stan Musial was shifted from the outfield to first base in '57, it kept Joe (here warming up at St. Pete) out of a regular berth. Last year Cunningham played the outfield and first base in 145 out of 154 games and batted .345. "My only goal," he says, "is to play regularly."

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"Don't jump to conclusions, doctor. Wait until I've finished."

THE DOUBTFUL DOCTOR

Medical men hear all kinds of stories—but no physician ever heard a tale quite like this one.

By LOUIS PAUL

As I say, Doctor Collins, I feel all right. In fact, if it weren't for what's inside that envelope on your desk, I wouldn't be here. But maybe I'd better begin at the beginning. I know all this is going to sound funny to you, but try to remember that it's no joke to me. Even thinking about it here in your office makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

Some days things pile up on you almost as if they'd had a meeting and decided it would be great fun to drive you nuts. Well, this day started with half-cooked eggs, then went on to burned toast. The coffee was stone cold. When I took Rosemarie up to kiss her good-by, she dribbled over my necktie and I had to change it. Outside one of those July cloudbursts was pouring down in bucketfuls. Lucille reminded me that Bill and Nita Hornsby were coming for dinner—and let me say in passing, doctor, that Nita Hornsby can be a catastrophe all by herself.

Of course, I couldn't get a cab, and by the time I got to the office I was soaked to the skin. My secretary, Miss Trainor, picked out this particular day to announce that she was leaving to get married. Then a man in a derby hat came in and, after a few moments of civilized conversation, handed me a summons. It appeared that some woman had run into my car and decided to sue me for getting in her way.

Later Ted Parkinson, my partner, phoned from Chicago and said the layouts for one of our biggest accounts were unsatisfactory and would have to be done over. When I went to lunch at Cavendar's, the only thing on the menu I liked was the chicken livers, and they were all gone. Later Lucille called and said that Rosemarie had swallowed a button. (Continued on Page 55)

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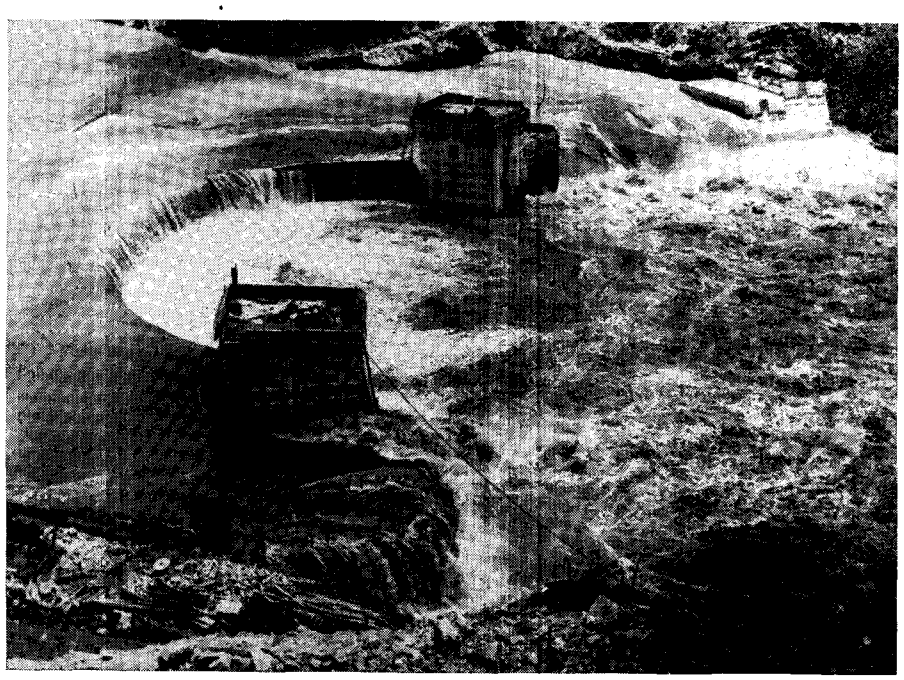
This great curved wall holds back the turbulent Zambezi River to form the world's largest man-made lake. Beyond the wall is the Kariba Gorge.



The 1958 flood, which experts said could happen only "once in a thousand years," tore over the half-finished dam, wrecked bridges and delayed further construction for months.

1959: African officials G. C. M. Heathcote (left) and Sir Mwanawina Lewenika at the dam just before it first produced commercial power on January 1, 1960.

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Giant in the Jungle

The completion of the huge Kariba Dam virtually assures the industrial expansion of Central Africa. But part of its cost was the sad exodus of 50,000 people and countless wild animals.

By David Howarth

Kariba would be an impressive creation wherever it was. It is one of the half-dozen biggest hydroelectric power plants in the world, and its reservoir, which will not be full for another three years, is already by far the biggest artificial lake that has ever been made. Yet the most remarkable thing about Kariba is not its size, but its position, hundreds of miles from anywhere in tropical Africa. And the unique aspect of the five-year job of building it was not the engineering achievement, but the curious side effects of setting a great industrial installation in the African wilderness.

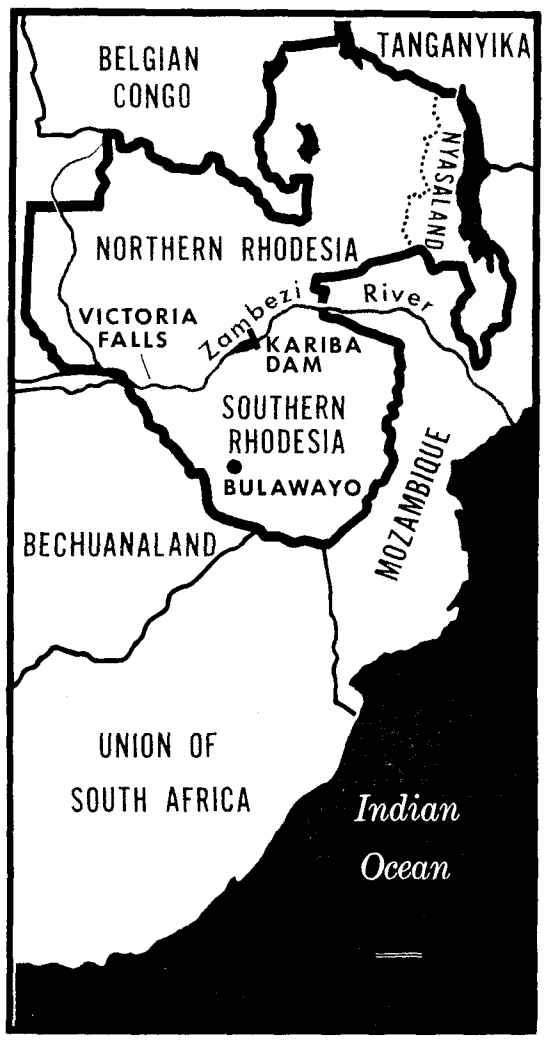
Nobody knows for certain what Kariba means. It is simply a name in a very obscure African dialect—the name of a gorge on the River Zambezi, 800 miles upriver from the sea and 250 miles below the Victoria Falls. The gorge was discovered by Dr. David Livingstone, who went through it in a canoe one hundred years ago; and it was already called Kariba then by the primitive people who lived in that part of Africa. For ninety-five years after that, nobody ever heard of Kariba again, except a few hunters and prospectors and civil servants in the neighboring British colonies of Southern and Northern Rhodesia; and the gorge remained as desolate and almost as remote as it was when Livingstone found it.

Five years ago, if one stood on the hills above the gorge—a thing which very few white men had ever done—the view was still perfectly primeval. Up the river the country opened out to a wide sun-drenched valley, a lost world enclosed on each side by a steep escarpment. And the whole of the valley and the hills were (Continued on Page 97)

© 1960 by David Howarth

Operation Noah: Rescue workers endangered their own lives to save wild animals from drowning. The gentle duiker above was carried to dry land, but the vicious zebra stallion (below) had to be towed in.

Kariba, one of the largest dams in the world, is in the heart of Africa's wild interior.



A young scientist from the Rhodesian Game Department rescues a deadly black mamba snake. The reptile, whose bite is said to kill a man in five minutes, was sent to a "snake park" in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

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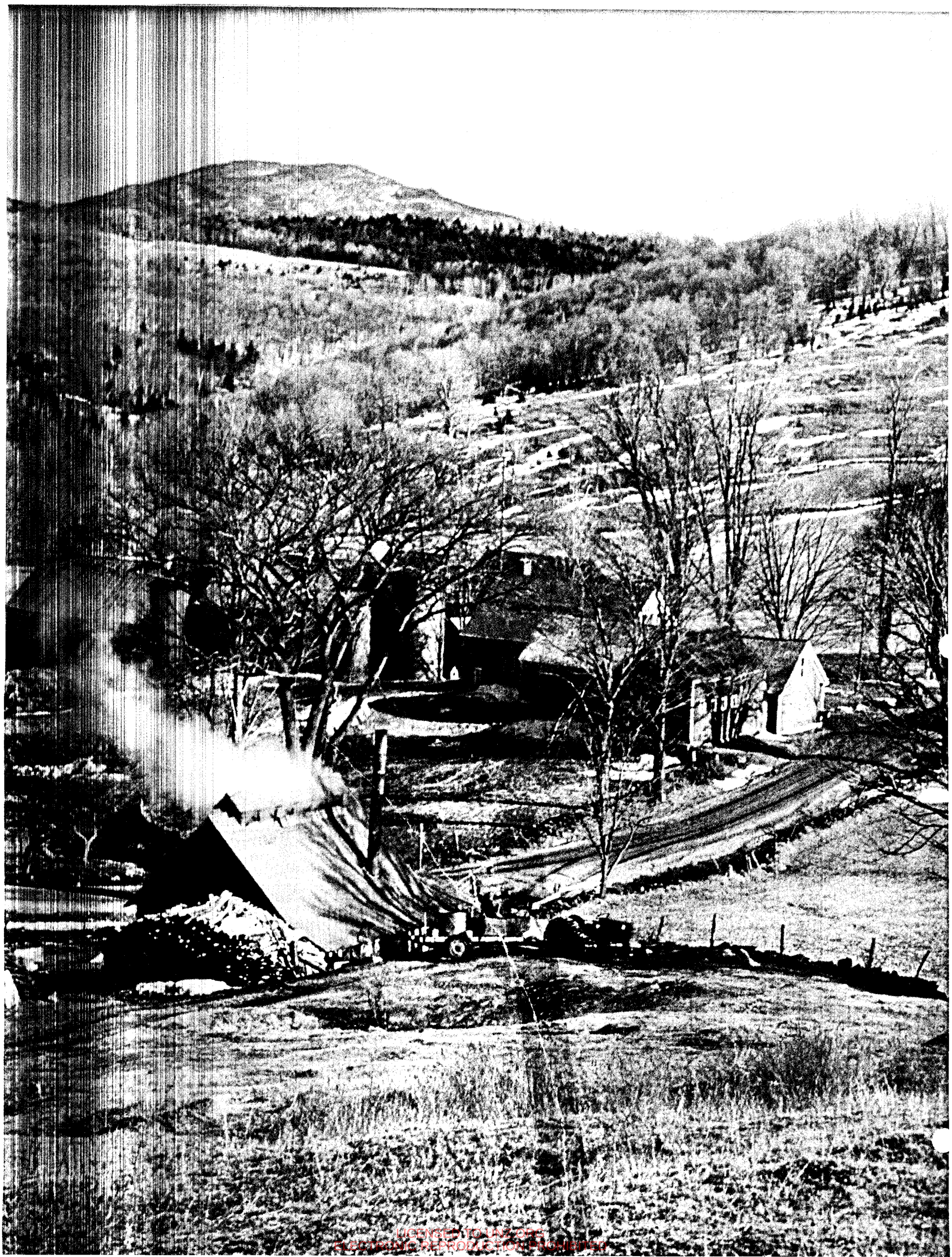

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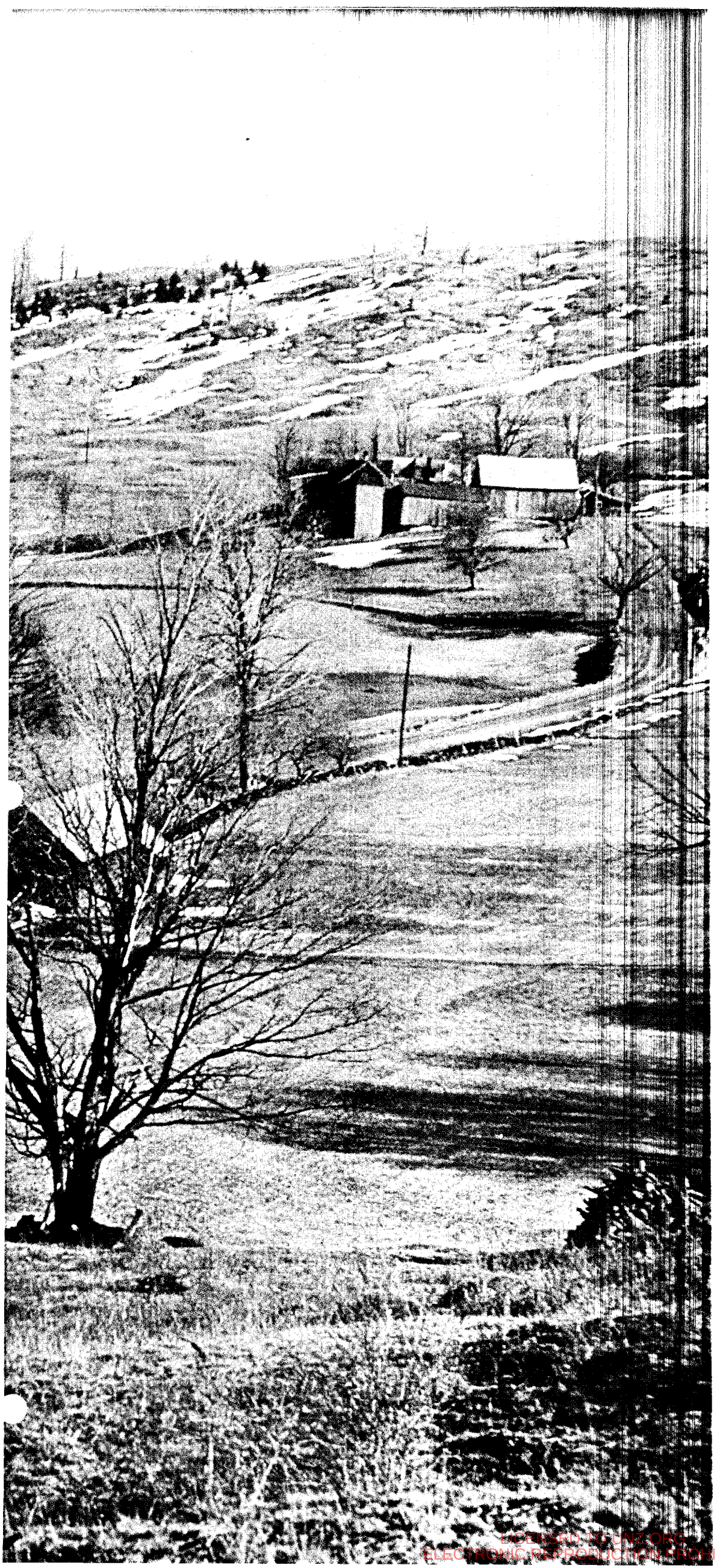

The Face of AMERICA

Farewell to Snow

Spring comes late in Vermont. The land is still drab, the trees still bare, and patches of dwindling snow fleck dormant fields. Winter has outstayed its welcome; the season of frost has lost its charm and has become a bore. However, there are no idle months in New England. Winter-long, wood was cut and stacked, not only to burn in stove and fireplace but also for the special work to be done in spring. The maple-sugar season is now at its height and will continue for a couple of weeks, and the pot must be kept boiling in sugarhouses, such as the one in the foreground at left behind the woodpile. Clustered just below the sugarhouse are the Jenne farm buildings. The brothers Jenne, Almer and Floyd, run a 460-acre dairy farm near the village of Reading, in Southern Vermont. From their woodland they produce about 350 gallons of maple syrup each spring, just before the snow surrenders unconditionally and Vermont grows green again.

Photograph by Hanson Carroll

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ANYTHING FOR MONEY

It was foolish of him to challenge the Sioux Falls Slayer—regardless of the stakes.

By ED MONTGOMERY

They'll tell you that Spud Sewell was the daddy of the Chisholm City Field, and that's right. And it's true that he'd never have got the job done if he hadn't been a better wrestler than the Sioux Falls Slayer. But there likely never would have been a drop of oil found around here if it hadn't been for a wildcatter with a theory and a young lady with principles.

The wildcatter was named Salt Water Sam Rafferty, and his theory was that a man always ought to draw to two pair, any size, and bet 'em whether he helped 'em or not. Kept 'em guessing, Sam figured.

Well, so this night at the Chisholm City Hotel Sam has kept 'em guessing all evening and has just lost a hefty pot to three sixes held by Spud Sewell. Sam counts his cash assets, and there's only his lucky silver dollar plus breakfast money.

"What am I offered," he asks, "for my oil well?"

Everybody looks at Spud Sewell, who is the big winner. Spud has been the driller on the Salt Water Sam Rafferty Number One before it shut down. Spud's about five and a half feet tall and weighs around two hundred pounds, none of it fat. It has been said that Spud could lift the world if you'd show him where to put his feet. He looks kind of like a bulldog and acts a lot like one.

"It ain't exactly an oil well," Spud points out. "It's as dry as the Sahara Desert in a drought year."

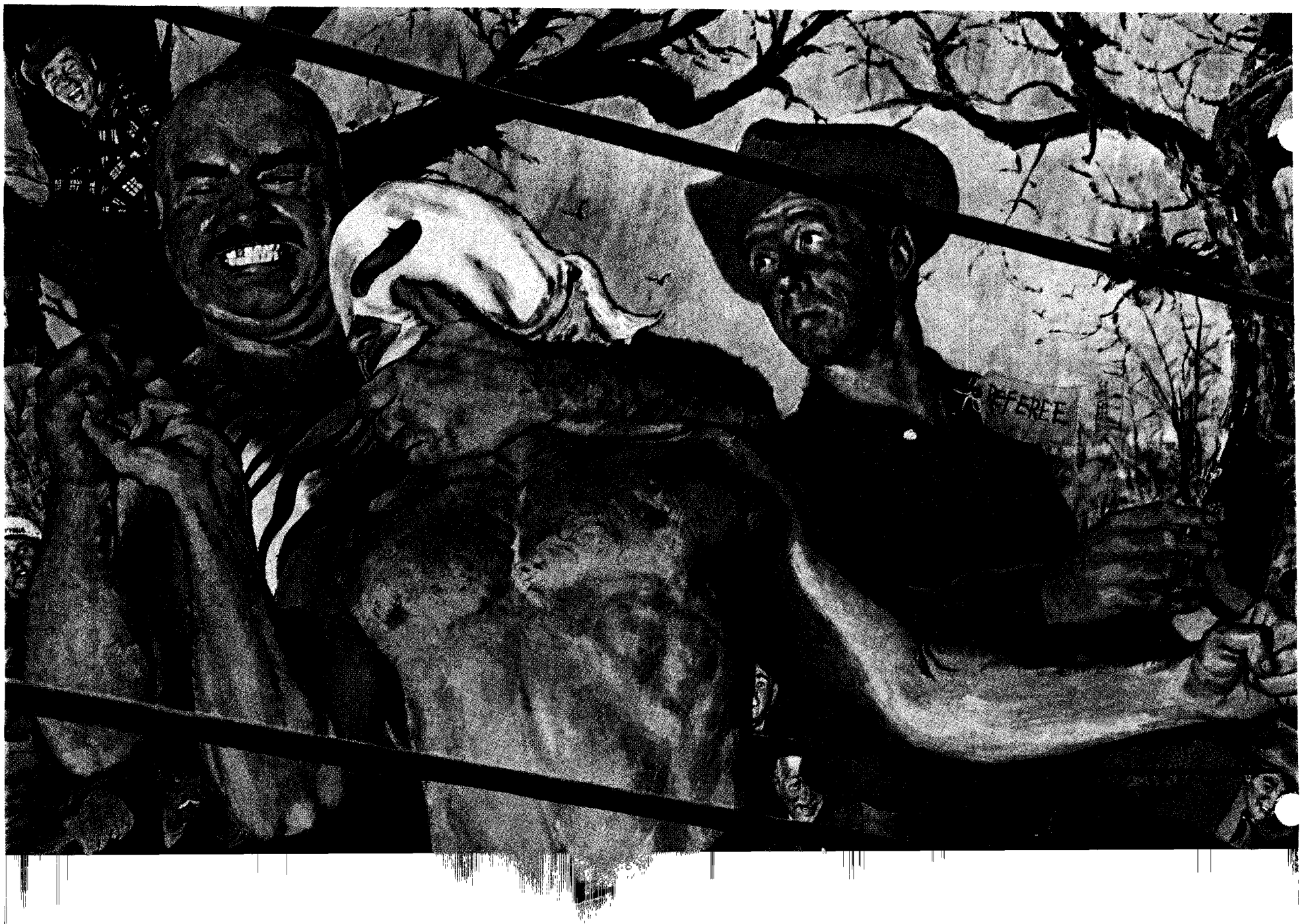
"It appears to be pretty dry, all right."

"You didn't even hit any salt water this time."

"But I am also offering the oil and gas leases on seven sections surrounding the well."

(Continued on Page 44)

The Slayer got a twist on the lower part of Spud's mask and started to strangle him with it.



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The Two Cities of Law

By CHARLES L. BLACK JR.

On the ground of man's public life, two shapes of law may be discerned—sometimes in mutual complement, sometimes in contrast.

First, there is the law that prevails in society. Courts decide cases and give reasons for their decisions. Statutes are printed and read. Precedents are recorded and used as lawyers' ingenuity may devise. People enjoy legacies, lose cars to the finance company, get married, go to the penitentiary. And as a matter of psychological fact, there exists, in the minds of judges and lawyers, a conceptual framework to guide and explain all this activity. This structure of legal ideas is not exactly the same in any two minds, but there is enough agreement for law to do its work—and even the fact of disagreement is a fact about law as it exists. This law that palpably prevails in each nation may be called "positive law."

Second, as misty as a Chinese painter's mountain, but as insistently there as the Chinese painter makes his mountain seem, is another shape of law—the image of law as men in their time think law ought to be. This ideal law cannot be known, as positive law can be known, from the deeds and words of lawyers and judges at their professional tasks. Those who would persuade us of its requirements cannot point to the readable print of code or reported decision. All we can know from all these sources is the tenor of such law as exists and prevails—and that may be good law or bad law.

Yet we are compelled to seek the shape of right law. By taking up this quest, we may be transgressing the canons of scientific positivism, but if we do not take it up we strip ourselves of the insignia of humanity. And so from the earliest inscriptions in pyramid tombs down to the latest article in the *Yale Law Journal*, from the Cheyenne Indian before Custer to the man riding uptown on the Broadway Express, we try and always have tried not only to know the law as it is but also to discern, however dimly and uncertainly, what it may be that justice requires of law.

This search for light in law has taken many forms. Recurrently through western history, the name "natural law" has been given to the projected image of law as it ought to be. Aristotle and Cicero wrote of a law of nature, against which human positive law *CONTINUED ON PAGE 101*

About the Author

Among lawyers Prof. Charles L. Black Jr. enjoys a reputation as one of the profession's most cogent and eloquent expounders of legal philosophy. Born in Austin, Texas, forty-four years ago, he took his law degree at Yale and practiced as an associate in a New York firm before he began to teach. He is at present Professor of Jurisprudence at Yale. With Grant Gilmore he wrote a treatise on *The Law of Admiralty* in 1957, and last month Macmillan published *The People and the Court*, Professor Black's study of the role of the Supreme Court in furthering democratic values. Photograph by Arnold Newman

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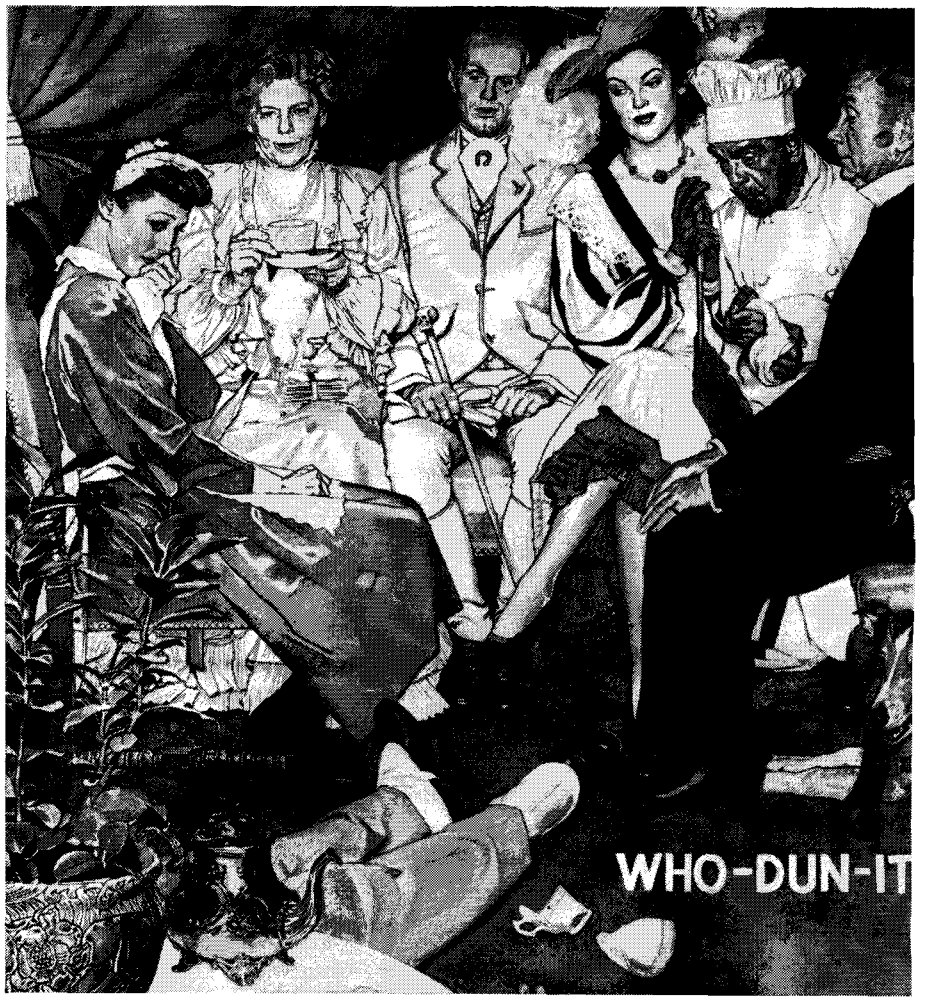
Norman Rockwell (right) demonstrates a pose for a model (not shown) in his Stockbridge, Mass., studio. Photographer Bill Scovill (left) is awaiting the artist's signal to snap the picture.



Eight film stars in a Rockwell *Post* cover that never materialized. "The murder clues I planted were too thin," says the author. For the identities of the famous suspects, the murderer and the victim, see the artist's story below.

Rockwell sketched and painted Ike for *The Post* during the 1952 presidential campaign. To evoke this stern expression, the artist had him bark a military command.

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR

By NORMAN ROCKWELL
as told to Thomas Rockwell

Conclusion

I Paint the President

The artist tells about the first time he painted Dwight D. Eisenhower and what Ike's like as a model and a person.

I'll never forget the night when William Oberhardt, a fellow illustrator, accused me of artistic treason. We met at a dinner of the Society of Illustrators. He grabbed my arm.

"I hear you've gone over to the enemy," he said bitterly. "You're painting from photographs."

"Oh—well—you know, not actually," I mumbled.

"You are," he said. "Judas!"

It was true. I was taking a lot of photographs of the model, and painting from the photographs. Until 1936 I myself had been denouncing illustrators who used photographs. It had seemed a form of cheating, a dishonorable crutch for lazy draftsmen, a betrayal of artistic principles. Oh, I'd been very stiff-necked about it.

Gradually, however, I had given in. The pressures were irresistible. First there had been the deteriorating model situation. The old professionals had died off or taken jobs which paid better than modeling. Most of the younger ones refused to pose for me all day. They could make more posing for photographers, who (Continued on Page 81)

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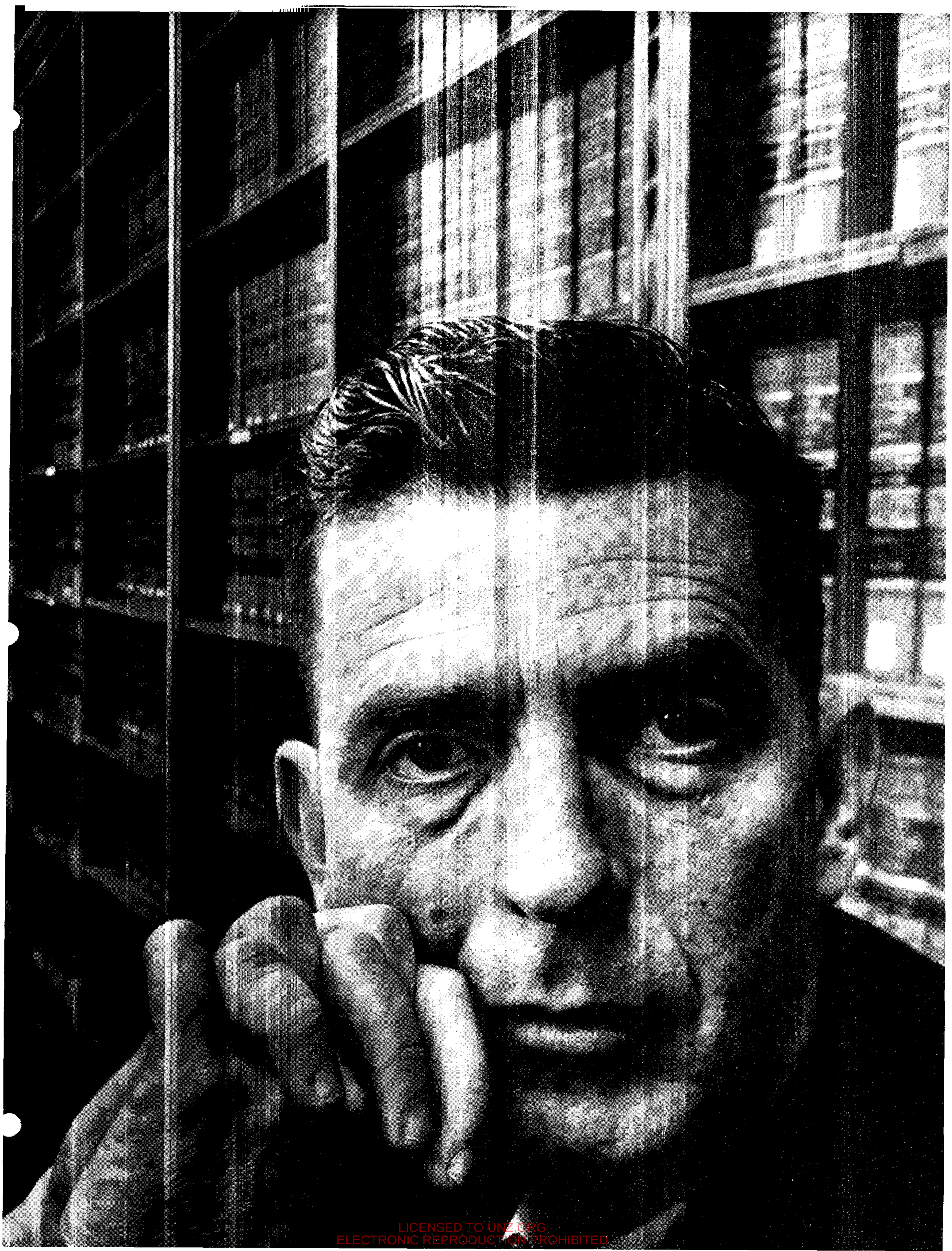

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When no one was looking
he seized the
little wooden carving.

THE SECRET VICE OF PROFESSOR CLIFFSIDE

By WILL HARRISS

The strange case of a thief who was above suspicion.

"Fire him," said Clint Smith, a member of our board of trustees. And if it had happened at one of the big state universities, perhaps we could have simply fired Professor Cliffside; but what would be a mere stirring of the air at the University of California is a raging tempest in such a teapot as Balboa College and in a town like Pasadena. Put the question to yourself: what would you do if you found that a prominent faculty member had been stealing things from the campus for ten years and more?

The whole to-do began when Doctor Blount, our English Department chairman, felt compelled to report Professor Cliffside to the board—privately, because it was too sensitive a matter to bring before the faculty senate. Of course we were all fascinated—President Bryant, Clint Smith, Dr. Leon Bledsoe and I. (Edward King, our fifth trustee, was in Japan.)

"You are possibly aware," read Doctor Blount's report, "that the students call the professor 'Chalky' because he picks up any new piece of chalk he sees at a blackboard and slips it into his pocket—a habit which may annoy the janitors, but does no great harm per se. Even his continual appropriations of stamps, stationery, pencil sharpeners and bud vases from the departmental offices and Humanities-Building classrooms, while constituting an Ossa of respectable size, were an Ossa I could judiciously ignore; but last week when he spirited away an electric typewriter valued at four hundred dollars, he piled on that Ossa a Pelion I could not ignore."

I must say I hadn't expected this kind of problem to crop up when my husband, Henry Tolliver, died and I took his seat on the board. Besides, I had just got back from a delightful trip to Europe—a hobby trip, because I went there to add to my folk-art collection. I collect carvings, peasant fabrics, primitive paintings, and so on. So this was an especially upsetting situation to meet with the first thing in September.

As a matter of fact, I had expected to be rather bored sometimes when I became the only woman trustee; but then Henry and I had always taken an active interest in Balboa, contributing both our time and our money. Henry's last gift to the college library, and now a campus point of interest, was a heroic portrait of Vasco Núñez de Balboa in full armor, five feet high, "possibly by Velázquez," valued at a hundred thousand dollars.

At any rate, this wasn't a boring situation, but it was a nasty one. "And we have to decide," said President Bryant, "what to do about it."

"That's easy," said Clint Smith, shaking his jowls and raising his bushy black eyebrows. "Fire him."

I expected Clint to say that. He always rushes at delicate problems with a broadax. Years ago he was a star fullback for the Balboa Conquistadors. He became a big executive when some wildcatter discovered oil on a worthless farm he owned in the San Fernando valley, but he asserts that playing football for Balboa prepared him for the Big Game of Life.

"No, Clint," said President Bryant, "we can't do that."

"Why? If I caught one of my employees robbing me blind, he wouldn't have the chance of a one-legged fullback in a punting contest! Our alumni would just love to hear we're harboring a thief on the faculty!"

President Bryant ran his fingers through his hair. "I know, Clint, but if we fired him scholars all over the country would protest. The Association

(Continued on Page 106)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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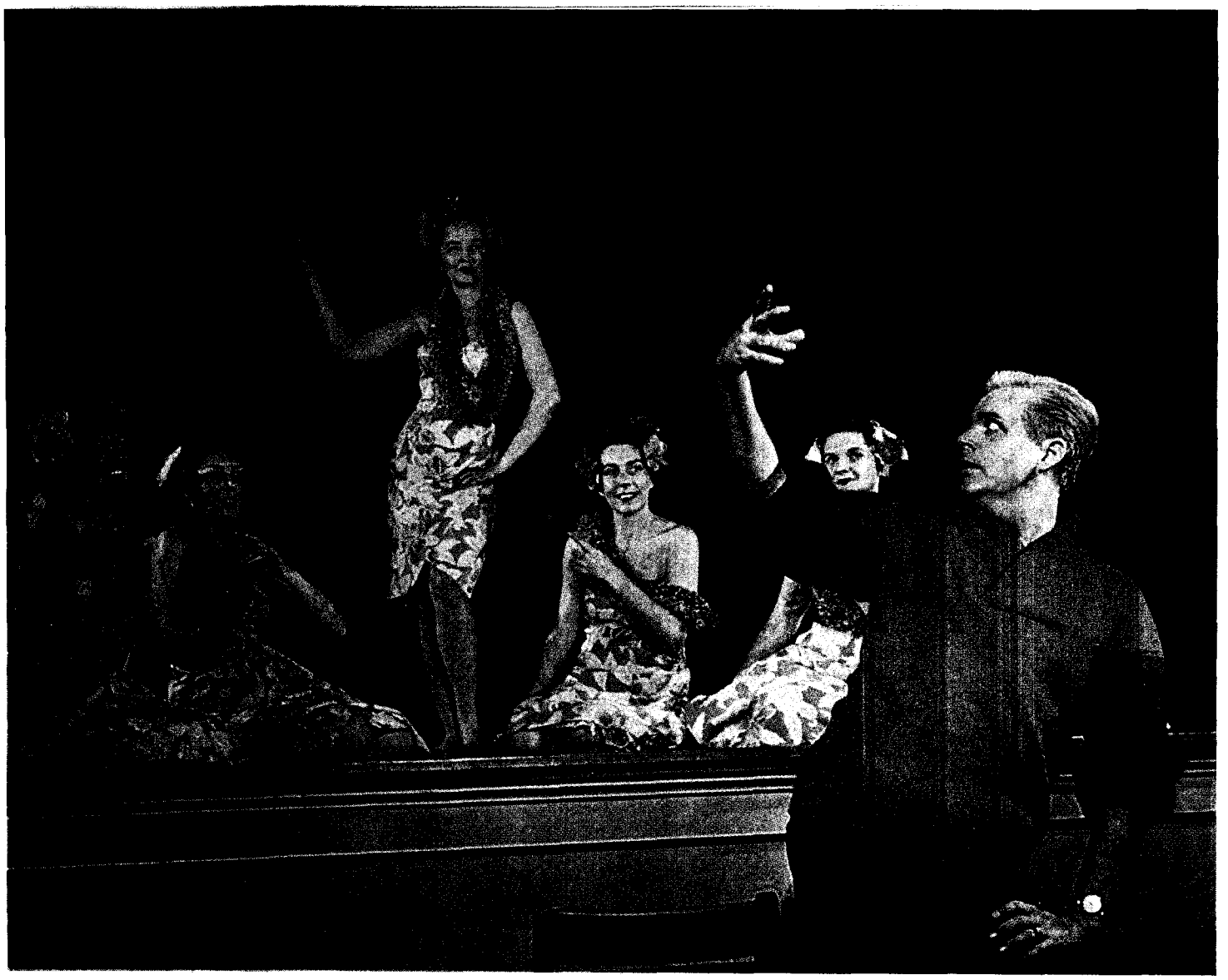


Rehearsal for Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee's *Follies*. Lee Doyle (foreground, right) is a professional director, but the South Seas girls on-stage are local clubwomen. In the center is Mrs. Al Oxford, a dentist's wife.

Doyle coaches Gloria Abercrombie in a soft-shoe routine.

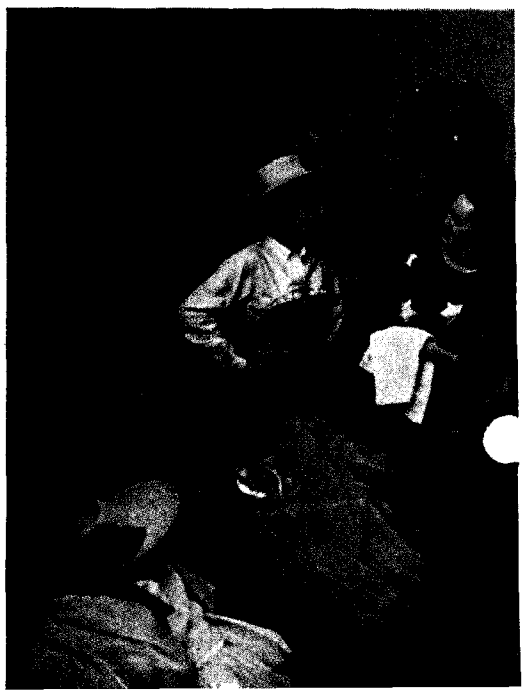
Big Hit on Main Street

Amateur musicals raise millions each year for local charities, and sometimes they seem better than some Broadway shows. The story of one town's venture with "instant show business."

By PAUL F. HEALY

Photographs by Larry Fried

Doyle and the ladies of the Border Guild had just 19 days to put on the show. At far right is Mrs. Eugene Worrell, president.



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Director showing the Bristol "Rockettes" how to do a precision step, the "hitch kick." The young director has staged more than 52 productions for the Cargill organization.

Once a year in cities all over the United States local women's clubs find themselves faced with a problem somewhat akin to that involved in the making of gold from baser metals. By long-established custom the climax of their year's activities is a musical show staged with local talent in the name of charity, and what the ladies want, quite simply, is to have their amateur efforts come across the footlights with professional polish.

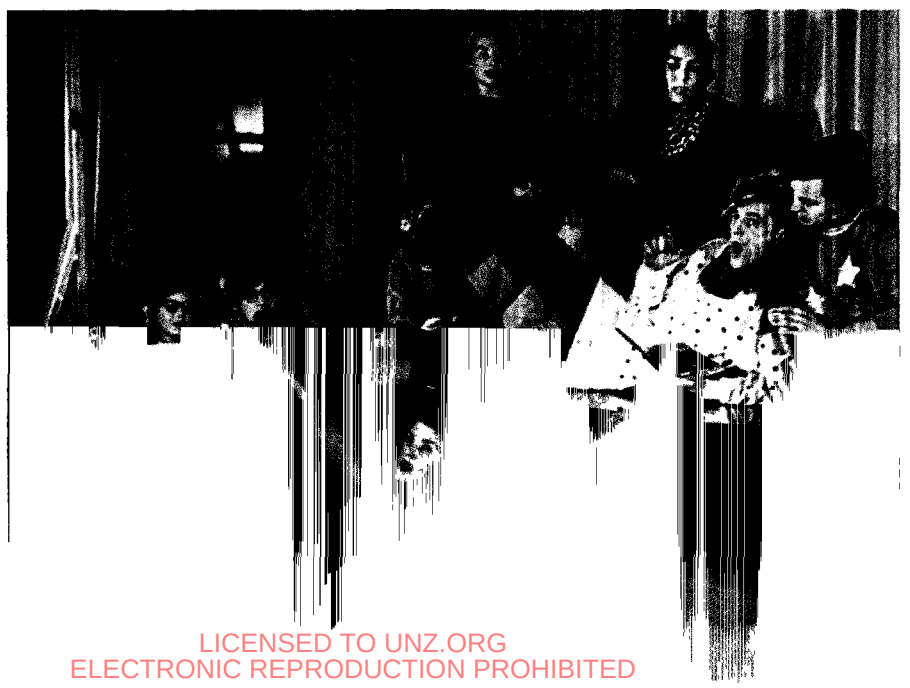
The alchemist on whom they rely to perform this transmutation is likely to be a representative of the Jerome H. Cargill Producing Organization of New York City, a company which sends experienced directors to some 200 cities every year for just this purpose. Actually the title "director" is something of an oversimplification. A Cargill man must possess a truly formidable array of talents to make good in what must be one of the most demanding jobs in show business.

No two assignments are the same. Ordinarily a director enters the town to which he has been sent, a complete stranger, on Sunday evening. After checking into a hotel he telephones the general chairman of the women's club, who welcomes him and names the time and place of a (Continued on Page 50)

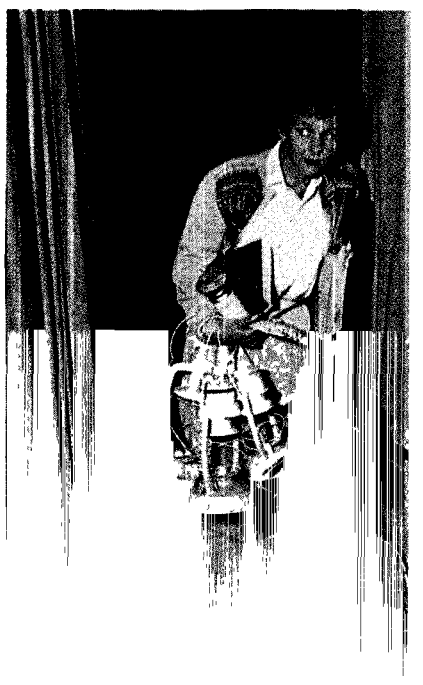
Pinky Worley, Ann Martin and Jane Dulaney in a number called "Flings." The show raised $8000 for a speech clinic.

The show was given in the high-school auditorium, and performers dressed in classrooms.

The young man (on piano) reading beatnik poetry is also a lay reader in his church. This skit was a *Follies* show-stopper.



Prop girl Clarice Senter waits in the wings for a cue.



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MOON PILOT

If the calculations were correct, the round trip should take five days.

By ROBERT BUCKNER

I am not a spy, as you think. I do not want anything from you, captain—only to save your life."

The beautiful suspect, Lyrae, had lured Capt. Rich Talbot from the protective custody of FBI agent McClosky. She assured the young Air Force scientist that General Vannemann's top-secret moon-probe project was doomed to failure.

When Rich gave her a last opportunity to convince him that she wasn't a spy, Lyrae told him an incredible story. She claimed to come from another world—the planet Beta Lyrae.

CONCLUSION

McClosky was stunned. A search of the entire hotel produced no sign of Rich. He was gone without trace, unseen by anyone and leaving no message. McClosky and his now utterly disgraced lobby spotter were investigating the frozen-food locker when reinforcements arrived from the FBI's local headquarters. Informed of the latest startling developments, the G men swallowed their pride and called in the New York police.

The security lid blew off with a bang. All patrol cars were alerted with full descriptions of Rich and the copper-haired girl. The only clue given was kidnaping, but deductions followed swiftly.

Newspaper city rooms leaped into action at the four-bell alarm. An Air Force captain in the Government's protective custody had mysteriously disappeared. Here was news in the making, and a swarm of reporters proceeded to make it, some even seeking the facts. These were not available from Washington, even from the Pentagon's public information staff, so tightly had General Vannemann kept his precious secret. They could find only that Capt. R. D. Talbot was a soldier-scientist stationed at Holloman Air Force Base, and even this ominous hint was somewhat grudgingly given.

With their inherent antipathy for secrecy in any Government project, the reporters warmed to the scent and promptly called New Mexico. General Vannemann blanched as he heard the news. In their New York crisis the Federal men had forgotten to inform him. Now badgered for further details and realizing that his pet cat was already out of the bag, the missile master confessed that Talbot was a volunteer for the first manned moon rocket.

"Quit lying to me, Talbot! Have you handed over some of our rocket secrets?"

Wires began humming, and the presses rolling. America's pioneer spaceman had been snatched by enemy agents in the heart of New York City. It was the biggest story since our A-bomb secrets were stolen; and there, at least, it was known who did it.

Twilight fell upon Central Park, and the towers on all sides began to sprinkle lights. Three hours had passed now since the apparition of the child in the white playsuit. Lyrae and Rich still sat on the bench, awed by the psychic manifestation of their future son and naturally embarrassed, as the child presumed an intimacy which had never crossed either one's mind.

Unaware of the commotion caused by his disappearance, Rich at first forgot his earthly problems in the shock of finding someone fresh from outer space—especially as he was about to go there himself. And if the preview of Richmond Junior shattered most of his doubts, the rest were dissolved by Lyrae's further disclosures—things no woman on earth could have known. Willingly and quietly she answered his eager questions, while police cars scoured the city for them.

"But why do you care on Beta Lyrae if our rocket is successful or not?"

"Because we want to make friends with the earth," she explained. "We have been flying around it for years now, and ——"

"The saucers!" Rich exclaimed. "Those were real, then? They were yours?"

"No, those come from Pluto. They are awful show-offs on Pluto. We are more conservative. We use the family model that carries hundreds of passengers."

"You mean the long cigar-shaped thing?" Rich recalled the news items. "Like the one some people said they saw over White Sands?"

Lyrae nodded. "That was ours."

He gazed at her, fascinated, realizing that he was the first man in the world to hear these wonders and might also be the first to investigate them. Now he wanted to know everything. "There are others like you, then—other planets besides Beta Lyrae with people?"

"Oh, yes, millions," said Lyrae. "Of course, we don't all look alike. It varies with the atmospheric conditions, the vegetation and so forth. But Beta Lyrae is very much like this." She hesitated. "We are somewhat ahead of you in many ways, if you will pardon my saying so."

"Er—sure, of course." Rich conceded this obvious point with distraction, admiring the coppery glint of her hair and remembering the little boy's. "You are a very interesting girl, Lyrae." It was his first compliment. "How old are you?"

"Two aeons and four millennia."

"What?"

"That is quite young with us," she reassured him. "It is about the same as"—she figured quickly—"ten years less than your thirty-one."

"You know my age?" Then wryly he added, "Oh, I forgot, you know all about me, apparently."

Lyrae smiled. "I received it by telepathy. When I was told that I was to come here I tuned in on you. It has helped a lot."

This made him uneasy, as it would any man. "Can you always tell what I'm thinking, even from a distance?"

"No," Lyrae admitted, "only when I try, and when it is very important."

"You mean like it was with—the child?"

She nodded and lowered her eyes.

"I prefer not to discuss it," Lyrae said primly. "We have much more important matters. Have you called General Vannemann about the helmet?"

"Not yet."

"Why?"

"We thought you were a spy, trying to sabotage us. But I'll call him tonight." He paused worriedly. "How can I ever explain you to him? He would think I had lost my mind."

"Without the beryllium helmet," said Lyrae firmly, "you *would* lose your mind. And the coating for the rocket—you must paint it with a mixture of rubidium and cesium, in proportions of five to one. The atoms of those metals are ionized

(Continued on Page 64)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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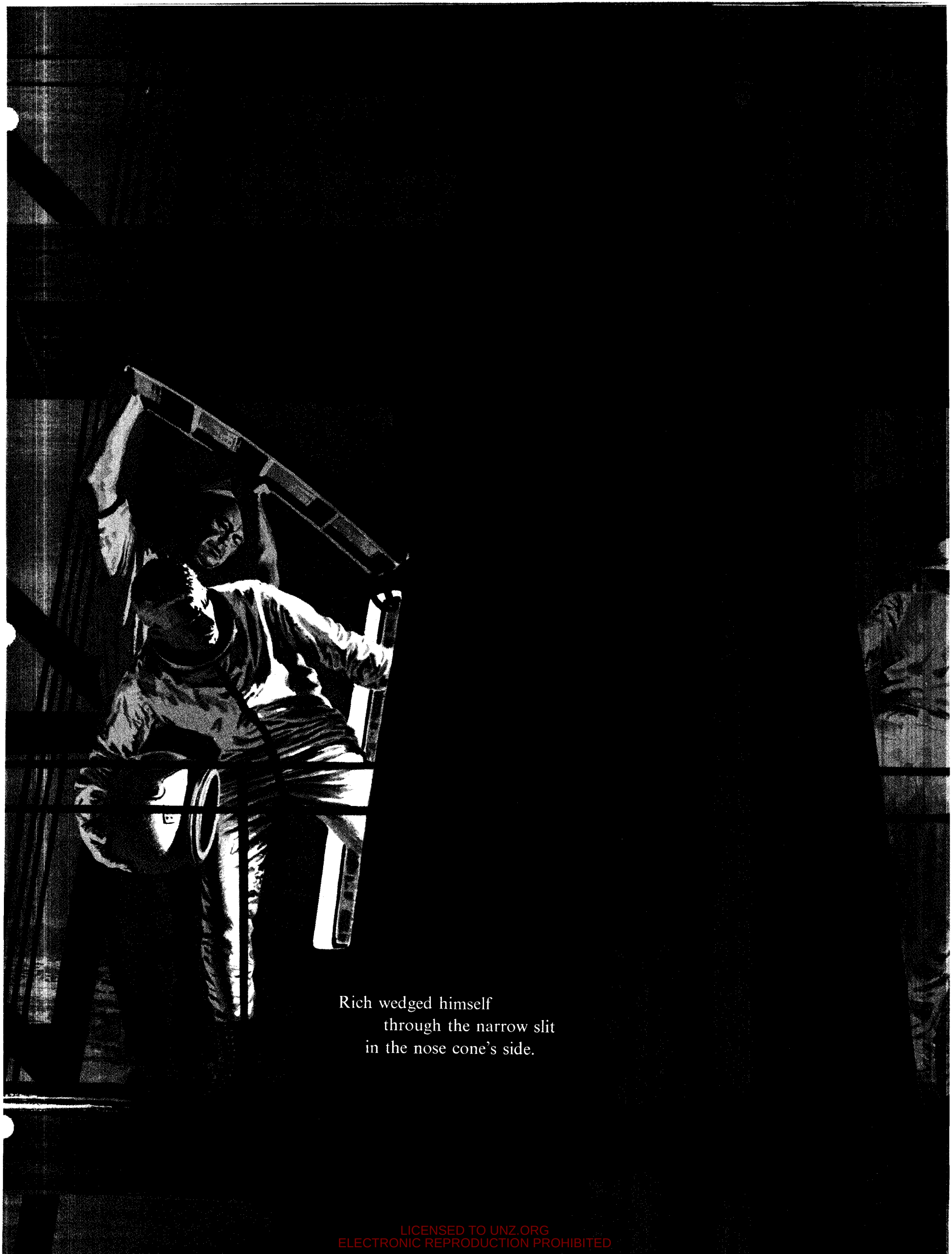

Rich wedged himself
through the narrow slit
in the nose cone's side.

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Post Scripts

Surprise Party

Borrow 3 card tables, folding chairs.
Polish silver.
Order ginger ale, flowers.
Shorten petticoat.
Hairdo, 2:30 P.M.
Press red dress.
TV dinners for kids?
Fix shrimp.
Act surprised.

KAY NELSON

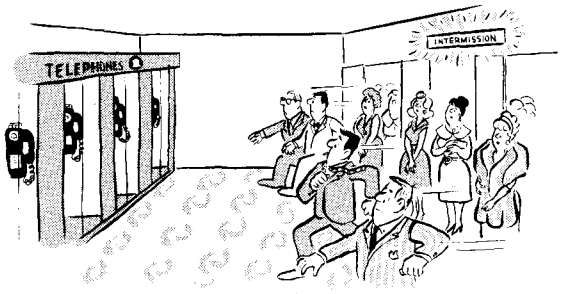
Mother's-Eye View of Spring

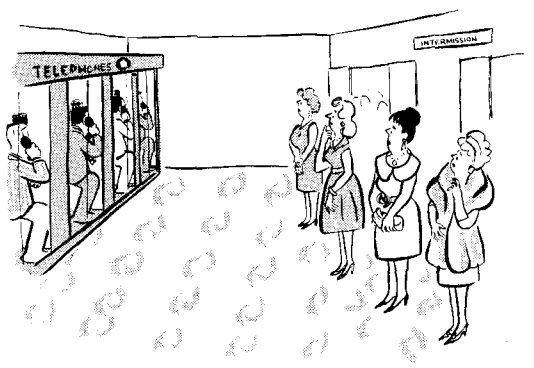
Trees in bud,
Boys in mud.

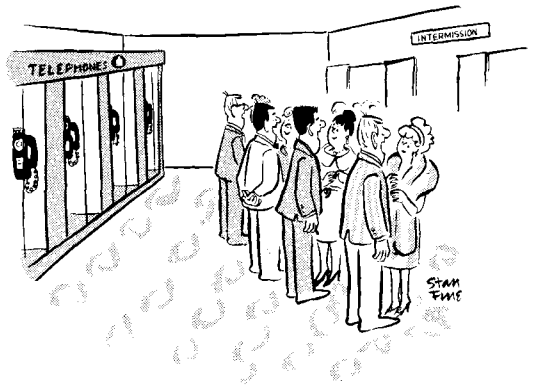
BETTY ISLER

"Just take the measurements, please—never mind the editorial comment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST







"The sitter said the baby cried a little after we left but settled down with a bottle and is sleeping O. K. now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Unusual Interviews

. . . in Washington, D.C., on the day that truth serum leaked into the water supply:

Q. Senator Straddle, you've been talking a lot about the wealth of presidential timber in your party—but don't you think there is one man who stands out above all the rest?

A. You bet your life one does, son—and you're talking to him right now.

Q. Governor Evasive, whenever you are asked about your further political ambitions, you keep saying that your first duty is to your own state. What do you really mean?

A. In plain English I mean that the quicker I get into the White House, the better it will be for the people in my state.

Q. Congressman Grabby, how do you justify that hundred-million-dollar dam you want the Government to build on Goose Creek in your district?

A. That's easy. If the Government doesn't build that dam, those ungrateful voters are gonna kick me out next election, that's what.

Q. Commissioner Droan, how much will that ten-per-cent budget cut impair your agency's work?

A. What work?

Q. Chairman Junket, what were the principal conclusions reached by your investigating committee during its recent tour of our military bases in France?

A. We concluded, *ad hoc* and *ipso facto*, that the chorus girls at the Lido Club can can-can better than those at the Folies-Bergère can.

Q. Mrs. Tadwallow, how do you attract such distinguished guests to your famous parties?

A. I give those free-loaders the best liquor in town.

Q. You hear some brilliant conversations in your *salon*, don't you?

A. Huh? Who's brilliant when they're stoned—absolutely stoned?

Q. H'm'm—well, then why do you have so many parties?

A. Are you kidding, buster? I just *love* to see my name in the papers.

JOHN BIRD

The Pat on the Head

From Sappho to Austen, from Sand to Millay,
All women of wit and sense
Have gritted their teeth and prickled beneath
That male-est of compliments:

Oh, none has eluded that pat on the head,
And none ever will or can:
Some knot-headed god will indulgently nod
And tell her she thinks like a man!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Boredom From Within

MEMO TO: All Students
FROM: Professor Bryant
SUBJECT: Attitudes and Behavior in Class

(1) When I reach the point in my lecture where the main problem begins to emerge, I will make a signal with my hand. At that time all students with hidden pocket radios will please turn them off.

(2) I don't mind students glancing at their watches toward the end of the lecture, but please don't shake them unbelievingly.

(3) Those students who are geared to wake up when I say, "And in conclusion let me say . . ." will soon discover that I drop that remark about midway in the lecture.

(4) Those who must sleep should arrange for classmates to call them at the end of the period. A bad appearance is created when one or more students remain dozing in their seats after the rest of the class has left the room.

(5) I wish the students would give more attention to their dress. My impulse Monday morning, after glancing around the classroom, was to inquire if the poolroom had burned down.

(6) When I ask you to do some outside work, I wish you would not consider this request as "controversial." It isn't.

(7) In rotating papers for discussion, please remember that "It stinks" is not *constructive* criticism.

(8) Students seeking self-advancement by laughing at my jokes should listen more attentively. On Thursday, just by glancing up from my notes and pausing expectantly, I got quite a laugh from a sentence of Spinoza's.

(9) Students who wish to take a short cut to a passing grade by referring in class to a book that I have written should not call it "the green one." Learn the title anyway.

CASKIE STINNETT

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
July 2, 1921
Campbell's
TOMATO SOUP
"3-minute" men
About three minutes' preparation, and the biggest part of your meal is ready to eat—the best part too. Quickly prepared, delightful, wholesome, this splendid food is a favorite in the modern household.
Campbell's Tomato Soup
A puree of luscious red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines, daintily prepared in Campbell's famous kitchens, with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other savory ingredients. There are many tempting ways to serve it. Order a good supply and keep it handy.
12 cents a can
Campbell's
This ad appeared 39 years ago...
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO SOUP

Have you checked the price of Campbell's Tomato Soup lately?

Of course, most anyone that goes to the store or pays the bills knows what's happened to prices over the years. That's why we thought you might be interested in this advertisement that ran for Campbell's Tomato Soup on July 2, 1921.

It shows that the price was 12¢ a can. If you have a grocery store advertisement handy—or if your memory is really good, we think you'll be mildly amazed to find that this is just about the same price you pay today . . . same size can, of course.

The same kind of price story—though in varying degree—can be told about the other Campbell's Soups.

Of course, we can't take all the credit. The happy reason that Campbell's has been able to buck the tide of rising prices is partly you, partly the grocer, and partly us. You, because there are so many more of you these days, and because you seem to like our soups more and more as time goes on. And it's the grocer, of course, because he's even more efficient in serving you.

As for us, we just naturally like to make soup. We like to make it as good as we can and bring it to you for as little as we can. And we find ways to do this better as we go along.

This seems like a good time to tell you that we find this a very pleasant relationship, indeed—and we thank you.

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

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The killer no longer had any reason to keep Mason alive.

NIGHT WITHOUT END

By Alistair MacLean

From now on, Zagero, you and Levin ride with a gun trained on you!" Mason snapped.

Dr. Peter Mason was addressing two survivors of an airliner that had crashed near his scientific outpost on the Greenland icecap. Mason was attempting to take ten survivors three hundred miles across the icecap by snow tractor to safety.

There was no doubt in Mason's mind now that Zagero and Levin had murdered the pilot and one passenger on the plane. And somehow they had managed to dope the passengers before the crash. Mason was also certain they had smothered the only surviving crewman as he lay unconscious from head injuries. What made him positive was that Levin, a fight manager, had "accidentally" shoved a female survivor into a crevasse. Then, after Mason rescued her, he discovered that Levin's fighter, Zagero, had stolen three tins of beef that could spell life or death for the group.

As Mason pushed the snow tractor onward, he wondered whether the rescue party could overtake them before the seventy-below-zero arctic night took its fearful toll.

VII

Two hours later, well down the slope from the Vindeby Nunataks, I stopped and set up the radio gear. At four o'clock exactly I got through to Hillcrest. This time I hadn't bothered to move the radio out of hearing range. It didn't matter any more. The first thing I did was to tell him that we had got our men.

Hillcrest's reactions, I must admit, were all that could have been wished for, but when I asked him about his progress, the enthusiasm vanished from his voice. They were still bogged down, it seemed, and progress had been negligible. There was no word yet of passenger lists or of what in the plane had been so important. The *Triton*, the aircraft carrier, had insulin aboard and would fly it up to Uplavnik. A landing barge was moving into Uplavnik through an ice lead and was expected to arrive tomorrow and unload the tractor it was carrying, which would move straight out to meet us. Two ski planes and two search bombers had been looking for us, but failed to locate us—we'd probably been traversing the Vindeby Nunataks at the time. . . . His voice went on and on, but I hadn't heard anything he'd said in the past minute or so. I had just remembered something I should have remembered a long time ago.

"Wait a minute," I called. "I've just thought of something."

I climbed inside the tractor cabin and shook Mahler. "Mr. Mahler," I said quickly. "You said you worked for an oil company?"

"Research chemist. Why?"

I sighed in relief and explained. When I'd finished telling him of Hillcrest's solution of his troubles—distilling the petrol—I asked him what he thought of it.

"It's as good a way as any of committing suicide," he said grimly. "What does he want to do—send himself into orbit?"

"Is there nothing he can do?"

"Only one thing he can do—wash it. What size drums does your gasoline come in?"

"Ten-gallon."

"Tell him to pour out a couple of gallons and replace with water. Stir well. Let it stand for ten minutes and then syphon off the top seven gallons. It'll be as near pure gasoline as makes no difference."

"As easy as that!" I said incredulously. "Are you sure, Mr. Mahler?"

"It should work," he assured me. "Sugar is insoluble in

(Continued on Page 72)

©1960 by Gilach, A. G.

"Count five, Mason, and die," he said.

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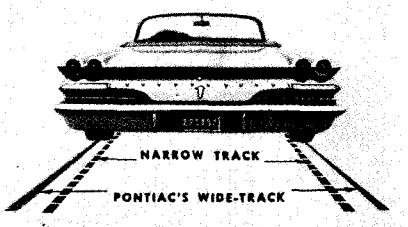
The 1960 Bonneville Convertible

The most able pleasure craft ashore is a Wide-Track Pontiac

This is the roadworthy car with Wide-Track Wheels. This is the car that answers your commands with flawless precision on curves and turns. And this is the car with the Tempest Engine to sweep you along with that wind-at-your-back feeling (even when you go on money-saving regular gas with Pontiac's 425E Economy V-8).

Once aboard, you travel first-class. Pontiac's color-coordinated interiors are fabulous. Created from high-fashion materials, they're tailored and fitted with painstaking care. See your Pontiac dealer; take a Wide-Track drive.



Wide-Track widens the stance, not the car. With the widest track of any car, Pontiac gives you better stability, less lean and sway, accurate control.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PONTIAC THE ONLY CAR WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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Anything for Money (Continued from Page 30)

"That might make it better," Spud says, "but not enough better."

Sam sighs. "All right. I will include the equipment which drilled the Salt Water Sam Rafferty Number One."

"That stuff's all mortgaged," says Newt Bradshaw, who holds the notes.

"You've got nothing to lose if I transfer them," Sam tells him.

"Go ahead," Newt says.

Sam looks at Spud. "What am I offered?" Spud Sewell sits back in his chair and counts his money. Now Spud's a boss driller by trade, and a good one, but outside of making hole he doesn't know any more about the oil business than a hog knows about Sunday morning. Up till right now he's never had any hankering to own any leases or any mortgaged set of cable tools.

He's in this card game to try to make enough money to take him some place where there's work in his line. He's got the money now, and the smart thing is to walk away with it. But he's not going to do the smart thing, and that's because of the young lady with the principles.

Her name is Maybelle Travis, and she's as pretty as the memory of your best Christmas. She's right in the middle of those seven leased sections, and a long way from the nearest job for an oil driller.

Spud changes jaws with his chewing tobacco and leans forward. "I'll give fifty dollars a section for the leases. You throw the casin' and the tools in free. And the dry hole and the mortgages."

Sam Rafferty looks shocked. "That's not even close," he says.

"It's more than I can afford," Spud says. "Only I'm hot as a four-dollar pistol tonight and I hate to quit playin'."

"And my luck is due to change," Sam says. "Deal the cards."

Spud shoves $350 across the table, and it takes him till daylight to win it back. Sam Rafferty rides freight trains home to Michigan and makes a million dollars by investing in the automobile industry and staying away from poker games.

Spud sleeps three hours on the floor of the hotel room and then goes out to Joe Travis's place to see his girl. "I've come to try once more to talk sense to you," he tells Maybelle. "I've got travelin' money and marryin' money, and I know where I can get me a job. Will you marry me?"

"No."

"On account of your daddy not havin' sense enough to come in out of the rain?"

"However you want to say it," she says coldly. She's made her reasons plain enough before.

You see, Joe Travis is a widower. And he's supposed to be a cotton farmer, but it's a full-time job to keep him in the same field with a plow or a hoe as long as there's one coon in the world to tree, a quail to train a bird dog on, a fish to catch, a twig to whittle, or another human being to talk to. Spud understands, all right; he just doesn't want to.

He sighs. "I'm sorry I said that, Maybelle. Joe's a good friend of mine. If you won't leave, I'll stay around and wait till you change your mind."

Maybelle cries a little and hugs him, and that makes Spud feel a lot better about his decision. He finds Joe Travis under the catalpa tree, fixing a trotline, and gets down to business.

"Joe," he says, "I want to hire you to feed the Sewell Oil Company for as long as it takes me to drill a well."

"You mean you're fixin' to dig for oil on my place?"

"Just as quick as I can."

"How many oil wells you goin' to drill?"

"Just one ought to drain out all the oil from under your forty acres. We'll move on yonder someplace for the second one."

"Well, hop to it, son. Havin' an oil well sounds to me like a lot better way to make a livin' than fightin' that little ol' bumblebee cotton."

"Can you feed us?"

Joe thinks it over. "I can feed beans and cornbread for a spell. And there's some side meat left. And I'll get all the fish you can eat. And game, if you'll furnish shotgun shells. And fresh pork, come hog-killin' weather, if you can get my hogs unmortgaged."

"I guess that'll have to do."

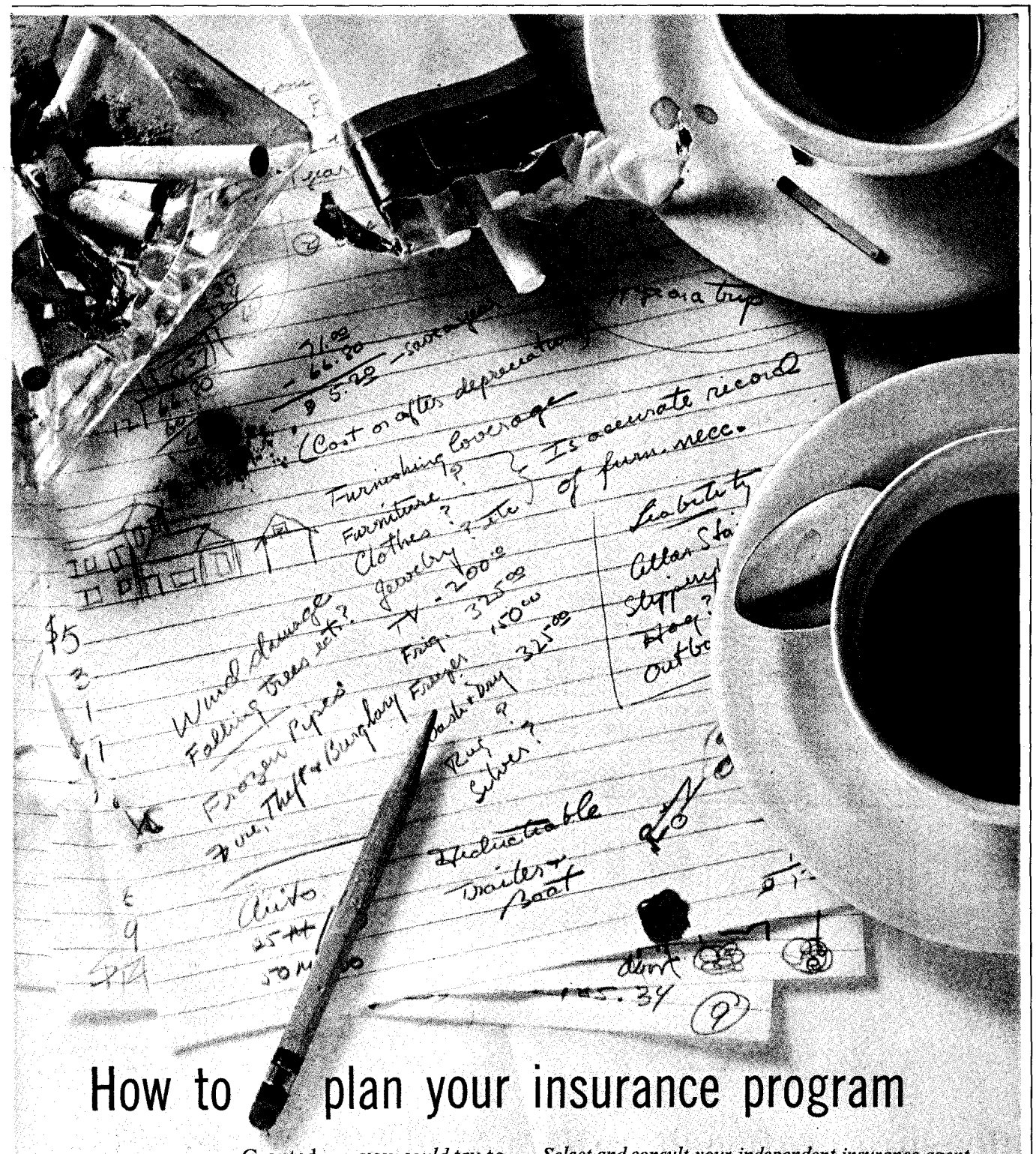
"Will I get paid?"

"I'll owe it to you. Settle up as quick as the discovery well comes in. I'll need the use of your corncrib, too, for my crew to live in. Well, I've got to go get my rig moved."

He spends some of his working capital for a month's supply of chewing tobacco. A driller can work with a ridge-runner crew if he has to—ridge runners being people who aren't oilmen—but nobody's ever heard of a driller working without chewing tobacco up till that time. He gives most of what's left to a teamster to move his equipment and then tries to get some of his money back.

"Be interested in investin' any money in this oil well?" he asks.

"All the money anybody could be talked out of went down in Sam Rafferty's dry hole," the teamster says. "How come you picked the Joe Travis place, Spud?"


How to plan your insurance program
Granted . . . you could try to choose your insurance yourself. But chances are, after hours of work, you'd end up with a patchwork of protection instead of the coordinated program you need.
Why not get the professional advice of the independent insurance agent who represents The U. S. F. & G.? He can help you develop a planned program of protection for your business, family, home and possessions.
Select and consult your independent insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer.
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"Well, a wildcat's a wildcat, and Joe's place looks as oily to me as any place else. And it's handy for me to go see my girl. And this way Joe'll get the royalty and he needs the money."

"Well, if I was you I'd go talk to Newt Bradshaw before I moved that mortgaged property."

"Guess I better had," Spud says, looking across at the loafers' bench in front of the dry-goods store.

Newt uses the bench for an office because the rent's so reasonable. He keeps his records in a pocket and in his head.

"Newt," Spud says to him, "I want you to carry me on them notes I won off of Sam Rafferty till I can drill me an oil well." He's betting Newt won't be in a hurry to foreclose on something he doesn't know where to sell.

Newt looks cagey. "How long?"

"Say four months."

"Take that long to drill an oil well?"

• •

Wash Day

By Alice Clear Matthews

I watch me billow on the
line
In graceful airiness not
mine.
My brunch coat and my
nylons there
Do a ballet upon the air
That I cannot aspire to
Weighted and earthbound
here. I view
The chorus of the sheets and
shirts
That whirl support to filmy
skirts.
I curtsy in one final dip—
Not I—my frilly, lacy slip.

• •

"Hadn't ought to, but I don't want to take any chances. You see, I don't trust you so good, Newt."

Newt nods placidly. "Pay up some of the interest on them notes?"

"How much?"

"Say two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"I'd a lot rather not."

"Where you goin' to drill?"

"The Joe Travis place."

"Whereabouts on the Travis place?"

"Out behind the smokehouse."

"How about payin' me a hundred on them notes?"

"All right."

"You've made yourself a deal."

"Put it in writin'," Spud says.

For a crew he hires a couple of smart ridge runners named Buckshot Burrell and Ted Troy. At the end of fifty-eight days, the Sewell Oil Company is almost dead-broke, 600 feet down, and almighty tired of hunter's stew.

Joe Travis takes the gig and kills a mess of fish for a change in diet. When he gets back, Spud Sewell makes a statement.

"Folks," he says, "from what I know about it, we're down to the Red-Oak Sand. That's where the pay is if she's there at all. Inside of a week we ought to know if we've got us an oil well or not."

That makes it pretty hard for anybody to settle down that night, but everybody makes it by midnight except Ted Troy. He slips away and hasn't come back yet.

Everybody wonders about Ted until ten o'clock next morning, which is when the sheriff shows up. Newt Bradshaw's with him. "I'm here," the sheriff says, "to institute foreclosure proceedin's."

Spud walks up to him with his chin stuck out. "You can't do that," he says. "I've got it in writin' that it's king's X on them notes for almost two months yet."

"I'm talkin' to Joe," the sheriff says.

"It ain't Joe's rig."

"I ain't studyin' about the rig," the sheriff says. "Newt's foreclosin' on Joe. Land and improvements. Furniture, meat hogs, milk cow and huntin' dogs. Everything but the gold in his teeth. You have a mortgage on that, Newt?"

"Sayin' smart things ain't part of your job, Sheriff," Newt says coldly.

"Well, there's times I don't like my job very good. But that's how she stands."

Joe can't say anything, but Spud speaks up. "Newt," he says, "you can foreclose till you're blue in the face, but you can't do anything about this oil well. It says so in the lease."

"What makes you think I'd want to?"

Spud nods slowly. "You figure if we go ahead and find oil, you'll get the landowner's royalty. Just sit back and get an eighth of the income."

"That's what I figure," Newt says.

The sheriff finishes his legal chores, and Maybelle goes off to the house to do some crying before she starts getting ready to move. Spud looks at Joe.

"What you goin' to do?" he asks.

"Nothin' to do except go down the road and build us a fire and starve to death as slow as we can. Newt owns my crop now, such as it is. I can scout around for a job, but they're right hard to find."

"You can have Ted's job workin' on the rig."

"But I wouldn't get paid."

"Well, no, that's one disadvantage, all right. Where you goin'?"

"Down to them ten acres of scrawny blackjack trees that was so sorry nobody would ever take a mortgage on it."

"You mean Newt never foreclosed on the whole forty?"

"Only thirty acres was mortgaged."

"That's good. Well, you'd better get goin'. . . . Buckshot, let the fire go out under the boiler and go borrow a wagon from Jenkins and help Maybelle get moved. I've got to have a financial meetin' with myself."

The company treasury is two ten-dollar bills, two five-dollar bills, and four one-dollar bills. Buckshot Burrell takes off a shoe, produces a ten-dollar bill from back in the days when he was getting paid, and hands it over.

"Buckshot," Spud says, "you just bought ten per cent of the Sewell Oil Company. You want it in writin'?"

"Naw," Buckshot says. "Forget it, boss."

"Well, forty-four dollars ain't much use to us. And I hear there's a good card game tonight. New blood. Fresh money. What do you all think?"

"Have at 'em," says Buckshot.

"If you lose," Joe says, "hold out enough for a couple of boxes of shotgun shells to keep us eatin' for a while."

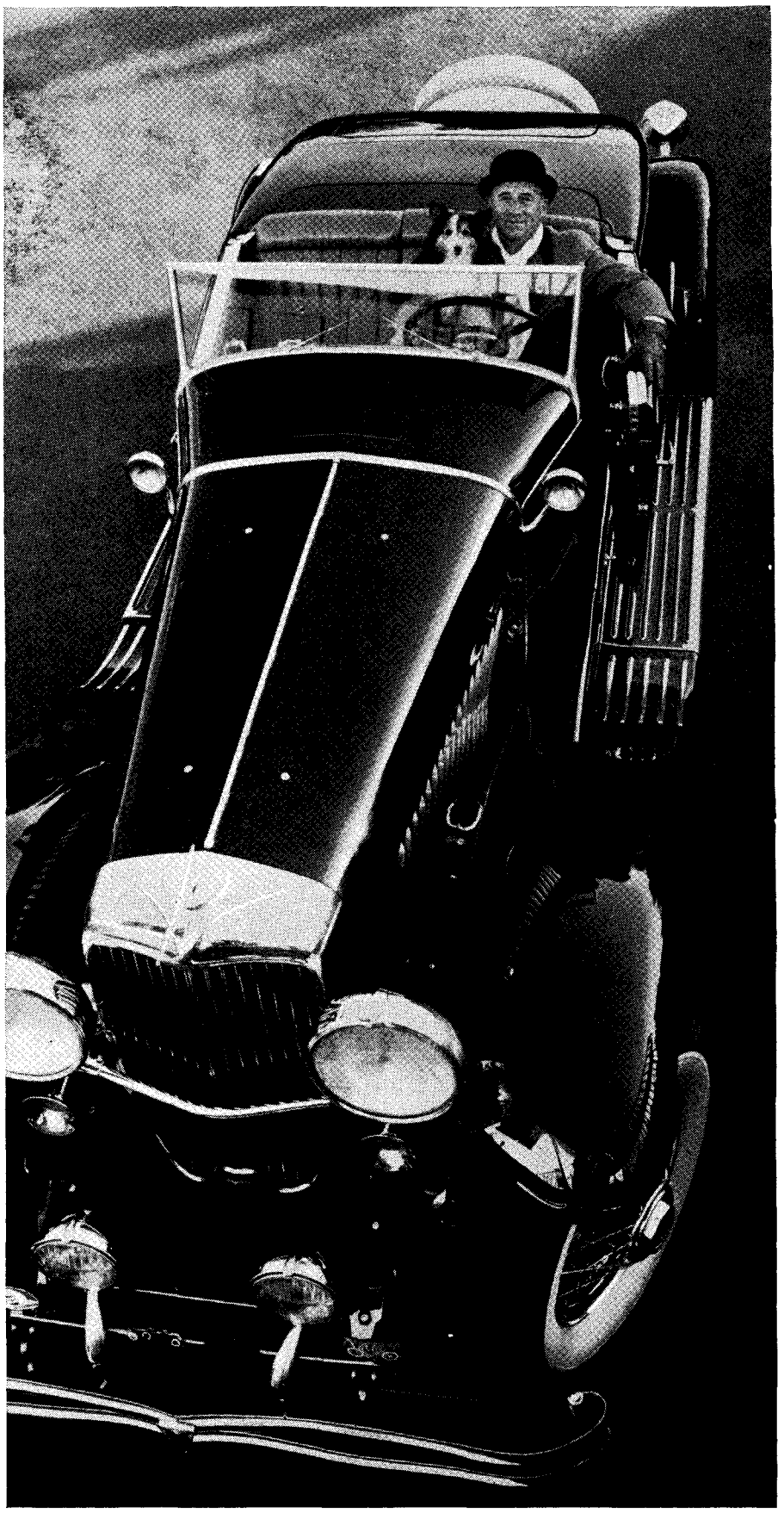
The new money is owned by a prosperous-looking visitor by the name of J. Wheeler Waynewright, and the game is in his room at the hotel. His roommate's a man about six feet seven who laps over the bed in all directions, but sleeps peacefully throughout the evening.

Unfortunately the man with the fresh money keeps collecting more money to go with it. Newt Bradshaw loses his nice, safe limit early and goes home. The others drop out as the evening goes along. Spud wins at first, but can't keep it up.

Eventually there are only the two of them left, and there comes a hand where Spud makes a full house on a two-card draw. He bets everything up to and including Joe's shotgun-shell money, is called, and gets to look across the table at four tens.

"That's it," Spud says.

(*Continued on Page 48*)



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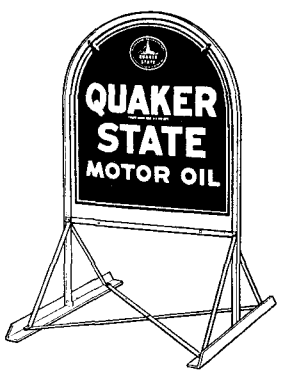
"Quaker State protects the engine of my classic Duesenberg, and of my new car, too!" And its condition today is superb! Car experts everywhere rely on Quaker State Motor Oil. Superrefined from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. It's the finest motor oil money can buy. Available everywhere. Ask for Quaker State by name.



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NEW PHILCO air wrap ENDS COSTLY WASTE OF FOOD

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if not as advertised therein

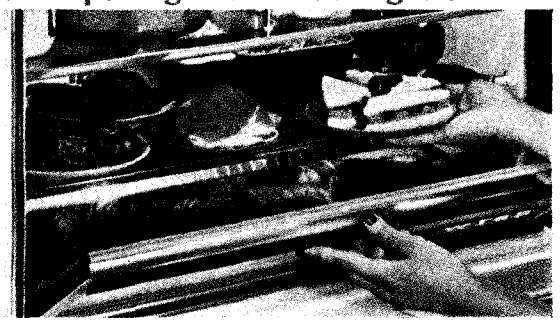
By actual tests, in comparison with other leading makes of refrigerators:

PHILCO "AIR WRAP" KEEPS FOODS FRESH 65% LONGER THAN AVERAGE OF ALL THOSE TESTED*. . . WITHOUT ANY WRAPPING OR COVERING

*Good Housekeeping confirms these test results!

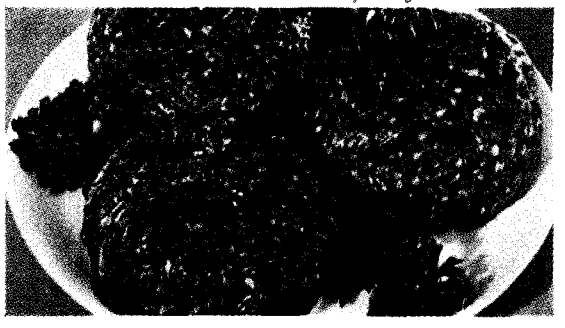
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF when food you've been trying to keep in your refrigerator ends up in the garbage. Most refrigerators today just aren't built to keep perishable foods more than a day or two. *But now there's one that does away with "doubtful" food forever!* Philco's new "Air Wrap" guards against bacteria, mold, dehydration as nothing else can!

THIS IS THE AMAZING NEW "AIR WRAP" SECTION THAT guards food against drying, shrinking and spoiling . . . as nothing else can!



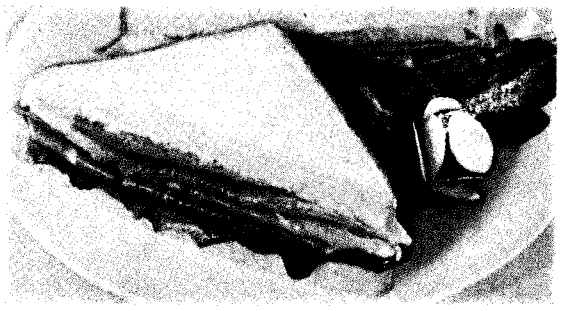
YOU'LL NEVER WRAP FOODS AGAIN! Scientists designed the "Air Wrap" section to "wrap" foods in the extra-cold, extra-moist, absolutely still air best for them. That means big-money savings for you when you keep the food you buy in Philco "Air Wrap." In one week alone, "Air Wrap" would lose *nothing* from food worth $11.03. Next-best refrigerator tested would lose $3.28; and lowest-scoring make would lose $9.76! Doesn't that mean *you* ought to see new "Air Wrap"—and stop dumping food and money into the garbage!

AFTER 9 DAYS IN "AIR WRAP" GROUND ROUND STILL FRESH AND TASTY! No drying, no "funny" odor as in other makes, days earlier!



THE PHOTOGRAPHS on this page are examples of how well "Air Wrap" kept different kinds of perishable foods during testing. See this new advance now—at your nearest Philco dealer's.

AFTER 15 DAYS IN "AIR WRAP" SANDWICH STILL FRESH AND MOIST! No dried bread or shrunken ham, as in other refrigerator makes!



AFTER 14 DAYS IN "AIR WRAP" VEGETABLES STILL GOOD FOR SALAD MAKING! It's the use of cold, moist, still air that does it!

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18RM08
17.6 cu. ft. Super Marketer
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NO FROST ANYWHERE!

Only Philco's defrosting system "thinks for itself" to keep both refrigerator and freezer absolutely free of frost—automatically! P.S. The freezer in this Philco Super Marketer is the *largest free of frost* freezer section on the market today!

PHILCO®

Famous for Quality the World Over

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(*Continued from Page 45*) "Too bad," Mr. Waynewright says as sympathetically as a man can when he's busy counting his money.

"Don't guess you'd care to invest some of your winnin's in an up-and-comin' oil company."

"I didn't win that much. There wasn't much money in the game, as you no doubt noticed. And the Slayer eats like a team of horses."

"Which slayer?"

"The Sioux Falls Slayer." Mr. Waynewright waves at the giant on the bed. "Heavyweight catch-as-can champion wrestler of South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas. He wrestles the Masked Marvel Saturday at your ball park. Don't miss it."

"What's the Masked Marvel the champion of?"

"Oklahoma, Arkansas and North Texas."

"Don't believe I know about him. Where's he from?"

"Well, frankly, I haven't found him yet. To tell you the truth, I'm in the market for a Masked Marvel right now."

"What'll you pay?"

"A hundred dollars. And another hundred if the Marvel stays an hour with my wrestler or beats him."

"You've found your man."

"You?"

"Me," Spud says. "Champion of Oklahoma, Arkansas and North Texas."

"Take your shirt off."

Spud does. "You got any dependents?" Mr. Waynewright asks.

"No, sir."

"All right. You're hired."

Spud puts his shirt back on. "How about somethin' in advance?"

The promoter hands him twenty-five dollars, with a promise he'll get seventy-five more before he enters the ring.

"Much obliged," Spud says. "You tell your wrestler I can't afford to go easy with him. A hundred dollars won't help me much, but if I had two hundred I'd be back in business."

He spends the twenty-five dollars for a shack. He trains for the match by helping Buckshot Burrell tear down the building, move it to Joe Travis' ten acres, and put it back together better than it was built in the first place. When the last nail's driven, the two of them stand back and admire their work. "Well," Buckshot says, "you want me to fire up the boiler and start makin' hole again?"

"Not till I tell you. Buckshot, if you was to want to go home and help your daddy farm again, I wouldn't blame you."

"Naw," Buckshot says, "I kind of like the oil business. Besides, you can get me in free to see the wrestlin'."

At ring time the promoter is busy talking to the sheriff.

"I don't know," Spud whispers to his second. "I ought to get my seventy-five dollars before I go through them ropes."

Buckshot looks around uneasily. "You better get on in there unless you want to wrestle this whole crowd."

"I'd rather," Spud says, looking across at the Slayer. But he climbs through the ropes. He's wearing work pants and a mask made from a hotel pillow slip. No shoes and no shirt.

"Eat 'im up, Marvel!" the crowd yells. "Tie 'im in knots! . . . Hey, Slayer, why don't you pick somebody your size?"

The ring is four hedge posts in the outfield, strung with well ropes. The people sit on the grass or on chairs they've brought. Bill Atwood, the chief of police and referee, walks to the center of the ring and tells the wrestlers to have at it.

The Slayer runs across the ring, gets a twist on the lower part of the mask, and starts to strangle the Marvel with it. But in a little while the material rips and the mask comes loose. Spud isn't so throttled he can't spit tobacco juice in his opponent's eyes.

While the Slayer is repairing his eyesight, the Marvel gets a hammer lock, which is one of the two holds he knows. The crowd isn't angered by the unmasking of the Marvel, because people seem to be happy to have a local champion to root for.

Spud punishes the big man until the Slayer gets his hair with his free hand and pries him loose. And that's all the fun Spud has for quite a while.

For the next half hour the Slayer tries various holds, mostly illegal, and tears up patches of grass with his opponent. The crowd swears at the Slayer and the referee and begs Spud to slay the Slayer.

Eventually the Slayer gets tired or bored, and Spud is able to slip around him. He jumps up and applies a full nelson, then walks the Slayer over to the corner and bounces his head against a ring post until he misses his aim.

They both go on over the top rope. Some of the unmasked Marvel's supporters dive on the Slayer, and one belts him in the head with a walking stick. Spud climbs wearily back through the ropes. The Slayer gets to his feet, shedding fans in all directions, but cannot get back in the ring before Bill Atwood counts him out.

The referee holds Spud's hand up.

"Let me go, Bill," Spud tells him. "If I don't stay in motion I'll fold up."

He has lost some front teeth, and some of his ribs seem to be cracked. If there's an inch of his body without its ache or pain, he doesn't notice it. He gets through the ropes, takes a sight on J. Wheeler Waynewright, and weaves over there before Mr. Waynewright sees him coming.

He has to sit down about then, but he sees to it that Mr. Waynewright sits down with him. He gets a hammer lock before opening negotiations.

"Pay me," he says. "Seventy-five for wrestlin' and a hundred for winnin'."

"Friend," Mr. Waynewright says, "I haven't got it."

"What do you mean, you haven't? All these people never got in free."

"They did not. Nevertheless I have no money. Ask the sheriff."

"That's right," the sheriff says. "Seems like he left the last place owin' everybody he could, includin' the other wrestler. So they got these judgments and sent 'em to me to collect, which I did to the best of my ability. He's flat as a campfire pancake now, Spud. I searched 'im to make sure he was fourteen dollars shy of what he owed, like he said."

Spud glares at the sheriff. "Seems like you're awful good at servin' papers on people."

"Thank you."

"Well, serve me a replevin or somethin' so I can tie up this scoundrel's property."

"That'd be a writ of attachment, Spud. You get it from the judge, and I'll serve 'er for you. Be glad to keep Mr. Waynewright in jail till you're through with 'im."

Mr. Waynewright smiles. "There's nothing to attach, except the clothes on my back and my wrestler."

"That'll have to do," Spud says.

"Huh?" says the sheriff. "The clothes on his back?"

"His wrestler," Spud says. "And me and him will have us a grudge fight here tomorrow afternoon."

He rolls over and goes to sleep. He stays there the rest of the day and all night, and the next day he's feeling better most places. He is able to extend his credit enough to have tickets printed, rent the park, hire the referee, and feed the Sioux Falls Slayer. On the way back to the ball park he goes by to see Newt Bradshaw.

"What'd you do," he asks, "if I never did finish that well?"

"Nothin'," Newt says. "I'll own them tools in about two months. Then I'll hire me a driller and finish 'er up myself."

"Even if you owned the tools and the land, you wouldn't own the oil and gas leases."

"I'd buy 'em when you took involuntary bankruptcy."

"Oh," Spud says.

The second crowd is better than the first. Just before ring time, Spud and Buckshot sit down and do some figuring.

"Well, sir," Spud announces, "we're goin' to clear a little better than two hundred and forty dollars on this wrestlin' match. Buckshot, you go find Waynewright and tell 'im he can have his wrestler back after the fight. I can't afford to feed 'im."

He enters the ring and speaks to the Slayer. "Do your best," he says, "because I haven't got much time to fool with you. I've got me a time to beat on drillin' an oil well."

At the go signal, Spud sinks into a crouch and ducks under the Slayer's guard. He buries his shoulder in his opponent's mid-section, gets his feet set like he wants them, clamps down hard on his chewing tobacco and straightens up. He heaves the Slayer over the top rope.

He repeats the performance whenever the Slayer comes back until, on his fourth flight, the Slayer lands on a spectator's solidly built rocking chair, breaks his collarbone and refuses to wrestle.

Spud gets his organization together and slips away from his admirers. Buckshot Burrell is so excited he's dancing instead of walking.

"Man, man!" he says. "Two hundred and forty dollars' worth of eatin' money and only a few feet till we get us an oil well. Or don't get us one. Either way, this outfit is goin' to eat high off the hog for a little while."

"No," Spud says, "this outfit is goin' to pull casin' and hire that teamster man to move our rig. If there's any money left, we'll buy some shotgun shells. If there's still any left, we'll buy Maybelle a used cookstove and some stuff for the house. And then if there's still any money, we'll buy you and me and Joe some chewin' tobacco."

"Don't make sense," Buckshot says. "Where we goin' to move to, anyway?"

"Right in the middle of Joe's ten acres."

"That's silly," Buckshot says. "Take us two months over there to dig down to where we're already at."

"That's right," Joe agrees sadly. "Stay put. Save you the expense of movin'. Save you all that work. Save you two more months of livin' on cottontailed rabbits and catfish."

"Yes," Maybelle says. "You go on and finish that well, Spud Sewell. If you find oil it'll be one eighth for old Newt Bradshaw, but it'll be seven eighths for you. And it'll prove the leases you own all around the well."

Spud shakes his head. "We're goin' to find oil on Joe's unmortgaged ten acres, and we're goin' to drain all the oil out from under Newt's thirty acres."

"It doesn't make sense," Maybelle says.

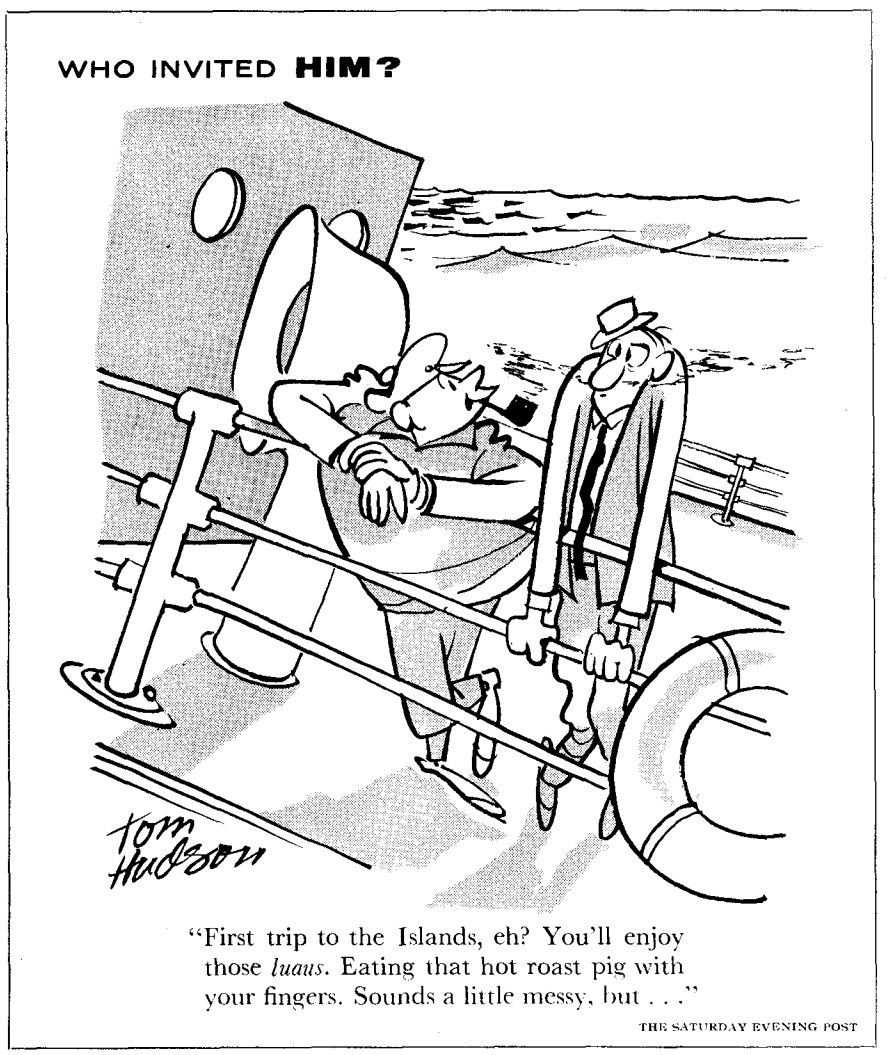
Spud sets his jaw. "I think we ought to try it."

"Well, shucks," Buckshot says. "Me too."

"Let's go," Joe says. "I know where I can rob me a bee tree. Little sweetenin' would make that rabbit stew slide down pretty good."

"Spud Sewell," Maybelle says, "it still doesn't make sense. But it's a deal if you'll spend the first two dollars for a marriage license."

And if you'll remember, the Maybelle Travis Sewell Number One came in as wild as a Texas turkey. Made six thousand barrels a day, and it took three days to cap 'er. Wind was from the south, and it sprayed oil over every foot of Newt Bradshaw's thirty acres. But that was all the oil Newt ever got out of the Chisholm City Field. THE END


WHO INVITED HIM?
Tom Hudson
"First trip to the Islands, eh? You'll enjoy those *luaus*. Eating that hot roast pig with your fingers. Sounds a little messy, but . . ."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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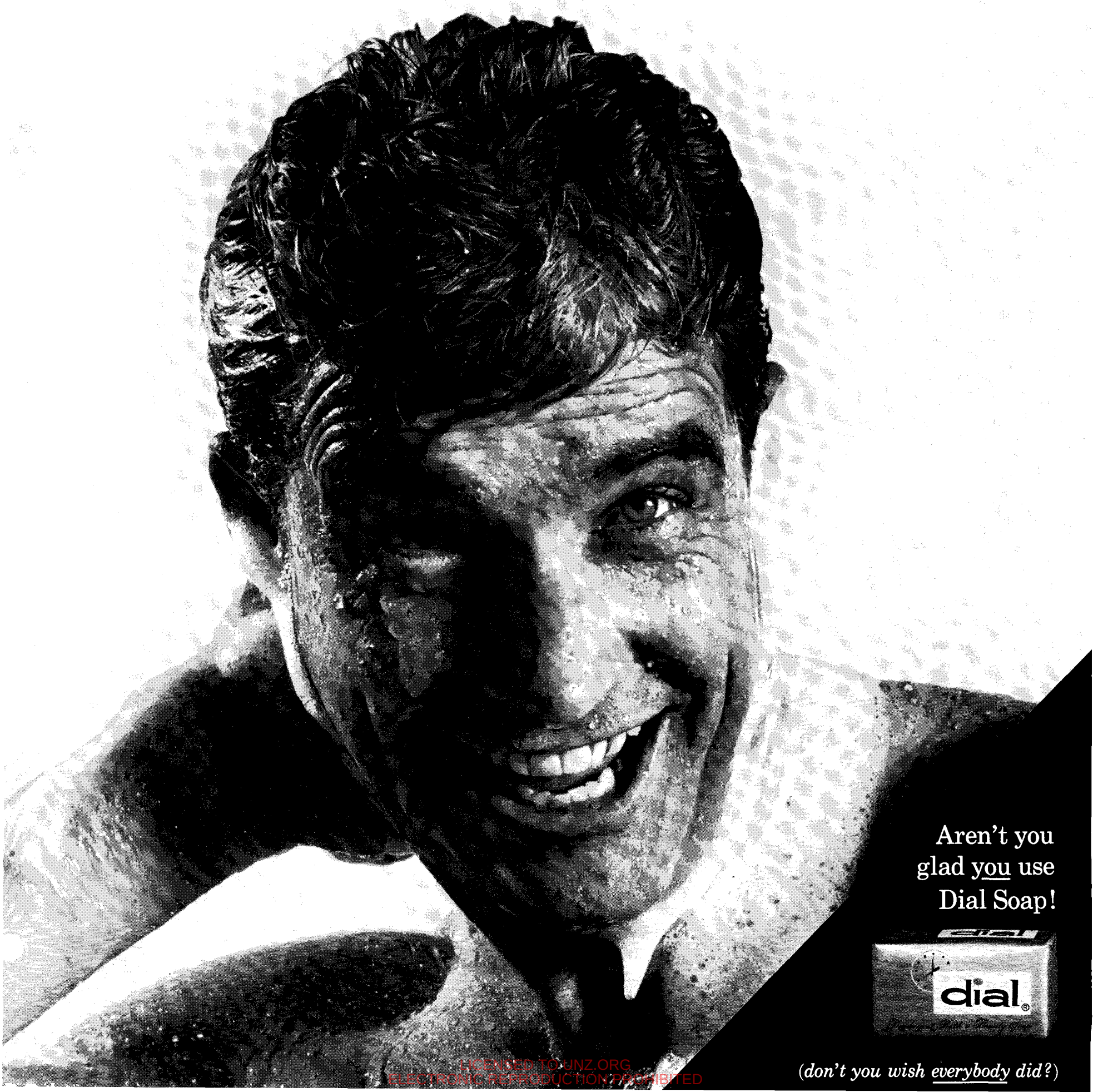
Sure as shootin'!

Skin bacteria cause perspiration odor. So the sure way to take care of that problem is to remove the bacteria. And Dial's AT-7 does it better than anything else you can use.

That's why Dial is the soap for people who like people.



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Big Hit on Main Street

(Continued from Page 37)

committee meeting called for the next morning to plan the show. The next day he sits in on that meeting and in the evening is principal guest at a "talent party" designed to display such singing, dancing and acting ability as the community can produce.

During the next nineteen days he must organize, cast, direct, costume and orchestrate a show whose two performances will be—it is hoped—the talk of the town. Working intimately day and night with scores of its leading citizens, he will also inevitably absorb more of the secrets of the city than are known to all but a few of its residents. Then he will depart for another city to create another show and to deal with another complex of problems and personalities.

Cargill directors repeat the above routine every three weeks from late September to late May, except for the Christmas and Easter holiday seasons. Often different directors are at work in as many as twenty different American cities simultaneously, engaged in what some of them wryly refer to as "instant show business."

The directors are well qualified technically—all are professionals from television, the movies, the stage, or all three. But a Cargill production demands some skills which are not learned on Broadway or in Hollywood—such as teaching a bank president a soft-shoe routine; or tactfully convincing a young society matron she can't sing; or making the best use of an inept local comic, and, of course, coping with the thousand-and-one goof-ups that are possible with eager amateurs.

Alfred Burke, a Cargill director for twenty-five years, says, "I always think I've seen everything that can possibly go wrong, but there's always some nasty new surprise waiting. Like the general chairman taking off on a vacation the day after I arrived—she thought her part of the job was over!"

Amid these occupational hazards a Cargill director sometimes feels he is doing three weeks of purgatory in advance. But in the end he has the satisfaction of knowing he has survived a tough proving ground—"making nothing look like something."

"We're professional amateur producers," explains "Jerry" Cargill, a short, peppery, dynamic man with graying sandy hair and a toothbrush mustache. Cargill is usually briskly in motion and habitually talks with the speed of a boxing announcer. Now fifty-seven years old, he produced his first amateur show at eighteen in his native Grand Rapids, Michigan. Later he became a successful talent-booking agent in the gilded age of vaudeville. Then in 1933, with vaudeville expiring, he suddenly found himself out of a job and broke.

One night Cargill went to an amateur show on a pass and decided it could easily have been turned into first-rate entertainment with a few professional touches—laughs, punch, timing and speed. He contracted to stage a revue for the socialite Chatterbox Club in Rochester, New York. It was a hit, and Cargill began to make a full-time business of putting on such shows.

Cargill makes the amazing claim that since then he has "played" every city in the United States with a population of more than 10,000. His is the only national theatrical company which deals exclusively with women's organizations in producing amateur musicals for charity. His clients are junior women's clubs, the Junior League, and other similar local groups; and the shows his directors put on raise an annual aggregate of approximately $1,000,000 for hospital wings, iron lungs, milk funds, and so on. Stacks of letters and newspaper reviews in his office indicate that his clientele has been well satisfied.

"We offer them a unique contract," Cargill says. "We guarantee that they won't lose money and let them handle all the money themselves. We split the profits fifty-fifty with them until I get my fee, which ranges from fifteen hundred to thirty-five hundred, depending on the size of the town. They take the rest for their favorite philanthropy. It runs anywhere from a few thousand in a small city to more than thirty thousand dollars in a metropolis."

For his fee Cargill furnishes the director, costumes, scenery, complete musical score and gimmicks for stimulating ticket sales—everything but the talent and orchestra. Glittering costumes are essential in giving the show a professional gloss. Cargill stocks more than 3500 costumes on the loft floor his company occupies at 140 Fifth Avenue. About one third of them are made by his own dressmakers. The rest are purchased from night clubs in Las Vegas, Nevada, and Broadway musicals that have gone broke.

Cargill theorizes that the current boom in his business is due in part to the virtual disappearance of the Broadway road show in cities under 50,000 in population. He believes that people have a yearning to see entertainment in the flesh after squinting at a television screen. But he stresses that his shows are never successful unless the performers enjoy doing them.

"Everybody has a streak of ham in him," Cargill says. "We're dealing with young married couples who like to get out of their humdrum routine and have a romp. Publicly, they say they do it to raise money for charity; privately, they admit it's because they're having fun."

The most popular Cargill show is the *Follies*, a revue of at least fifteen numbers whose basic components are a "kick line," a waltz, one Latin and one Polynesian number, and a blues solo, plus specialties, skits and black-outs. There are two other types of Cargill productions—a "cabaret," which is an elaborate floor show staged before an audience sitting at tables; and a "book show," or full-length musical comedy. For example, the Lynchburg, Virginia, Junior Woman's Club ambitiously produced *Oklahoma!* in 1958 and *Carousel* in 1959. Each required the services of two Cargill directors, one for the choreography and one for the rest of the show.

Cargill directors work on the theory that "People like to see people they know doing something they won't ordinarily do. For instance, if your cousin Minnie is going to be in a snow dance, you'll be there to see if she makes a fool of herself."

The more dignified a person is, Cargill directors find, the more likely he or she is to do something undignified—for a cause. Some directors like to have the sweet girl who sings in the church choir do a smoldering blues song in a strapless evening gown. Doctors and undertakers have capered in song and dance skits. Cargill directors are delighted with the morticians' "macabre sense of humor" and with the fact that often "doctors will do anything—the more ridiculous the better."

Clergymen usually balk at slapstick, but in 1958 veteran director Barry Lyndall persuaded a Baptist minister in a Southern town to dance in a male ballet. Practically his entire congregation turned out to watch him cavort.

In Little Rock, Arkansas, director Burke once got the mayor and some members of the city council to don women's nineteenth-century bathing dresses and sing and skip across the stage holding hands. On opening night, as the city fathers were applying their make-up, an urgent urban problem arose and the mayor called an emergency council meeting. In their Victorian beach clothes, they repaired to the city hall, which was next door. There they held a solemn discussion, took a vote and then hurried back across the alley and tripped gaily onstage.

In March, 1958, director Joe Landis had nine leading business and professional men of Independence, Missouri, dress as scrubwomen and do a dance number in the Junior Service League *Follies*. When they were wildly applauded they pranced back singing a specially written encore inspired by an irreverent remark, "The *Missouri Waltz* isn't worth a damn," once made by a local resident, Harry S. Truman. The "damn" was scoured into "darn" because Mrs. Truman was in the audience along with the former President. Truman called the encore the highlight of the show and dropped Cargill a note telling him that "I saw the show which was organized by Joe Landis and it was a wonderful one."

It is said that a member of every profession and trade has appeared in a Cargill show at one time or another. A Cargill production in Baltimore one recent year called for a mock strip tease. The girl who won the role was so expert in doing a "delicate bump and grind" in rehearsals that questions were asked. Sure enough, she turned out to be a professional stripper who had responded to the general chairman's plea for members of the community to volunteer for the cast. The clubwomen swallowed their chagrin and voted to leave her in "for the good of the show."

Good taste is essential for Cargill productions, but the standards of propriety vary from town to town. A few ultra-conservative areas have vetoed the can-can because the clubwomen found it aesthetically offensive. Director Chris Carter recalls the occasion when he boldly announced to the general chairman: "We're going to do a cancan."

"Oh, dear!" she said nervously. "A real French cancan?"

"No," Carter replied hastily, "Presbyterian."

Casting creates delicate problems. Fate seems to decree that the girl who always moves in the wrong direction in dance rehearsals is a close relative of the talent chairman or some other ruling power. If she cannot be discouraged, she can be featured in a Nancy Walker-type comedy dance, where her deadpan awkwardness will be an asset.

What if the mayor's daughter wants to sing—but can't? Her name in the cast will help sell tickets. So some Cargill directors would surround her with a production number that is so huge it will drown out her voice—but give her the impression she is leading it.

There are two ways of dealing with a third-rate Nelson Eddy baritone who always sings *Stout Hearted Men*. He can be subjected to an "audience annoyance," such as a stooge in the aisles shouting "peanuts, popcorn!" Or, after he has done eight bars, he can be wrapped in a strait jacket by three white-coated attendants and carried offstage, still singing. However, if he is the sensitive type, he must first be convinced that the distraction is necessary because the act needs "novelty."

In many cities there flourishes an amateur comic whose antics at cocktail parties convulse his friends. The chairmen say he "simply must be in the show." If he proves to be deadly in reading lines, director Brooks Russell resorts to the "rope

(Continued on Page 52)

What Would You Have Done?

George, fishing alone in a very swift mountain stream, slipped and fell heavily. With a sickening feeling, he sensed a terrible pain in his right leg and realized it was broken. He tried to drag himself away from the creek, but the rocky ground halted him within a few feet. Isolated, far from his car, he faced a bitter, freezing night—and perhaps more. If you were trapped as George was, what would you have done?

• •

George crawled back to the stream. He made a miniature raft of dry driftwood tied with fishing line. On top, he fastened his red waterproof cap with a "Help!" note wrapped inside it. Soon, fishermen from downstream came to his aid.

L. W. Pease

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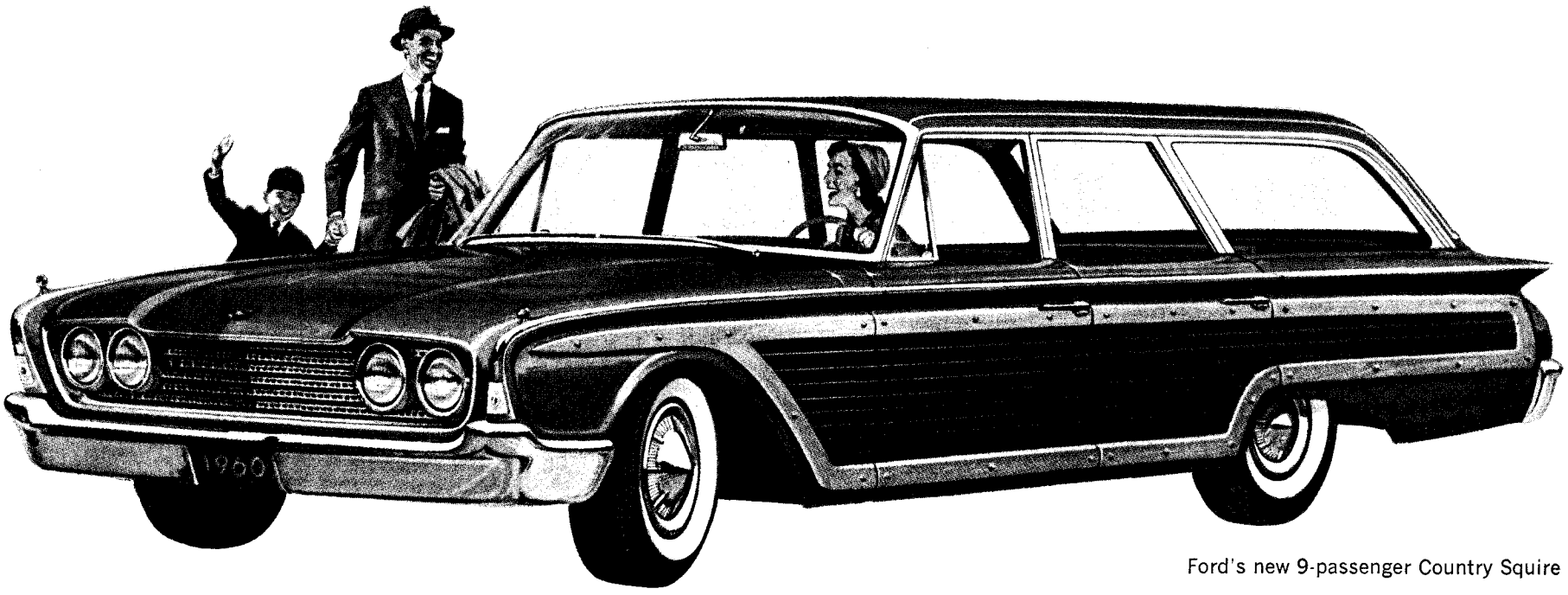

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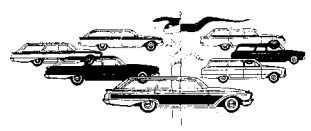

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(*Continued from Page 50*) cross-over" stolen from an old Olsen and Johnson vaudeville act. The wit crosses the stage dragging a heavy rope. As he vanishes into the wings, a stagehand continues to pull the rope while the comedian darts around behind the curtain and emerges on stage again carrying the end of the rope. There is no dialogue to be fuzzed up and the local boy is given credit for a clever comedy bit.

Sometimes there is a prominent woman who is too big for the dance routine to which she aspires. If the director emphasizes the scantiness of the costumes, she probably will drop out quietly. However, if she has an oddly distinctive voice, she can be assigned to deliver "The Treasurer's Report," Robert Benchley's parody of a bewildered financial chairman. When the text is spiced with references to local budgetary problems, it brings down the house.

For the "over-forty-five" age bracket, some Cargill directors have concocted simple numbers built around such themes as *Queens of the Silent Screen* and *The Wives of Henry VIII*. The lyrics are recited in the "talk-sing" style popularized in *My Fair Lady*. The dances for younger couples have more strenuous routines, usually requiring the men to lift the girls. Cargill directors have found that "men like to throw women around if they're not their wives."

In every city Cargill directors normally can count on finding a few individuals with genuine talent around whom they build the show. Director Russell believes that if he could gather together one specialty number from each town he has played he could stage "the greatest revue Broadway has ever seen."

All Cargill directors are awed by the efficiency of the American clubwoman. Director Landis reports that "some of the chairmen are so highly organized they terrify you." Russell has met some chairmen who seem to have enough executive ability to run for President of the United States.

To ensure a fresh approach to every show, Cargill seldom sends a director to the same city twice. He has twenty-five directors available for either regular or occasional work, most of whom return to careers in television or the theater between these assignments.

The average Cargill director is between twenty-five and forty years old and equipped with considerable charm. He must possess skills which on Broadway are supplied by eleven different persons—the director, producer, choreographer, costumer, choral director, lighting technician, stage manager, business manager, publicist, make-up man and set designer. It helps if he also has a psychologist's insight into human nature, the tact of a diplomat and the patience of a saint.

While he must have a sense of humor in order to survive, he must often suppress it when working with amateurs. Frank Lloyd, now the Eastern booking agent for Cargill, recalls that when he was directing he always kept one fingernail much longer than the others. He explains that "when I was tempted to burst out laughing at something that went wrong, I would press it hard into another finger. That would keep me from laughing under any circumstances."

Director John Palmer, who danced in the stage versions of *Kismet* and *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, points out that an erring amateur must not be bawled out as if she were a professional show girl.

"Start abusing a Junior League matron and she'll dissolve in tears and tell her friends you're a stinker," he says. "The hardest part is to sell yourself—make them like you—and at the same time recognize the Machiavellian intrigue among the people competing to get your attention, as well as to get the best parts. My policy is to stay a little aloof and walk a tightrope between sympathy and too much familiarity. For example, girls have come to me and confided, 'John, I'm from a big town and married to this guy here. I'm bored to death. What am I going to *do?*' I simply say, 'Honey, I can't advise you on that.'"

According to director Stuart Allen, "The greatest problem in moving into a city for a short time is the immediate absorption of eighty to 150 personalities involved in the production. A director must quickly size up the extroverts, the introverts, feuds, love affairs, social echelons and cliques. He must be able to balance one against the other, woo them, charm them, and weld them into a workable unit.

"The director is supposed to be a teacher, guide and infinite font of wisdom. If he is observant, he can absorb more of the present temper and future possibilities of a city than the local chamber of commerce ever could."

Director Vance Henry explains it this way: "You come into their midst as a stranger who will be gone in three weeks. They figure you understand human nature, so they use excuses to confide in you. People have told me things they wouldn't tell their own families—domestic crises, intimate gossip, the secrets of their life. I've learned more about what makes a city tick—and life in general—in three years with Cargill than in all my previous years."

A Cargill director customarily is treated like a member of the family by cast and crew members and he usually leaves town bearing an expensive farewell gift. Some of them have even received—and rejected—proposals of marriage.

To get an inside look of what happens when Broadway meets Main Street, I accompanied a Cargill director to Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee, a city of 43,000 bisected by the border line. The director was Lee H. Doyle, a thirty-one-year-old native of Cleveland, Ohio, who has been an actor since he was ten. His earliest roles were in the *Dead End Kids* movie series, in which he played the scrubbed, wealthy boy nobody liked. As an adult Doyle has acted in ninety stock-company productions, usually cast as the English drawing-room-comedy type or the lovable-but-not-too-bright Midwesterner. Between shows for Cargill, he directs off-Broadway musicals, acts in television plays and does some television commercials.

Doyle has gray hair, black eyebrows, and a handsome boyish face and is above average in height and weight. He strikes an easy rapport on first acquaintance and is known to Cargill as a "fun director." Cargill directors vary widely in temperament and personality, and Jerry Cargill, who travels continually, is said to have a genius not only for estimating a town's box-office potential but for choosing the director who will suit it best.

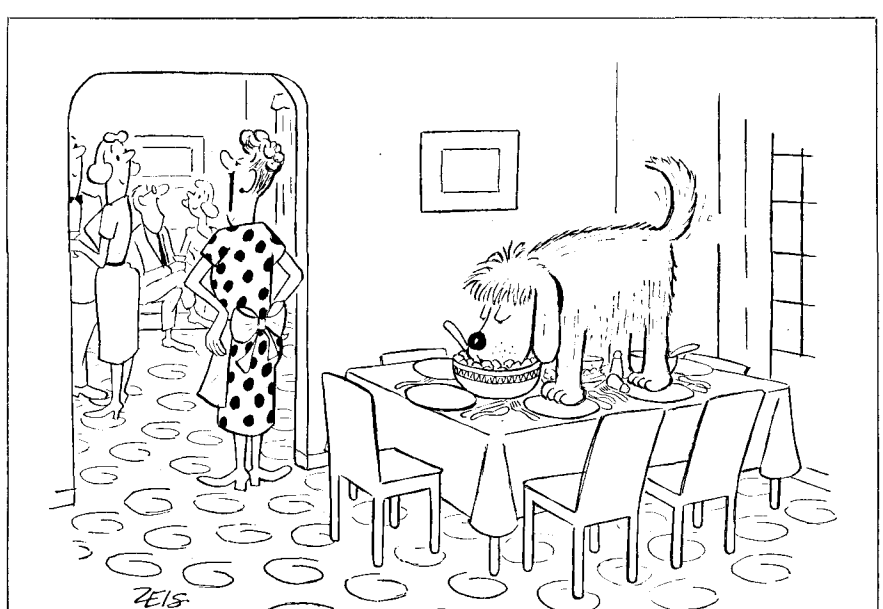
Doyle was coming to this city as a trouble shooter. Office correspondence with Mrs. George McIntyre, general chairman of the city's Border Guild, dated back eight months and revealed apprehensions on her part. At one point she had written: "We are counting on you to send us a choice director to still the mumbles that are heard from some members who think we should produce our own shows." She then referred obliquely to a previous unhappy experience: in 1955 the Border Guild had insisted upon Cargill's replacing the director halfway through the rehearsal period because the ladies were unhappy with the way he was handling the show.

When Doyle telephoned Mrs. McIntyre after we arrived in the city on Sunday evening, she greeted him warmly and apologized for not meeting him at the airport. This step completed, we took a turn up and down the principal avenue. Many Cargill directors believe that by studying the store-window displays they can gauge the degree of sophistication in the town and plan a show accordingly. The windows we saw in this prosperous industrial city gave little indication that its people were in touch with ideas from New York.

However, the dozen chairmen who arrived at our hotel the next morning to discuss the show were as chic and well-groomed as the thirtyish matrons one would expect to see in the largest metropolitan centers. They headed up committees on tickets, programs, costumes, props, talent and so on. Doyle introduced me as an assistant, or "understudy" director and got down to business.

"We've walked around town, but I don't know exactly what you want," he began tentatively. "I go for a fast, bright show with very little dialogue and lots of comedy."

There were murmurs of enthusiasm all around the circle of chairmen. In a kind of probing maneuver, Doyle began by mentioning an urbane number satirizing juvenile delinquents. The reaction was smiling uneasiness. The theme at first shock seemed a little too daring for the community and it was shelved for the time being.



"Come on, everybody—dinner's on the table."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Doyle then proposed a beatnik skit, "which is very big on the East Coast and about as up-to-date as you can get." He described the weird beatnik costumes and the jazz accompaniment. There was unanimous approval immediately.

Encouraged, Doyle went on to suggest variations on numbers from hit Broadway shows. Within an hour he had roughed out an acceptable revue which would include a Charleston, a South Sea Island number, an Indian dance from *Rose Marie*, a soft-shoe chorus with singing duet, a parody of *The Children's Marching Song*, the beatnik take-off, and assorted solos, black-outs and other specialties.

When Mrs. McIntyre asked Doyle for a theme to give the *Follies* a loose continuity, he offered a show-within-a-show script he had written himself. Between scenes of the actual show, an officious, busty general chairman is shown badgering a caricature of a Cargill director—complete with sun glasses, ascot and clipboard—with petty questions about the rehearsals. This running gag could have seemed too close to the truth for comfort, but the chairmen ratified it at once.

As the meeting was breaking up, the talent chairman, Mrs. John Warner, told Doyle in a worried aside: "I've got a girl with a real nice voice, but she wants to pick her own number."

"Wish her luck," Doyle responded blithely.

Afterward Doyle was concerned. For a group which had warned it would be fussy, the meeting was "too quiet and peaceful." He forecast trouble in some form within twenty-four hours.

At six o'clock Mrs. Eugene Worrell, president of the guild, drove us to her elegant modern house on the outskirts of town for dinner. Her husband, who publishes both the local newspapers, gave us the social, political and economic lowdown on the city.

From there we proceeded to the "talent party." Doyle was prepared for the worst. The purpose of these parties is to display the talent to the director and the director to the talent. The impressions on both sides can be crucial to the success of the show. Doyle explained to me that the party is sometimes a "frost"—as dull and painful as a P.T.A. meeting.

We were in for a reassuring surprise. The setting was a ballroom in an elaborate new motel. About 100 couples were sitting at tables with liquid refreshment before them. A jukebox squalled in one corner, and conviviality was mounting by the minute.

Shortly after our arrival, Frank Winston, a local lawyer with a flair for broad comedy, strode to a table in the center of the room, wearing a black gown and a powdered judge's wig. He noisily presided over a mock trial of Doyle, charging him with having perpetrated all the shows listed on his official record and accusing him of conspiring to produce another one locally. A half dozen young men rose from the audience to "testify," sometimes in a slightly risqué manner, to the horrors of a home life in which wives are absent at rehearsals day and night for nearly three weeks. Doyle, brought to the "bar," shouted "guilty!" Amid heckling he then urged everyone present to show up for the tryouts the next day.

"The accent is on comedy, so you don't have to be serious," he said. "All you need is one right foot and one left foot and be able to tell them apart."

As the couples began dancing, four young women and five young men gathered around the piano and informally sang numbers from previous Cargill *Follies*. Standing next to them one at a time, Doyle (*Continued on Page 55*)

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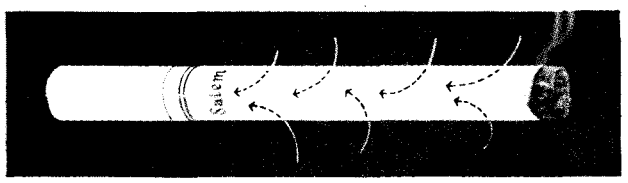

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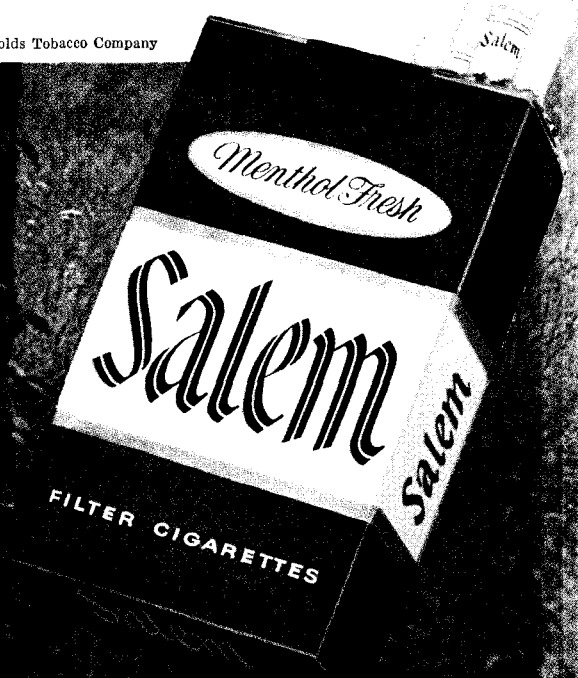

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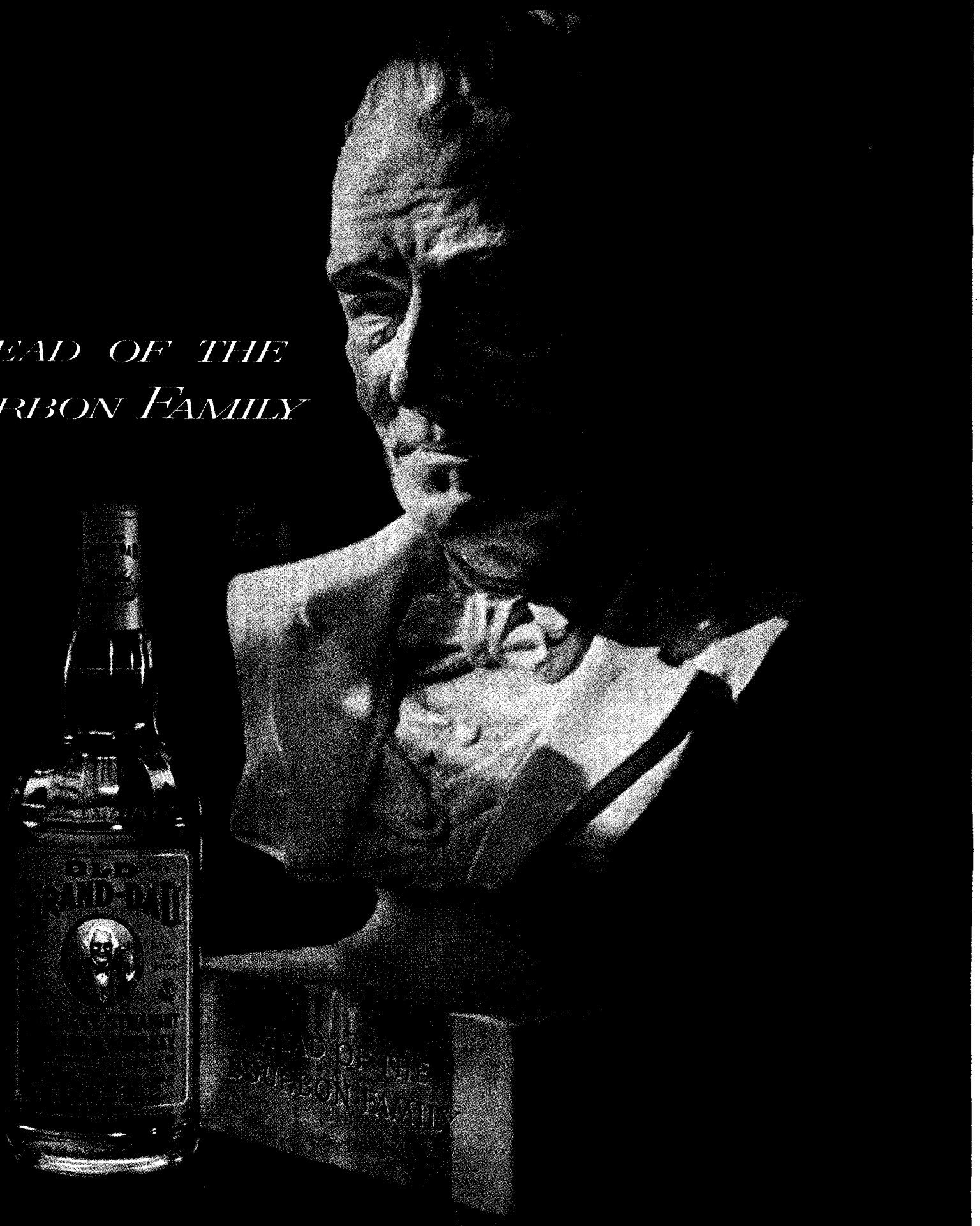

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(*Continued from Page 52*) made mental notes on which ones he could use. He was relieved to find that all but two of them had "pleasant voices." He then listened to two girls exuberantly blow the trumpet and decided that one was adequate for the trumpet-playing role in the beatnik skit.

"It's a young, energetic group," Doyle told me later. "It should be easy to work with. Everybody who talked with me wants to be in the beatnik or Charleston number. This is good for the show as a whole. It means extroverts abound here, and plenty of people will be willing to do something really wild in other numbers too."

The next morning the anticipated trouble began. A lady telephoned to try to pressure Doyle into giving her friends and members of her family major parts in the show. In the afternoon there were calls from other members. Each tipped off Doyle that her husband would be ideal for a certain fat part. Their excuse for this lobbying was that their husbands would not complain about their absences from home if they themselves had to rehearse.

Before starting rehearsals that evening, Doyle told me, "They always expect a director from New York to be somewhat eccentric, so I give them a good performance." Doyle soon proved he was a good actor. Whenever he bawled "quiet!" in the traditional manner of the harassed director, he followed it with a broad, disarming smile. And his sarcasm always contained so many quips it relieved tense situations.

With the rehearsals under way I left the city. I returned for the second—and final—performance of the show on Saturday night eighteen days later. Doyle was much thinner. He told me he had lost twelve pounds, a result of dieting as well as of staying up most of the night. But he said rehearsals had gone well once it was understood he had to be absolute boss. Indeed, he added unbelievingly, "For the first time in doing fifty-two Cargill shows I got as far as the dress rehearsal without forty people telling me how certain numbers could be improved."

He had flatly refused to include the time-honored male ballet. Having men impersonate women is a sure-fire laugh getter, but Doyle considers it cornball. He had even persuaded the girl who had insisted on picking her own song to accept his choice instead. There had been, it was true, a disagreement with Mrs. McIntyre on some of the casting, but he had sent her a dozen roses and they had ended up friends.

As for the other chairmen he told me he had given their husbands choice roles only if they measured up to them. But he had added other comedy bits and blackouts to provide enough parts for all the husbands.

The show had thus grown to twenty-one numbers, but was so fast-paced that the running time was only one hour and forty-five minutes. When I saw the performance that evening, it had an unmistakable professional touch. There was sparkle, polish and bounce. There were no foul-ups.

The show was staged in the high-school auditorium, with nearby classrooms serving as dressing rooms. The 1000 seats were sold out. Members of the audience could be heard gleefully spotting prominent fellow townsmen behind the make-up. Two church deacons and two female Sunday-school teachers did a hip-slapping dance, complete with "bumps." A well-known dentist, Dr. John Kelly, romantically performed a lilting soft-shoe number. Department-store owners, factory managers, corporation lawyers and farmers burst on and off stage in uncharacteristic gyrations.

The song satirizing juvenile delinquents was in the show, after all, and brought a gale of uninhibited laughter. The smash hit of the evening, however, was the beatnik number, entitled *Like Man—Get With It.* Doyle's first inspiration had been to choose the local young psychiatrist for the role of the "spokesman" in the skit. But the doctor was unable to make rehearsals because he went to bed, presumably exhausted, at seven o'clock every night.

Ultimately cast as the "spokesman" was William King, a young haberdasher and lay reader in the Episcopal church. He almost stopped the show when he soulfully declaimed "beat" poetry while stroking his head and writhing to a jazz rhythm played on the piano. Behind him in the dim, coffee-shop setting, his blond wife, Ruth, wearing black tights and an absurdly long sweater, acted out her emotions in a sinuous modern dance, while Mrs. Milton Abercrombie and Mrs. Milton Burleson marched about, tweaking noses.

George Warren, a lawyer, and his wife, Musser, performed a heavily applauded hobo song-and-dance act, *Just a Couple of Swells,* and Mrs. Al Oxford, a dentist's wife, starred as soloist in the South Sea Island number.

In a skit called *Getting in Shape,* eight heavier matrons, clad in sweat suits, did a song-and-dance take-off on reducing exercises, which evoked cheers as well as applause. And Mrs. Charles Worley, Mrs. Fred Dulaney Jr. and Mrs. L. F. Martin, did a take-off on old chorus girls trying to do a chorus line as it is done today.

At the party for the cast afterward the chairman excitedly told me that through the production of the *Follies* the club had made a profit of $8000 after all costs, including Cargill's fee—about $3000 more than ever before in the club's history. All of it would go to the local speech-and-hearing correction clinic. The show itself was acclaimed as the best the group had ever done. Doyle by now was held in affection as well as admiration and was presented with a stylish plaid dinner jacket.

Doyle was delayed in arriving at the party because of one last Cargill chore—supervising immediate packing and shipment of the costumes to three other cities where they would be needed for Cargill shows to be staged the following weekend. But as usual he felt that the experience had been worth-while.

"What I like about it is that fresh quality, that old college try you get from amateurs," he explained. "There's something actually exciting about it. And it's heartening to see so much good will come out of a town as a whole."

Director Stuart Allen sums up the same feeling this way: "These shows supply a vim and a desire for perfection you don't get on the professional stage. There are headaches in all kinds of show business, but the pay-off on this is the greatest: you produce something the town is proud of, the organization is proud of and you are proud of. I wouldn't trade it for anything."

It Just Lies There

Many a husband has laid down
the law
To a wife, kids or even the pup
Only to find that there isn't a
chance
He'll be able to make it stand
up.

Hal Chadwick

The Doubtful Doctor (Continued from Page 25)

You're smiling, doctor. But wait. On the way home my cab driver got a ticket for passing a red light, and I was delayed fifteen minutes. Siddell, the doorman, gave me a dirty look for no particular reason. I was kind of surprised to find the elevator in working order.

When I kissed Lucille, she said, "The pot roast has been on over four hours and it's tougher than ever."

I said, "Never mind that. What about the button?"

She seemed surprised. "What button?"

"The one Rosemarie swallowed."

"Oh, that button. I found it in the crib."

"Well, you might have called me back," I said.

"Now, Ralph, don't you start in. I've had a difficult day. When the laundry came, instead of the good green tablecloth I wanted to use tonight, there was a man's nightgown in it. Then mother called. She said Jack needs about two hundred to close that uptown option ——"

I said, "But we just gave him three hundred to close the downtown option ——"

The doorbell interrupted. I don't think you know the Hornsbys, Doctor Collins. Good people, basically. They just have a little habit of arriving one half to an hour early, catching you in your undershirt and with the cocktails unmade.

Nita Hornsby was wearing a sort of sickly red gown. "You look simply stunning!" cried Lucille, and I heartily agreed.

As for dinner, it was impossible. The meat was as tough as shoe leather. Lucille tried to make the potatoes with cheese, but the stuff wouldn't come off the spoon. Afterward we played gin, and Nita won all evening. She kept taking our minds off the game by describing her sessions with her analyst.

Then the doorbell rang again. It was the building super. He asked us if our kitchen was on fire. We told him as far as we knew it wasn't. We looked in the kitchen. Smoke was pouring out of the window and up through the ventilator. Lucille had left the oven on and forgotten the muffins. Aside from the blackened walls and ceiling, which would have to be repainted, the damage was slight.

Eventually we got rid of the Hornsbys. I was just about to lay my weary head on the pillow when Rosemarie woke up and began to howl. "You go and calm her down," said Lucille. "You always have a quieting influence on her."

So I dragged my feet across the nursery floor. "How's my little angel?" I said. I guess maybe I was there an hour.

When I returned to the bedroom, Lucille was finishing a magazine article. "I forgot to tell you," she said. "A man called about five. He was very indignant."

"What did he want?"

"Fifty dollars," she said. "He's the chairman of the rent committee. They want to raise our rent fifteen per cent, and the tenants are taking the case to court. He says he's going to fight it through if it costs us a million dollars."

"I see." By this time I felt as though a bunch of little men had got inside me and were carrying on a heated argument among themselves. "Lucille, do you remember where I put those tranquilizers, the ones Doctor Collins gave me the time I had the sprained ankle?"

"In the second bureau drawer. You know," said Lucille, "I wish we had a house like this couple in this article. If we ever have a second baby ——"

I said, "Dear, if we ever have a second baby, I am going to cut a good knotty oak stick. I will wrap up two socks and a toothbrush in a red handkerchief, put on an old pair of pants, attach my bundle to that knotty oak stick, and set off into the open spaces. I'll take either a northerly or a southerly route, because I wouldn't want the Pacific Ocean to get in my way."

"That is not funny," she said.

"Well, it's the best I can do after a long, hard day."

"I suppose next you'll be saying you're sorry you married me."

I took two or three of the tranquilizers. "Let's quarrel when I'm fresh and at my best," I said.

"You didn't talk like that when we were engaged."

"When we were engaged," I said, "life seemed very uncomplicated. Two years ago I was living peacefully in a furnished apartment. I didn't need tranquilizers to put me to sleep. I was struggling to establish my own advertising agency. I wasn't financing uptown and downtown options. I was a simple, carefree fellow. Now note the great change that's come over me. I'm ——"

Lucille had become deadly pale. "If you want out of this marriage, Ralph, just say so."

"Look, honey. A bargain is a bargain," I said. "But you can't keep a fellow from wondering how he would go about things if he had it to do all over again."

"Well, do it all over again for all I care!" she exclaimed bitterly. "I can have my old job back at Eagle Soap any time I want it."

It seemed to me that Lucille went on talking, but I don't recall what she said after that. I must have dropped off to sleep very quickly. When I woke, it was with a dull pounding in my head. The window shade was flapping. The first thing I thought was that it was mighty cold for July. I crawled out of bed and went to fix the shade. A gentle snow was sifting down past the window.

That's right, doctor. Snow. I called for Lucille, but she wasn't there. I went to the window again. I was on the third, not the eighteenth floor. Still, my surroundings looked familiar. Apparently I'd left home and gone back to my bachelor apartment. There was the old scarred desk. My clothes were in the closet. Then I glanced at the calendar. It wasn't the next morning. It was two and a half years ago.

Suddenly, I remembered the loose ends I had left at the office the day before, and hurried into my clothes. It was weird, because I'd thrown away that suit long ago. The watch I had on was the old one my mother had given me. When I got downstairs and saw the snow, I really got panicky. I went into a phone booth and called our apartment. The operator's voice cut in. "What number are you calling?" When (*Continued on Page 57*)

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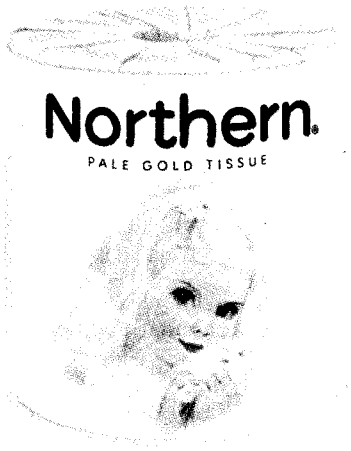
For prints of Northern's 4 little girls (11″ x 14″) send 25¢ in coin to Northern, Box 170, Green Bay, Wis.

When nature does
her best for you
Softness comes
in colors, too



Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is made with fluff
Nothing else is soft enough

In fresh, clean colors and purest white

Another fine product of American Can Company

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(*Continued from Page 55*) I told her, she said, "Sorry. But that number has not yet been assigned."

The taxis were skidding around in the snow. When I finally arrived at my office, it looked funny. I mean it looked exactly the way it used to when I first rented it, before Ted Parkinson had become my partner. The date on the calendar was the same as the one at my bachelor place. I recalled that this winter had been my worst season. It wasn't till the next year that we'd got the Seaway and Western account. There was a knock on the door.

"Hello," I said. "Come in, Mr. Treadwell." Mr. Treadwell is the manager of our building. "What can I do for you?"

"Hello yourself," he said. "You know exactly what you can do for me. You can pay your rent."

I had to think back a moment. It's not easy to remember everything that's happened to you two and a half years before. "Oh, yes. I guess I am in arrears. I'm having a tough time just now, but I can assure you things will get better. In fact, later on we're going to knock that wall through and enlarge the office."

Mr. Treadwell was unimpressed with my prediction. "Either pay up, Mr. Jones, or out you go on January first."

When Treadwell left, I called my Uncle Phil. Two years ago I had phoned and asked him to lend me a hundred dollars. He had been very decent about it then. "Hello, Uncle Phil," I said now. "I'm in a kind of tight spot. I'll be getting a check from Eagle Soap in a month or so, but just now I need a hundred for my rent. I hope you don't mind."

"I don't mind at all, my boy," said Uncle Phil's voice. "If I had a hundred dollars to spare, I'd close up the garage and go out to the football game."

"That wasn't what you told me last time," I said. "You said I could come over and pick it up in half an hour."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Excuse me, Ralph. I'm in the midst of a bearing job." And he hung up.

I began to worry. I glanced at my mail. Most of it was bills. I counted the money in my pocket. It came to sixteen dollars and eighty-five cents. Finally I phoned the bank and asked them how my account stood.

"You're overdrawn exactly twenty-two dollars," said the accountant. "I dare say you'll smooth out this little matter immediately, Mr. Jones?"

"I dare say," I said.

I called up my mother. "Hello, mom."

"Don't you talk to me," she said. "I wouldn't think you'd have the nerve to call me this morning."

Think as I would, I couldn't figure out what I'd done to insult mother two years ago. "Now look, mom. I ——" But she also hung up.

I didn't like any of this. In the last couple of years I'd sort of acquired the habit of talking over my problems with Lucille. It somehow cleared up things in my own mind and gave them perspective. Now there was no Lucille to confer with.

But of course there was! If this was really two and a half years ago, she would be working as the receptionist over at Eagle Soap Company. When I remembered Lucille, I began to feel better. I recalled how I'd gone over there in a sort of desperate mood. I had not only got the promise of an account from McCracken that day but I'd also met Lucille. It had been practically love at first sight. Thinking of how many things I wanted the chance to do differently, I put on my hat and coat and went down into the street. The last time I had taken the subway. This time I hopped in a cab. Wasn't I going to get a profitable account?

There she sat, big as life. "Yes?"

"Hello, honey," I said. "Remember me?"

She looked up from the letters she was sorting. "The words are familiar," she said, "but the face is strange."

"Now, wait a minute," I said. "It's all right to kid around with strangers. But I'm different. I'm the man in your life."

"Did you come up here on business," said Lucille, "or what?"

"Certainly I came up here on business. I want to see Mr. McCracken. He's going to give me a nice account."

"Mr. McCracken is out of town."

"He is not," I said. "In an hour he's going to sign a contract with me. Then I'm coming out and talk you into a luncheon engagement."

Lucille didn't reply. She pressed a button. This hadn't happened last time. In a moment a man came into the reception room. "Oh, Mr. Sedgewick. I've told this gentleman that Mr. McCracken is out of town. He won't take my word for it."

"He'll be back in two weeks," said Mr. Sedgewick. "Come in then." He was a large man, and he spoke with a tone of complete finality. In a few moments I found myself down in the street once more. I put my hand to my forehead.

"Are you sick, young man?" asked a little old lady.

"No," I said. "Just a little punchy."

"Aren't we all?" the old lady said.

When five-thirty came, I was at the employees' entrance of Eagle Soap. I hadn't made a success of the Jones Advertising Agency by being easily discouraged. When Lucille came out I said, "Hello, honey. Remember me?"

"You're getting monotonous," she said.

"We're going to get married," I told her, "in about three months. So you'd better warm up a little." I began walking alongside her.

"Tell me about yourself," she said. "Right up to the time they took you away to the mental clinic."

I hesitated a moment. Then quietly I said, "Rosemarie." I thought if anything could strike a familiar chord in Lucille it would be that word.

"Tell me truthfully," she said. "Are you really in your right mind?"

"Please listen," I said earnestly. "The first time I saw you I knew we were made for each other. Why I said 'Rosemarie' is because that's going to be the name of our first child."

"Brother, you *are* crazy!"

"Look, Lucille ——"

"My name isn't Lucille, and I wish you'd go away now. I've had a rugged day, and this isn't funny any more."

"But your name *is* Lucille!"

"Well, it isn't. Good-by."

I sat and brooded in the office all the following morning. Then I got the Eagle Soap Company on the phone. I asked if Mr. McCracken was in. They said he wasn't. Then I asked his secretary for the name of their receptionist. She told me it was Betty Chadwick. Little beads of perspiration began to stand out on my forehead. If I couldn't get things operating in their regular groove, what was going to happen? In any case, I had to talk to her again. I jiggled the phone. "Hello. Hello. Miss—Chadwick?"

"Who is this?" The voice was certainly Lucille's.

"Ralph," I said.

"To whom do you wish to speak?"

"You," I said.

"I'm sorry. This is Eagle Soap. You must have the wrong number."

"I haven't got the wrong number. Now cut out the fooling around, Lucille. A joke is a joke, but this has gone far enough. I'm taking you to lunch this afternoon, and no nonsense about it."

"Ah," I heard her say. "You're the man with the Original Approach. Well, try it on somebody else, not me."

"Look, Lucille ——"

"How many times do I have to tell you my name is not Lucille?"

"I know. It's Betty. Look, Betty. I'm in real trouble. You never failed me before. Will you have lunch with me?"

She hesitated. I was sure then that she was my Lucille, because Lucille's sympathies had always been easily touched. "Well, I really ——"

"Please. I won't embarrass you. After I explain how things are, I won't bother you again. I'll be waiting for you at one. Good-by, Lucille. I mean Betty."

We went to Cavendar's, where I'd taken her to lunch that first time. "You see," I said, "I remember exactly what you had for lunch. It was broiled salmon and creamed asparagus."

"It's easy to see what your problem is, Mr. Jones," she said. "It's a case of mistaken identity. I never ate in Cavendar's in my life, and if I had, I certainly wouldn't order salmon. I detest it."

"It's a little more complicated than that," I said. "I not only know you but I've been married to you for over two years. We have a little girl named Rosemarie. Then one evening we quarreled. Suddenly I found myself back in my old apartment, and the whole two years were wiped out. What am I going to do, Lucille—I mean Betty? Unless you agree to return my affection, how are we ever going to get back where we started?"

"Let's be perfectly honest about this thing," said (*Continued on Page 60*)

"I'm sorry, sir; the management doesn't allow employees to sit with customers. Of course, I can always quit."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Get a Homko dealer!
Choke-o-matic throttle is right at your finger tips . . . gives you complete engine control standing up. You sure do save work with a Homko!
PICK-A-POWER MOWER
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And talk about ease! Nothing matches Homko's Magic Handle control. All you do is raise the handle to drive forward, lower to stop.
Homko's cutting height adjustment is special, too. Keeps the cutting unit (and the cut) on an even keel at every setting.
That's because Homko has 6 cutting blades where others have only 5 . . . more mowing surfaces to catch and clip each individual blade of grass.
This new Homko powerhouse leaves the lawn as smooth as velvet—smoother than any other power mower of its kind.
I have the kind of grass that needs an extra clean cut—and my Homko Dealer knew it! Sure glad I took his advice and bought a Homko reel type power mower!
Good thing I shopped at
Model 1105 18"
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Write today for complete line literature in beautiful color.
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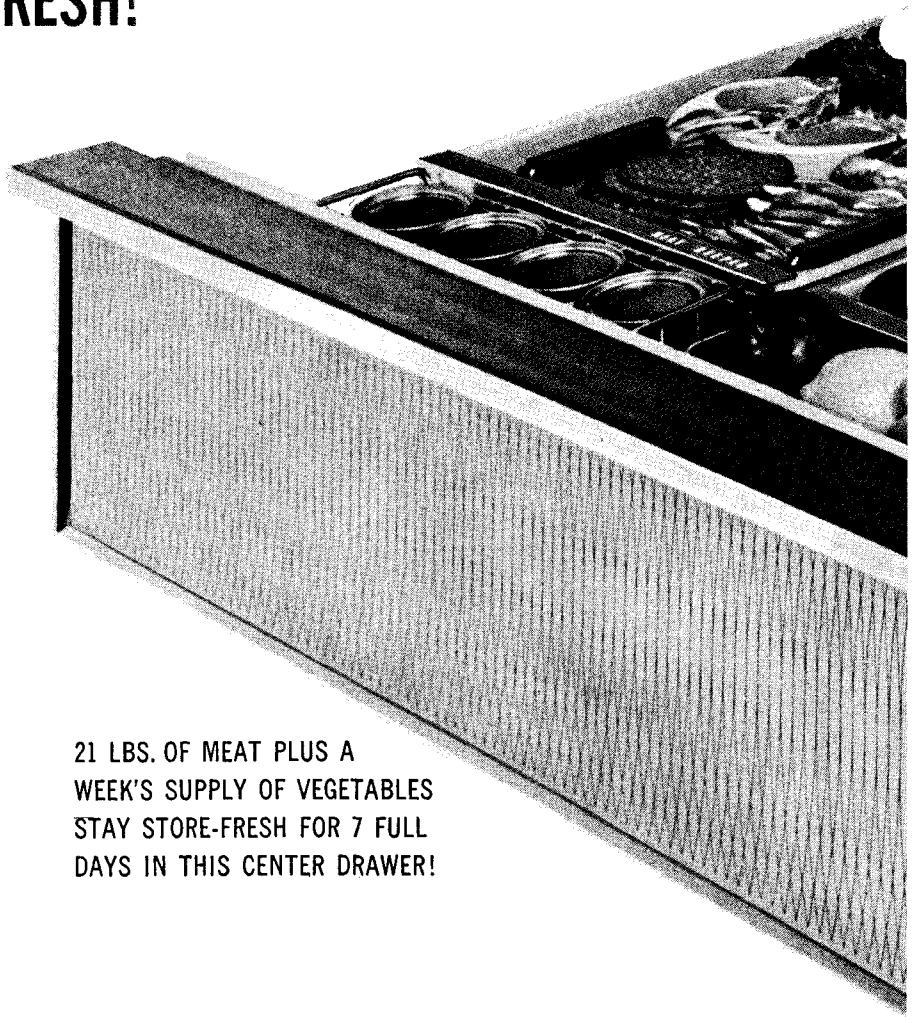
WESTINGHOUSE ANNOUNCES THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW CENTER DRAW REFRIGERATOR

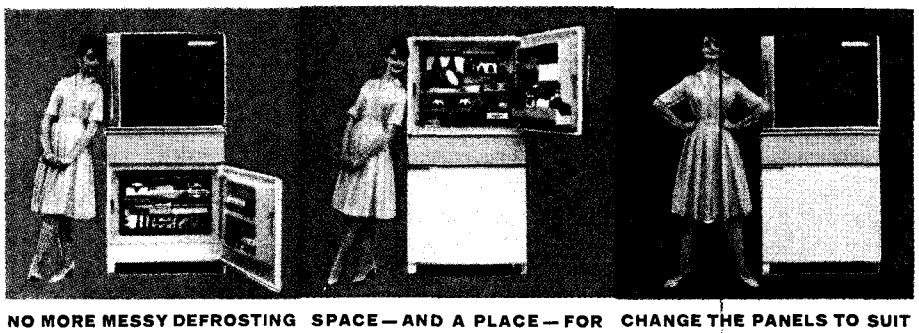
SO EASY TO USE... SEE INTO... REACH INTO... KEEPS MEAT FRESH 7 DAYS WITHOUT FREEZING... KEEPS VEGETABLES CRISP AND STORE-FRESH!

It's the biggest advance in refrigerators since the freezer! Because the Center Drawer is completely separate from the rest of the refrigerator, you open it only occasionally. No longer are meats and vegetables exposed to warm room air each time you open the refrigerator door. What's more, the amazing Center Drawer has two *special* kinds of cold . . . one just right for meats, one just right for vegetables. *Even hard-to-keep hamburger stays store-fresh a full week!* See this revolutionary new refrigerator at your Westinghouse Dealer's now!



21 LBS. OF MEAT PLUS A WEEK'S SUPPLY OF VEGETABLES STAY STORE-FRESH FOR 7 FULL DAYS IN THIS CENTER DRAWER!

FROST-FREE IN ALL 3 — REFRIGERATOR, FREEZER, AND CENTER DRAWER!



NO MORE MESSY DEFROSTING EVER! It's automatic even in the freezer section. Packages never stick. Freezer stores 190 lbs. in 2 giant roll-out baskets, door shelves. Quick-freezes to lock in flavor. Serves 120 dry, loose ice cubes.

SPACE — AND A PLACE — FOR EVERYTHING! Roomy refrigerator section has handy glide-out shelves, generous compartment for butter, cheese; adjustable egg drawer. Thoroughly chilled door shelves are safe even for milk. Magnetic door.

CHANGE THE PANELS TO SUIT YOUR KITCHEN DECOR! You've a choice of 5 luscious cabinet colors, 8 Choose-N-Change panel colors (including handsome wood grains), which you can change should you redecorate your kitchen.

THE BIG SWING IS TO WESTINGHOUSE FOR QUALITY, FOR FEATURES, FOR VALUE

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(*Continued from Page 57*) Lucille. "Let's admit it's definitely a medical problem. Oh, I realize now that you're absolutely sincere. Obviously you've had some kind of a shock, and I think you ought to consult a doctor. If you don't have one ——"

"Of course I've got a doctor." I mentioned your name. "He brought Rosemarie into the world. One of the best men in town."

"Then I advise you very strongly to go and talk to this Doctor Collins," she said. "Tell him everything."

I said to Lucille, or Betty, or whatever her name was, "You just don't understand. I love you!"

"You promised not to embarrass me," she said. "You said you were in trouble and asked me to help. Well, I advise you to go to this doctor you mentioned. And whatever advice he gives you, take it."

"All right," I said sorrowfully. "But if you had one spark of warmth in you, Lucille, you'd remember our life together. You'd remember the time we got caught in the rain and had to stay in the logger's cabin. You'd remember the night Rosemarie was born and I drove you in the taxi myself ——"

"Don't say those things," she said angrily. "They're just your delusions."

"Well, they aren't," I told her. "And remember, your case is a whole lot worse than mine."

"My case! What do you mean?"

"At least I know who I am. I can remember our life together. But you can't remember anything. You think you're Betty Chadwick, but you aren't. And I can prove it."

"Prove it? How?" she demanded.

"About halfway up on the left thigh you've got a very fetching little mole. All you have to do is lift your skirt ——"

She was staring at me with an extremely curious expression.

"Go ahead," I challenged her. "What are you afraid of? I'll bend over and ——"

"I'm very sorry for you, young man. But my lunch hour is up."

"All right." I took her back to Eagle Soap, and on my way to the office I had an idea. Returning to Cavendar's, I spoke to the waiter. "We're trying to settle a bet, Jimmy," I said. "I've been in here with Mrs. Jones quite a few times. You remember her, don't you?"

"A lot of people eat with us," he said. "I don't recall ever seeing you before. And my name isn't Jimmy. It's Edgar. Guess you're a little mixed up, sir."

That afternoon I decided to call Ted Parkinson. His old man was in the wholesale grocery business, and Ted had money of his own. We'd been overseas together, and I knew he wanted to get into some business or other. Two and a half years ago I'd made him a proposition to put up some capital, he had agreed, and from then on the Jones Advertising Agency's star had risen steadily. Now I thought we would have to start in all over again. "Hello there, Ted."

"Jonesy! Hey, how are you?"

"I'm fine, Ted. I guess I'm fine. How about getting together, you old son of a gun? I've got a real hot proposition to talk over. Can I see you this afternoon?"

"What kind of a proposition?" he wanted to know.

"This ad agency of mine. Why don't we make a partnership of it, Ted? I'll explain the possibilities later. I have the know-how and, with some cash backing, it's simply a matter of ——"

"Gee, I'm sorry, Ralph. But I've just signed a contract to finance some medium-priced housing. Maybe some other time."

Now you see, doctor, that it's no ordinary nightmare. I can remember two lives, one that went the way things should, and one that didn't. The second time around looked like it was going to be real grim. All I had was a couple of bucks, maybe enough to buy that red handkerchief and knotty oak stick. But, doggone it, I didn't want it to be this way! I wanted Rosemarie back. O.K., so she dribbled all over my neckties. So they raised the rent. So Lucille was a lousy cook. After all, what did a little old lawsuit over a woman driver amount to? I thought I wouldn't even mind hearing the next installment of Nita Hornsby's tussle with her superego.

It was very lonely in the apartment that night. I kept listening, hoping to hear a gurgle or a wail from Rosemarie. I ached to have her back. I remembered how it felt the first time her little fingers grabbed hold of mine, how she'd recognize me when I came home at night. True, I'm supposed to be asking for your advice, doctor. But let me give you a little of my own. Think twice before you wish you had it to do all over again.

The next morning I fixed myself some toast, but I had no appetite for it. I stacked the dirty dishes in the sink. I'd sort of made a decision. I decided I'd do what Lucille—I mean Betty Chadwick—had suggested and come to see you.

I got as far that time as the door, and then backed out. I was feeling desperate, but not desperate enough to take a chance on being locked up for observation. So instead I called mother again.

"I'm very angry with you," she said. "It doesn't make me feel very nice to hear how you've been going to every relative we have for money. I told you to forget that silly agency and go back to writing copy at the department store."

"Yes, mother," I said meekly. That wasn't what I'd said last time, but I was saying it now. "I'll see Birdwell today."

"See that you do," she said. "I'm losing patience with you, Ralph. Why you have to live in that uncomfortable place when you could be home here is more than I can understand."

Doctor, you'd think I might have got one break on this new spin of the wheel. But I didn't. When I went to see my old boss, Mr. Birdwell, he told me he had put somebody else on. "After all, Ralph, I offered you your place back when you came out of the service, and you turned your nose up at it. I'm sorry."

I went past our apartment house on the east side. Siddell, the doorman, was pushing the slush from the sidewalk with a snow shovel. "Hello," I said.

"Huh?"

I looked up at the windows wistfully. "Can you tell me who's living in Apartment Eighteen Thirty-three B?"

"Party named Lundquist. Why?"

"No reason. Thanks."

I walked over by the river and gazed down at the swift, cold-looking water. I idly fingered the two dollars and ten cents in my pocket. There was a kid playing with an empty shoe-polish box a few feet away. I fished out the two-ten. "Here, youngster. Buy yourself a yacht. I won't need this where I'm going."

He shook his head. "Mamma told me never to take nothing from strangers." He gazed at me thoughtfully. "But I'll tell you what, mister. A sale's a sale." He took out a bunch of cards from his back pocket; you know, those ones of baseball stars, Mickey Mantle, Bobby Shantz, Willie Mays, and so on. "Gimme the money and you can have these."

It really didn't matter to me. Sticking them in my coat, I climbed up on the rail. "What you gonna do, mister?" he asked curiously.

"Drown myself," I said.

"Oh?" Shrugging, he went back to playing with his shoe-polish box.

I'd never felt anything so cold in my life. The embankment was higher than I imagined, and I hit the water with a wallop and went down. My head felt as though it were wrapped in an icy towel. Slowly my body floated up through the layers of freezing water. In a little while I could see daylight shining through the green sea. Then suddenly I shot up to the surface. The icy towel was still around my head.

"Take that cold thing off me," I said, "and let me die in peace."

"Keep quiet," said a voice. "I don't know why I take this trouble with you. But you scared me when you wouldn't wake up."

"Take that cold thing off me," I repeated. "My clothes are soaking wet."

She took the towel away, but I still couldn't see. My head was pounding dully. Then I heard a wail. I'd recognize that sound dead or alive. It was Rosemarie. The realization sent a rosy thrill through me. I sat up. "I'll go in," I said.

"You'll stay just where you are." Lucille's expression was angry and worried at the same time.

"Oh, boy. Did I have a nightmare!" Rosemarie continued to wail. "I insist on going in," I said, staggering to my feet.

Lucille was gazing at the box on my night table. "Are these the things you took?"

"Sure. Why?"

"I just can't understand how you manage to run a business, Ralph. Sometimes you pay no attention to what you're doing. Those are the tablets the doctor gave me to take after Rosemarie was born. They're supposed to be broken in halves or quarters."

Frankly I didn't care what they were. I took her in my arms. "Honey," I said happily. "Remember me?"

"Unfortunately, yes. You just scared the wits out of me."

"Think nothing of it," I said. "I love you. I love everybody. I must phone mother and tell her I love her. I love your brother Jack, and I will write a check for that uptown option the minute I get to my office. I wish the world had a couple of million more people in it so I could love them too." I punctuated each of these sentences with a kiss.

"You weren't in such a loving mood last night," she reminded me.

"Forget last night. I wasn't myself. For that matter, neither was anybody else. Remember the first time we had lunch at Cavendar's?"

"Of course."

"Well, what did you order?"

"Broiled salmon and creamed asparagus."

"Good girl. Now think carefully, Lucille. Did you ever know anyone named Betty Chadwick?"

She looked puzzled. "No."

"Then raise your skirt."

She stared at me as though I had gone crazy.

"Just checking to make sure I'm on solid ground," I said. "Hand me the phone." In a moment I had the flower shop. "Look, Nick. I want three dozen long-stemmed roses. I don't care if it is December —— What? Uh, no. Just kidding. Well, three dozen of something gorgeous for the little lady. And put a card in the box. Write, 'Forever yours, Ralph.' That's all, Nick. Thanks."

The sounds coming from the nursery were music to my ears. "I'll go in as soon as I get my clothes on," I said and gave Lucille the biggest hug of her life.

"You must have a guilty conscience or something," she said suspiciously.

"If I have, it's making me feel real good, maybe better than I ever have in my entire life."

When I was ready to leave for the office, I said, "One more thing, Lucille."

"Ah. I knew there was some kind of catch in all this."

"No catch," I said. "I just wanted to say that if you'd like to go ahead and have a couple of twins, that'll be fine with me."

Naturally I said nothing to Lucille about the experience I'd had. But now that I've told it to you, what do you think, doctor?

Doctor Collins was smiling. "I'd say there was nothing to worry about. Just a hallucination induced by an overdose of barbital. You say you feel all right, and I find no abnormal physical reaction. So as long as the nightmare had a happy ending, why not just forget it?"

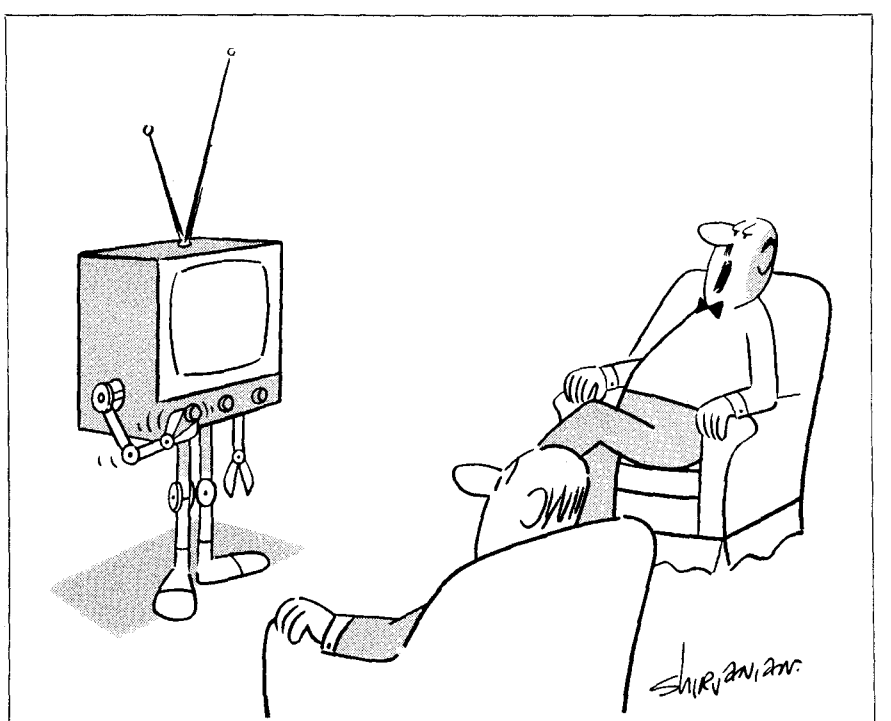
"I would, except for one thing."

"Except for what thing?"

"Except for what's in that envelope. Here, let me show you. They were in my pocket this morning. You can see they're still damp, as though they'd been in the water. Bobby Shantz, Ted Williams, Mickey Mantle—the baseball cards that kid in the nightmare sold me."

The smile had faded from the doctor's lips. "Now you're making the hair on the back of my neck stand up."

THE END



"It's the world's first fully automatic portable."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Smirnoff Vodka," says Walter Slezak, "is the stepmother of invention." No other liquor has inspired so many new drinks—or such delicious ones. There's a reason, of course. Smooth, flawless Smirnoff has no liquor taste or "breath" . . . it *loses itself completely* in just about anything that pours. That's why it's been one continuous triumph . . . from the Vodka Martini to the Vodka Collins, the Screwdriver to the Vodka Gimlet. These Smirnoff drinks—and many more—*have changed the drinking habits of America!*

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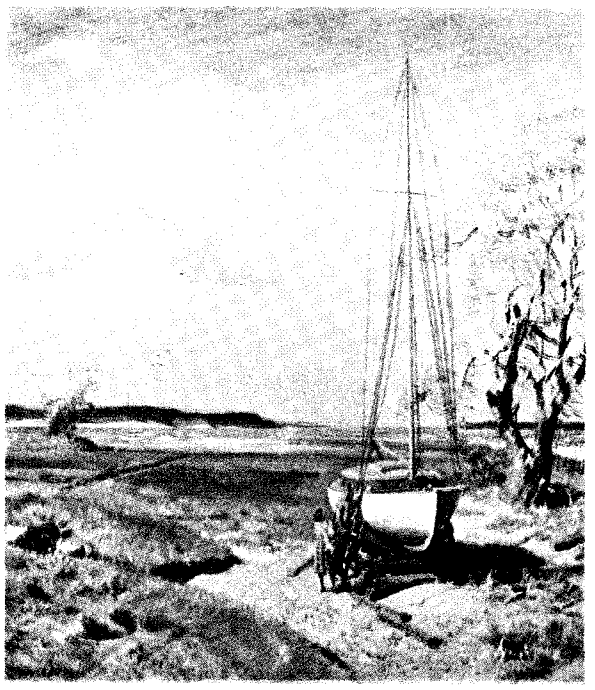
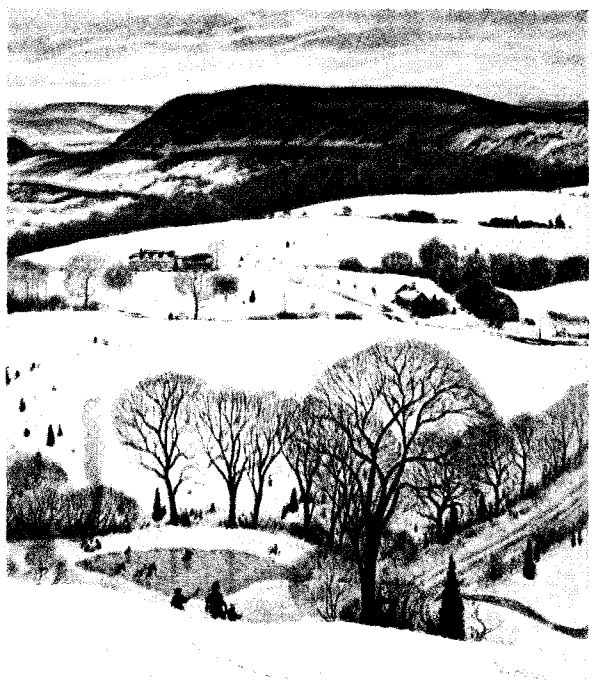
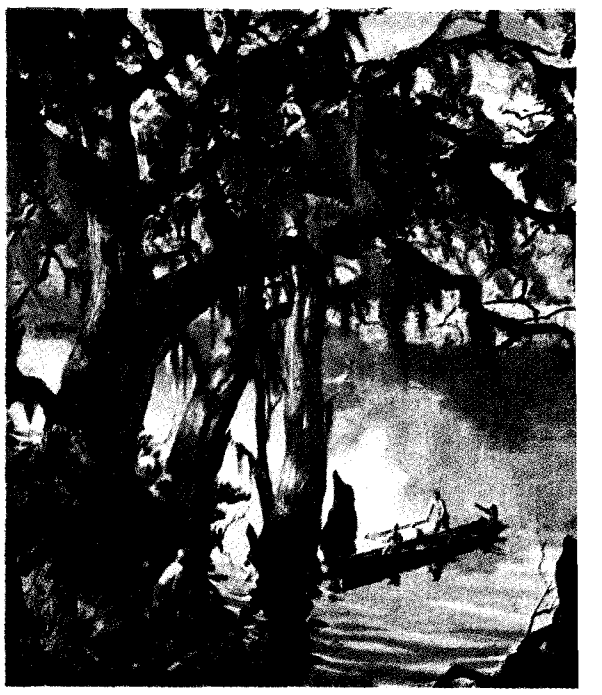
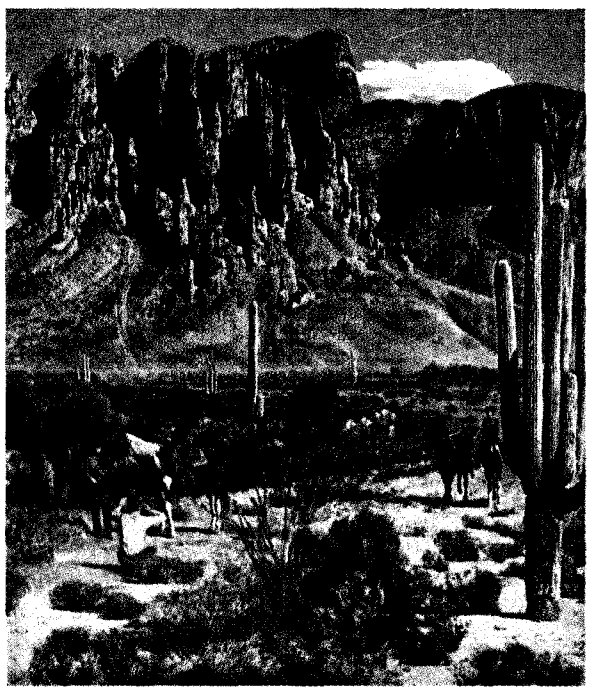
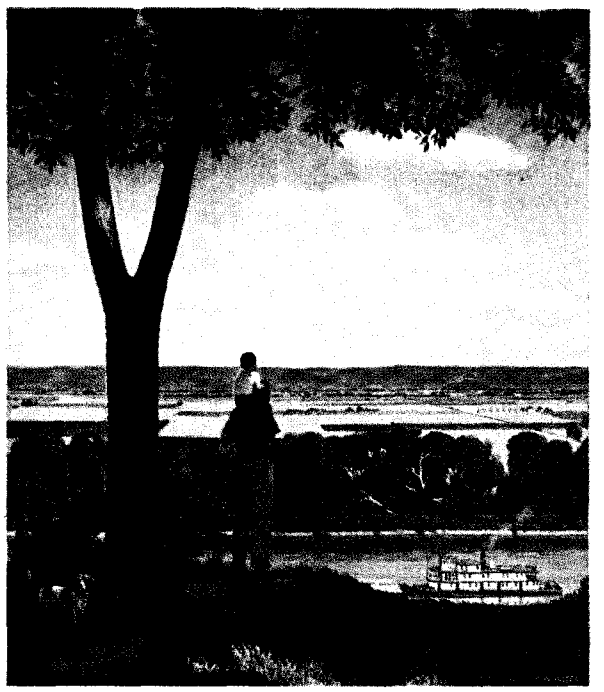


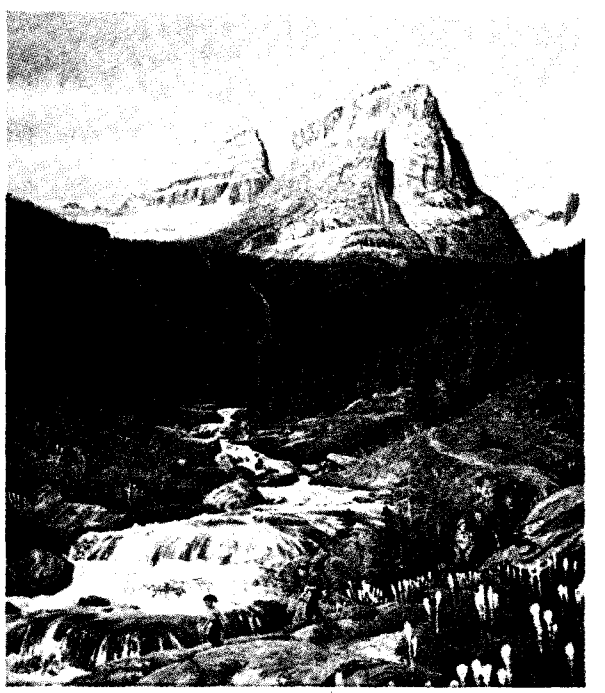


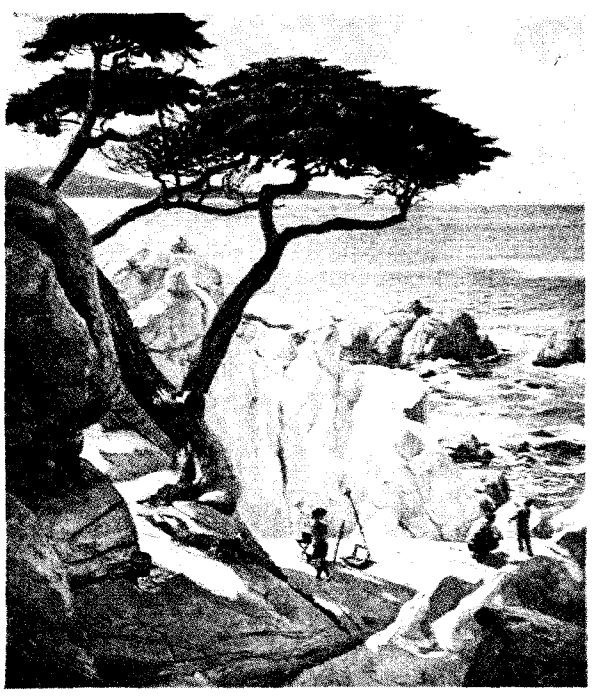


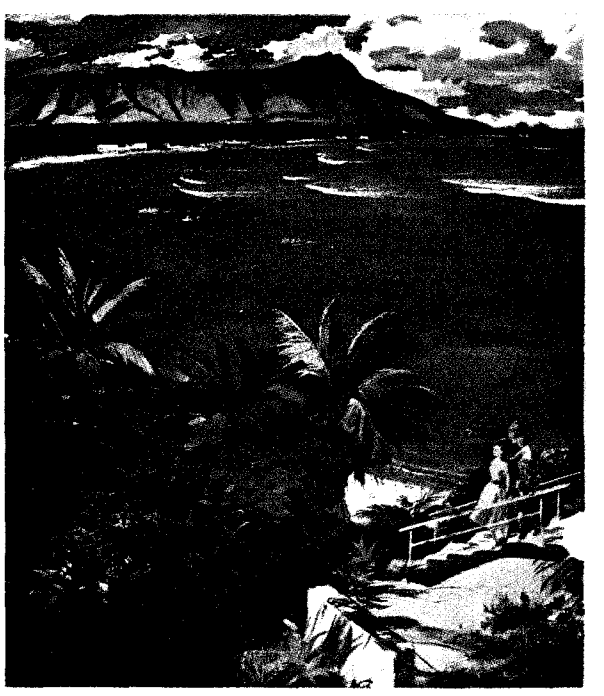
Across the nation, New England Life is helping











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The locales of New England Life's "better life" illustrations from the company's current advertising series are as follows, from left to right:

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Moon Pilot (Continued from Page 38)

with a hundred-per-cent efficiency when they strike a hot surface of air."

"Rubidium and cesium, five to one." Rich repeated it to make sure, and the scientist's part of his mind was fascinated. "How will that help?"

"Without it your rocket would crack and disintegrate on impact with even a small meteor," she told him. "The Russians have already discovered this formula. They have a rocket ready to go."

Rich tensed. "What are they waiting for?"

"They have not selected the man yet."

"Why not?" He had wondered about his opposite number, both in the Russian and Army rockets. Their paths might cross in outer space.

"I do not know." Lyrae shrugged. "We do not like Russia."

"Maybe they can't decide between Malenkov and Khrushchev." Rich grinned, then suddenly he saw a police patrol car coming toward them with its spotlight sweeping the rows of benches on both sides of the roadway. The sight alarmed him for Lyrae's sake before he realized that they might be looking for him as well, and he did not want to leave her. He sprang to his feet and pulled Lyrae to hers. "Quick—let's get out of here!"

He glanced around for a clump of bushes, but saw none within range without running. Then from the opposite direction of the police car he heard the clopping of a horse-drawn carriage, and spotted one of the Plaza's old squadron that still prowls the park for romantic couples. Holding Lyrae's hand he hailed it casually, and they climbed in just as the police went by.

"Where are we going?" asked Lyrae.

"Somewhere I can telephone from, first." He directed the ancient coachman to Columbus Circle, and they moved away. In the barouche Rich relaxed and put an arm around her protectingly. He felt very happy now, unafraid of Friday or McClosky or anything else, except General Vannemann. He looked at Lyrae and wanted to kiss her.

"What is a kiss?" she inquired warily.

He hesitated in surprise. "Are you kidding?"

"No. It is a word I do not know."

"I'll try to explain," Rich smiled and did, very thoroughly. Then he sat back, watching her reaction. She seemed a bit dazed. "Well?" he asked gently.

"By Jupiter!" Lyrae murmured. "What did you do?"

"That was a kiss." He grinned. "You people haven't progressed as far as you think." She shook her head slowly in agreement, so he showed her again.

Now, in a city of eight million people it is seldom a simple matter for the police to find any two in a hurry, especially when the pair have found something themselves and are in no mood to part with it. This is because policemen have only two basic theories—that fugitives are always either hiding or running away. And these two were doing neither.

They were strolling along Broadway, hand in hand, among all the bright lights and the motley mob on the sidewalks. Several people stared rather rudely at Lyrae's unusual attire, until she finally sensed that perhaps something was wrong. Until now the problems of her mission had blinded her to such critical gazes. But the sudden acquisition of a postdated lover and husband aroused her feminine instincts. She began to feel conspicuous and was about to ask Rich his opinion when he led her into a corner drugstore.

She accompanied him first to the cashier's desk, where Rich, forgetting that he could make the call collect, bought a handful of quarters; and then to a telephone booth at the rear, where he told her to wait outside while he made the call to New Mexico. As he bonged in the coins, Lyrae wandered around the counters of fascinating toiletries, with the gum-chewing salesgirls equally curious about her.

The call went through quickly because General Vannemann sat glued to his desk, hoping against hope for good news from the East, or from anywhere. This had been his worst day since Sputnik One went into orbit. At the sound of Rich's cheerful greeting the blood surged back to his famous brain.

"Talbot! Where are you?"

"New York, sir."

"How did you get away from them?"

"Oh, I just walked out, sir. It was simple. They didn't even see me."

"Did they try to make you talk?"

"The FBI? Oh, yes, sir, they tried, but ——"

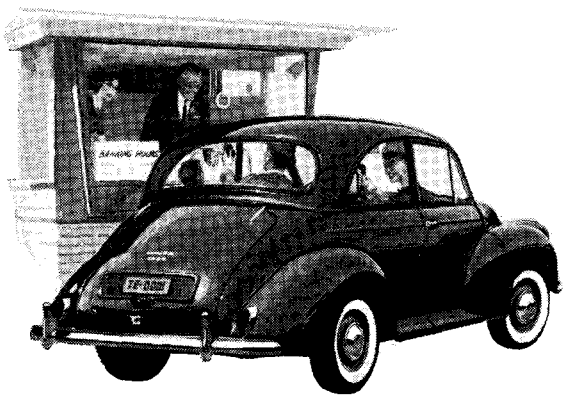
"No, no, not the FBI—the Russians, the spies!"

"I haven't seen any Russians, sir. No spies either."

The general was confused. "You're not making sense, Talbot. Have you been doped or something? Where are you calling from?"

"A drugstore, sir. No, I'm fine—never felt better," Rich reassured, now bracing himself for the tough part. "I have some very important data for you, sir. Got a pencil? . . . O.K., sir, take this down. We should paint the entire rocket with a

"QUALITY FIRST"



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mixture of rubidium and cesium, in proportions of five to one."

There was a brief silence at the other end, then, "Are you crazy? Where did you get that ridiculous idea?"

"It's my own formula, sir. I've been working it out in my head. It will toughen the rocket's skin like nothing we've ever dreamed of. Try it with a small-scale test, sir. See if it doesn't repel more heat than anything we've got."

"It's your skin I'm worried about—not the rocket's!" the space chief shouted.

"They are going to be very closely connected, general, the way I see it," Rich answered. "That is, if you still want me to go up on Friday."

"Of course we do! It's the last good chance for a shot this year. Do you want the Army to beat us to it? Or the Russians?"

"No indeed, sir." Rich was a true-blue airman. "Now, there is one other thing I'll need." He caught his breath for the second plunge. "I want you to make me a helmet of pure beryllium."

"P-p-pure what?" came the splutter from Holloman.

"Beryllium, sir. It's a rare metal used for the tempering of steel, and ——"

"I know what it is, blast it. The one we've got for you is made of vanadium. What makes you think beryllium is better?"

"Let me ask you a question first, general. How is Charlie, the chimpanzee?"

The best way to discipline children nowadays is from a safe distance.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

There was a pause of surprise. "He's been behaving very peculiarly. Why? What's that got to do with ——"

"He's insane, sir. And I know what caused it. The proton rays affected his brain," Rich told him quietly.

"Proton—rays?" The general's hesitancy was encouraging. "How do you know they affect the brain? Our research shows they only affect the kidneys. That's why we're giving you plastic pants."

"Well, I saw that Charlie was acting queerly the night I left there, sir. So I got to thinking about it and I know where we slipped up. We forgot that the tolerance limits of the brain are totally different from any other part of the body. And we never tested the proton rays on the vanadium. So it's got to be them, sir. And I'm convinced that a helmet made of beryllium will shield them off. Believe me, general, I've worked it all out on paper." Rich hated to lie, but knew he must gamble on the great man's uncertainties in the virgin field of space.

"All I'm asking, sir, is that you make these tests right away, before Friday. If I'm wrong, you'll soon find out. But if I'm right, I will live—where otherwise I might be dead— or definitely insane. Is that too much to ask, sir?"

His highly presumptuous demands wavered in the balance while the space chief recalled the molecular qualities of beryllium, cesium and rubidium. Yes, it was barely possible, he admitted to himself; and the chimpanzee's antics had been troubling him too. But only a metallurgic genius could ever have devised the first theory.

"All right. I'll make the tests," he agreed reluctantly. "But how did you get on this coating track? You're a biochemist. This isn't your field."

"There are no limits to a scientist's thinking, sir," Rich reminded him. "You always told us that. And it's amazing what happens when you're under pressure."

"H'm'm," came the grunt from New Mexico. "Well, while you're at it, see if you can take the pressure off me. Get back to your hotel and let the FBI know you're all right. They know everything else now, blast it!"

"Oh?" Rich was disturbed to hear this. "Who told them?"

"I did! So you get back here Thursday—or by Godfrey, I'll go up myself!" He knew he might have to. It would be safer than facing his own boss.

"Don't worry, general, I'll be there," Rich assured him. "I wouldn't miss it for anything."

He was sweating when he left the booth and looked around for Lyrae. He found her at a distant counter, where she had tried out various nail polishes, and she held up ten freshly painted finger tips. "Look, Richmond," she greeted him proudly. "This is called fluorescent ultramarine. How do you like it?"

He hurried her out, wet nails and all, and they started back up Broadway, with Lyrae receiving even more stares from the crowd than before. Rich related his surprising success with the general, which pleased her; but she was distracted by other things now, mainly the attractive dress shops they were passing. Finally she stopped at one brightly lighted window, surveyed all the models with interest, then asked, "Which of these dresses do you like best?"

Rich glanced at them politely, but he was still worried about the police. "Well, I don't know. That green one's nice."

"Yes, I like that too," she nodded. "I don't look very good in these clothes, do I?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," he hedged. "They *are* kind of different, but ——"

"I know. People stare at me. This dress I am wearing looked nice at home. Mother made it for me. She copied it from a Gamma Lupi fashion. They are quite chic, out on Gamma Lupi." She looked again at the shop. "Wait here, I will be right back."

Before he could stop her she was at the door. "Lyrae," Rich called, "this store is closed, locked up for the night. You can't get in now."

She smiled over a shoulder, put her hand on the knob, held it there for a moment, then opened the door and walked in. Rich looked anxiously around at the passing throng, but apparently no one had seen her enter the shop. He edged away from the entrance and, to avoid being conspicuous, bought an evening paper from a newsboy. He opened it and held it in front of his face, pretending to read while peering toward the dress shop. The bold headline on the front page, unseen by him, read, MOON-ROCKET PILOT VANISHES FROM N.Y. HOTEL.

A few minutes later Lyrae emerged from the shop, wearing the chic green dress and new shoes and carrying a new bag, all nicely matched. Rich was shocked. He dropped his paper, took her arm quickly and hurried her away. "You could be arrested for that—breaking into a store and stealing. I'm surprised at you!"

She was hurt. "I did not steal anything. I left the money on a counter, eighty-one dollars and forty-six cents—exactly what the price tags said."

"You paid with American money?"

"Of course. On Beta Lyrae we use no money at all."

"Where did you get it then?" He was suspicious.

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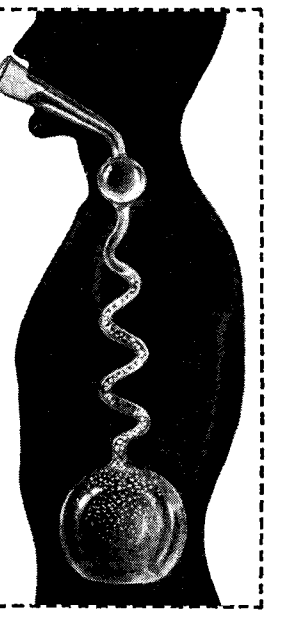

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"Oh, they made some for me before I left. How do I look?" She was hopeful. Rich surveyed the ensemble. The dark-green dress and her coppery hair made a stunning picture.

"Nice. Very nice."

She hooked an arm into his and tripped along beside him happily, now being stared at mostly by men. At Fifty-fifth Street a policeman stood on the corner, but fortunately with his back turned. Rich held his breath as they passed him and then said worriedly, "We had better separate now, Lyrae. They're looking for us. Where will you stay tonight?"

"Why not at your hotel?" she suggested innocently. "That room next to yours is still empty."

"Don't be foolish. The FBI have a full description of you. They'd grab you the second they saw you. Then what would we do? I might never see you again."

She looked at him in the way women do after such remarks. "Would that upset you very much?"

"Of course it would."

"Why?"

"Why?" Rich hesitated. "Well, for one thing there's the boy."

"We can think about him later." She was not to be put off by future domestic problems. "I want to know why you would miss me."

Rich spread his hands. "Because I love you, naturally."

She was satisfied. "That is what I wanted to hear. Very well, I will see you tomorrow." She released his arm, and they stopped.

"Where? When?" asked Rich.

"The same place and time, in the park."

"Good." But he was still troubled about leaving her like this. "Now go to a small hotel somewhere, but don't give them your right name. The FBI knows that too."

"I will be all right," she assured him and paused. "It is you I am worried about."

"Why me?" He was surprised.

"I do not know." Lyrae looked uneasy. "I have a sudden feeling."

Rich sobered, having learned to respect those feelings, then smiled. "I guess we always worry about the people we love."

"Yes, perhaps that is it." She seemed relieved.

"That reminds me," said Rich. "You haven't told me you do."

Lyrae's eyes searched his for a second. She put her hands to his face, stood on tiptoes and kissed him the way he had taught her, even with some improvements. "Now do you know?" she asked softly.

"Now I know." Rich backed away from her slowly. "Until tomorrow."

At Fifty-ninth Street he took a taxi across town to the East Side, and as it approached the hotel he came down from the clouds to rehearse an alibi for McClosky. General Vannemann had prepared him for what to expect. They thought a spy ring had grabbed him. Well, his safe return would take care of that. All he had to say was that he went for a walk, stayed out for dinner and took in a movie. It was plausible. McClosky had heard him tell the general how he resented being cooped up in the hotel. Anyway, he reflected, what could they do about it? They couldn't prove he was lying. He was mistaken. They could and did.

His casual entrance into the lobby created a sensation—a quiet one; in fact, speechless. McClosky and two other harassed G men were telephoning simultaneously from the desk, giving and taking reports on the dragnet operation, when one of them suddenly spotted Rich and froze. He nudged McClosky, and it was then that silence fell. McClosky put down his receiver slowly and stared as the specter came up to the desk.

"What's the matter?" Rich inquired blandly, surveying the trout-eyed trio. "You fellows looking for me?"

"Where," asked McClosky levelly, "in blazes have you been?"

Rich gave him his story, but it seemed to be indigestible; McClosky's eyes were slits.

"And you didn't see the girl?"

"What girl?" Rich was the portrait of innocence. "Oh, that one. No, not a sign of her. Have you?"

The agents glanced at one another. Rich began to feel very uncomfortable.

"Come with me." McClosky led him across the lobby to the manager's office, opened the door. "Go in," he directed.

Slowly Rich entered the office and saw, not Lyrae, but what was almost as startling—the old driver of their carriage. Two police captains were talking to him. McClosky asked the officers to leave, then he shut the door and looked at the old man.

"Is this the fellow you picked up in the park?"

The coachman gave Rich a careful once-over, from the blond crew-cut down and back. "Yeah, that's him, all right." He nodded firmly. "Ain't no mistake about that."

"Now describe for us once again the girl who was with him," McClosky ordered.

The old man complied with an accuracy of observation which left no doubts whatsoever in the G man's mind. It tallied perfectly with the description that Rich himself had supplied from Wilkes-Barre, including the foreign accent. He even recalled her remark, "By Jupiter! What did you do?"

When he was finished, McClosky looked at Rich, then back to the coachman. "Thanks, that'll be all for now. Wait outside."

The old man shuffled out, and McClosky locked the door and pointed to a chair beside the desk. "Sit down."

Rich appeared not to hear him. From the moment he saw the coachman he knew he was trapped.

"I said sit down!" Rich sank into the chair, and the Federal man sat on the edge of the desk. For a tense moment there was silence while McClosky's stare transfixed him, then, "All right, Talbot, let's have it. So you met her. Why?"

All Rich could think of was his original reason. At least it made sense and it did not implicate Lyrae. "I thought I could find her better than you." He felt his way carefully. "I thought if you found her you'd frighten her so she wouldn't talk." He paused, seeing that every road led to the same wall.

"Go on," said McClosky. "So you found her. How did you know where to go?"

Rich shifted in his chair. "She came into our rooms after you left, after you saw her note. I don't know how she got in, but she did."

"So it *was* her voice I heard, then?" He waited until Rich nodded. "And she told you to meet her in the park?"

"Yes."

Another searching pause. "Now before we get to the park—what did she tell you upstairs?"

Here it came, and Rich looked frantically for a way around the wall. "Not much. You came back too soon."

"How much is 'not much'?" McClosky had not won his FBI spurs in a jingle contest. "Suppose you let me decide that."

"Well, I asked her if she was a Russian—or a spy. She said no, she was neither one."

The Government agent's expression was painful to watch. "Oh, goody. That takes care of that." The irony was massive. "Please do continue."

"That's as far as I got. Then you came back." Rich was sweating now, and McClosky saw it.

"O.K." He let it pass for the moment. "Now we are in the park. What did she tell you there?"

Rich took out a handkerchief and mopped his face. Suddenly he glimpsed a faint ray of hope and sat back slowly, folding his arms. "Just enough," he replied, "to convince me that she is crazy."

"So?" One Federal eyebrow lifted. "Now you convince me."

"Well, she knew somehow that I'm in the Air Force and working on rockets." Rich groped ahead. "That much is no secret, you know. My picture was in the newspapers, along with a lot of other scientists' in a feature on the Air Force space program." He hesitated and was encouraged by the other's silence. "So I found that she's been chasing me to give me her ideas about how spaceships should be built." He smiled faintly. "With asbestos, she told me—and with hormones for fuel." He waited for McClosky to smile, too, but he did not. "Naturally, when I saw how nutty she was I felt sorry for the kid, in spite of all the worry she's caused us. She said she was broke, so I gave her ten bucks and left her." This seemed a nice touch for the ending.

"After you left her in Columbus Circle?"

"Yes."

"After you kissed her in the carriage?"

Rich stiffened. "Who says I did that?"

"The coachman. Not once, but twice. He saw it in his rear-view mirror." The G man had saved his trumps.

Rich loosened his collar. Obviously one doesn't kiss strangers who are also broke and crazy. Not twice. Not without excellent reasons. And none occurred on the spur of the moment.

"Come on, quit lying to me, Talbot!" McClosky's bite was hard again. "What are you protecting her for? Have you sold out to them? Have you handed over some of our rocket secrets?"

"What do you think I am?"

"I don't know," said McClosky. "But I do know that you volunteered to ride the first rocket to the moon this Friday. And I suspect this girl knows it too. Does she?"

"Certainly not!" Rich was determined to protect her. "I told you, she's a crackpot. Asbestos. Hormones. Ha!"

The gimlet eyes never wavered. "I don't believe that. I think you're still holding out something."

"Don't be ridiculous." Rich bristled. "Do you think I, as an American officer, would betray my country?"

"Benedict Arnold did."

Rich arose rigidly. "I will not be insulted like this!"

Their eyes held for several seconds. "O.K.," said McClosky finally. "If you won't co-operate, I can't make you. But I'm going to see that you don't stop us from finding her. I think you are planning to meet her again."

"I am not."

"And in the park again maybe." McClosky saw his wild shot strike home with the flicker in the other's eyes. He went to the door and opened it. "Now get upstairs to your room, captain. That's where you are going to stay—under armed guards—until I get further orders."

Rich walked up to him defiantly. "And you will get them," he said. "You will hear from the Air Force about this!"

(*Continued on Page 68*)

The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Breeze, the neighborhood chatterbox, could outdo any radio or television in volume and persistence. Whenever she paid a visit, her words preceded her through the door and flooded the house. Dropping in on a young mother nearby, she talked one evening from seven P.M. until far into the night with scarcely a pause for breath. In vain the young woman tried to cut her off.

As the night wore on, Mrs. Breeze noticed that her captive audience was nodding sleepily and snapped, "Perhaps I am keeping you awake?"

"Oh, that's all right," said the young mother. "I'd have to get up pretty soon anyhow."

Clarence Roeser

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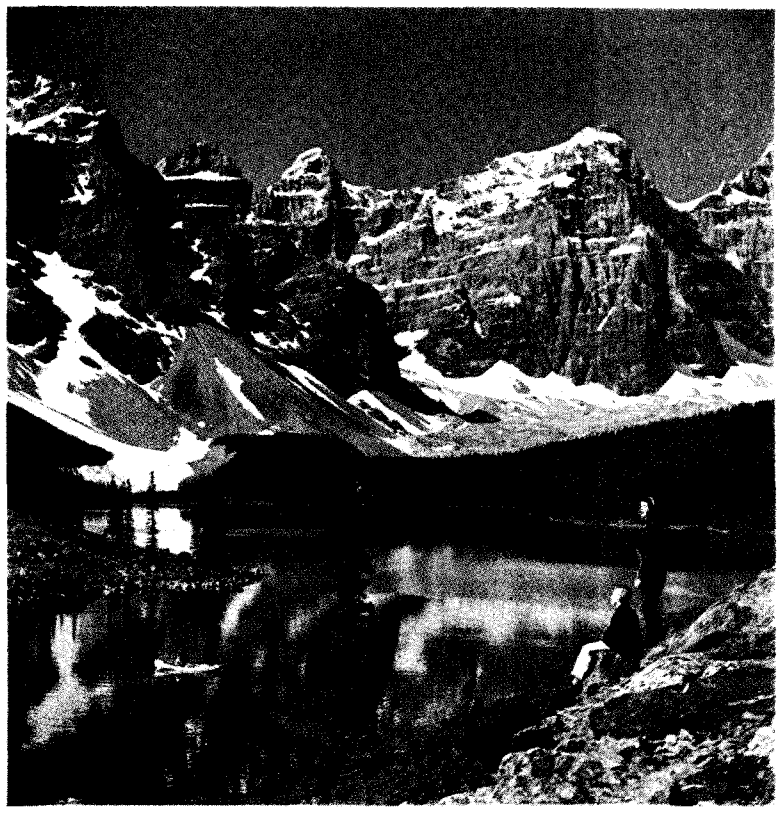

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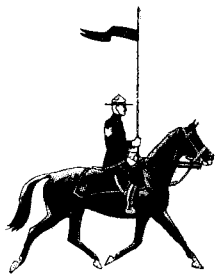

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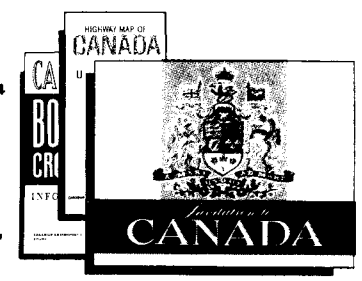

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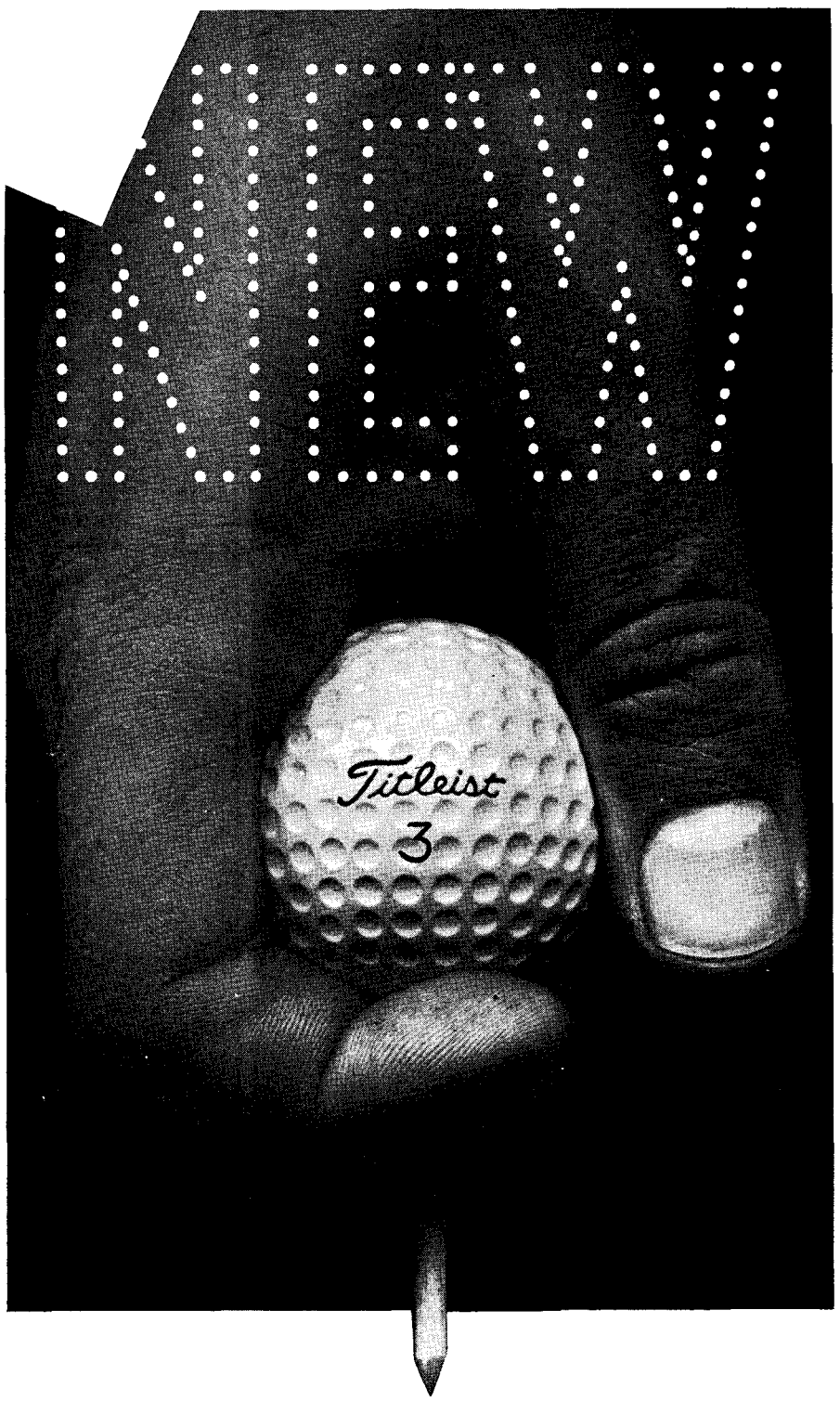

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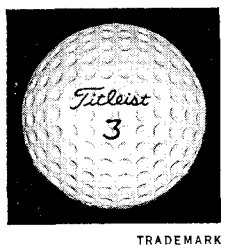

TRADEMARK

ACUSHNET
Golf Balls
Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only

(*Continued from Page 66*) "I've already heard from them," said McClosky. "They gave me the orders."

With a sentry in the hall outside all night and another in the sitting room, Rich sat for hours on his bed sucking a paste-tube supper and worrying how to save Lyrae from the one thing she feared, the thing she had been ordered to avoid—a disclosure of her cosmic secrets to anyone but himself. Knowing what would happen to her in Washington, and the frenzied mobbing that would follow, he wanted desperately to warn her against McClosky's trap. Hadn't she come to save him from a fate even worse? But to whom could he turn for help? Not General Vannemann, certainly. One word about Lyrae's unlikely origin and those helmet and rocket-coating tests would be stopped immediately. And they must not be stopped.

If only he knew where she was. If only he could reach her somehow. Suddenly he sat bolt upright in bed, remembering what she had told him, that she could tune in on his thoughts. Not always, but sometimes—"When I try, and when it is very important." As this surely was.

He began to concentrate, closing his eyes and pressing his temples as he saw Lyrae do, and he sent out signals with all the wattage his amateur station could generate.

Even so, it might have worked had Lyrae only been trying. Unfortunately at this moment she was distracted. After Rich had left her on Broadway she began to look for a night's lodging. She was reluctant to ask anyone's advice because that was what she did with the stranger last night in Wilkes-Barre, and his suggestion had shocked her. The results had shocked him also, but Lyrae did not want to be so rude again. So she walked west at random on Fifty-fifth Street, looking for a small hotel.

She passed several night clubs, restaurants and shops whose windows held many things not available on Beta Lyrae—such as trusses and wigs and bagels. Then a sign on a doorway caught her attention, and the words as much as their warm hospitality were encouraging, THE WEST SIDE ASTROLOGICAL SOCIETY—VISITORS WELCOME—FOURTH FLOOR UP.

Being both "astrological" and a visitor, Lyrae went up. The meeting was well under way, and a tall gaunt gentleman with a prominent Adam's apple was addressing a group of starry *aficionados* who sat enraptured before him. Their visitor's quiet entrance was almost unnoticed, and she took a chair at the rear of the room, next to a stout lady who wore fringe and considerable jewelry. Lyrae met her liquid look with a shy smile and glanced around at the others, wondering if they all slept here together.

Then politely she listened to the speaker and was entranced to discover that his subject was Mars. Lyrae had several close friends on Mars and had spent many pleasant hours with them, swimming and picnicking along the sunny canals. So it amused her to hear that no life could possibly exist there. She made a mental note to tell her father about it. And this is what she was thinking when Rich tried to reach her, so she missed his message. Instead she received another.

The thought of her father restored telepathic connections with him. In fact, he had been trying to get through to her for the past three hours, being prevented only by her romantic absorption with Rich. But now suddenly her inner receiver jingled with the familiar voice.

"Lyrae, what have you been doing?"

"Just what you told me to, papa," she sent back dutifully.

"Have you completed your mission?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why don't you come on home?" He was curious. "Everyone's waiting for you."

"I know, papa, but—can't I please stay here until tomorrow?" Lyrae pleaded anxiously. "I have a date and I can't break it now."

"A 'date'?" He was puzzled. "What is that?"

"An appointment to meet someone," she explained.

"Who is it?" he demanded suspiciously. "I told you definitely, Lyrae, to confide in no one but Captain Talbot."

"That is who my date is with, papa."

"But why? What else have you to say to him that is so important?"

She smiled to herself. "Oh, you'll be surprised when I tell you."

"Didn't he trust you?" Her father was worried. "Did he raise any objections to making the tests?"

"No, the tests are being made, but—well, I think we are going to raise something else."

"I positively forbid it!" He was very firm. "Don't you dare suggest anything more. Now do as I say, Lyrae—returr home immediately, do you hear me?"

"Yes, papa," she sighed unhappily. "Where is the Betadrone?"

"On top of the United Nations Building. Anyone can tell you where that is," he replied. "And we do not want to keep it there a minute longer than necessary. So hurry, please."

"Papa," she begged. "I'll do whatever you say. But let me come back here again—soon! Promise me that, please."

"I cannot make any such promises, dear," her father regretted. "You will have to ask your mother. She is in charge of foreign affairs."

"Well, this looks as if it's going to be one," she told him. "I'll be right there, papa."

The connection broke as her father hung up his thinker. Lyrae slumped in her chair, almost in tears, now thinking about Rich. Then she arose with a sigh and started toward the door. The speaker was still describing the desolation of Mars, and the stout lady looked up at Lyrae in surprise.

"Oh, do stay for the lantern slides," she whispered encouragingly. "Tonight we are taking a short trip through the solar system."

"Thank you very much," said Lyrae politely, "but I am too, and they are waiting for me." She went out, followed by a somewhat baffled stare.

Exhausted by his intense concentration, and because he had not slept the previous night, Rich fell into a deep slumber that lasted until noon the next day. He awoke with a start, looked at his watch and leaped out of bed. But at sight of the guard in the sitting room he was reminded again of his helplessness; and when he heard that McClosky was gone he knew immediately where.

He paced the floor like a caged panther all through the afternoon, fearing any moment the G man's return with Lyrae latched to his wrist.

It was long after dark when the door opened and McClosky came in. One look at his face sent Rich's spirits soaring. Lyrae had heard his warning and stayed away from the trap!

The frustrated agent sank onto the sofa and gazed at Rich—not accusingly now, but puzzledly. Something besides his fruitless day in the park, with a hundred policemen staked out from one end to the other, was stuck in the G man's gizzard.

"There's one thing I forgot to ask you," he said finally. "Did this girl tell you where she came from?"

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"No." Rich shook his head. "Why?"

"Because," said McClosky slowly, "we got a report from our lab on those tablets she gave you. They analyzed 'em with every test in the book. And you know what they found? Nothing—absolutely nothing." He paused, a mystified man. "I'll tell you what the lab said exactly. 'They contain no elements known on earth.' And the bottle too. It wasn't glass or plastic or anything else they'd ever seen before."

"Really?" said Rich. "That's interesting."

"It's more than that," the agent continued. "We also analyzed that note she sent you this morning. The composition of the paper is totally unfamiliar to us. And take my word for it, Talbot, when we can't break down a piece of paper, nobody can."

"Then she must be a Russian, Mac," his confrere, the guard, suggested.

"No. I've discarded that theory," said McClosky. "We've got more Russian paper than they've got in the Kremlin." He kept staring at Rich. "You want to know where I suspect she came from?"

"Where?"

"One of those flying saucers."

"But there aren't any such things," Rich scoffed. "I've seen the Air Force's confidential report. They are purely imaginary."

"I believe in flying saucers!" McClosky was almost belligerent. "I don't care what the Air Force says. There's somebody up there!"

And indeed there was. But not until late the next afternoon did Rich resume worrying about Lyrae. With himself still closely watched and with her warned away, he was not as surprised as McClosky that she made no efforts to reach him. Still, he wondered what had become of her, and if she knew that tomorrow he was flying back to New Mexico.

Thursday, D day minus one, brought no word or sign. All the way out to the airport, in the FBI car with McClosky and behind a police escort, he kept looking hopefully for her in every passing car. And the eagle-eyed agent noticed.

"You expecting somebody?" McClosky inquired.

"No—no," Rich denied casually.

"You seem kind of nervous today."

"Well, it could be this trip to the moon," Rich replied soberly. The G man saw some logic in this, but it did not satisfy him entirely. One big burning question had kept him awake all night, and he still thought Rich had the answer.

"Look, captain," he pleaded, "if you'll tell me where the girl really came from, I'll promise not to tell anybody, not even J. Edgar Hoover, on my word of honor." He raised his right hand. "It's only for my personal curiosity. It's killing me. And if you don't come back from the moon, I'll never know."

Rich studied him thoughtfully. He saw the agent's sincerity and felt that he could trust him. "All right, McClosky. I'll tell you this much—you were right. She is from outer space."

"Are you sure?" The saucer fan was immensely excited. "You believe it too?"

"Well, let's put it this way," Rich said. "If I don't come back, somebody's made a big mistake."

An Air Force jet transport was waiting for him, with four burly guards from the air security police. After all the excitement in New York, General Vannemann was taking no chances. Rich and McClosky gripped hands in a silent farewell; then his new escorts hustled him into the plane.

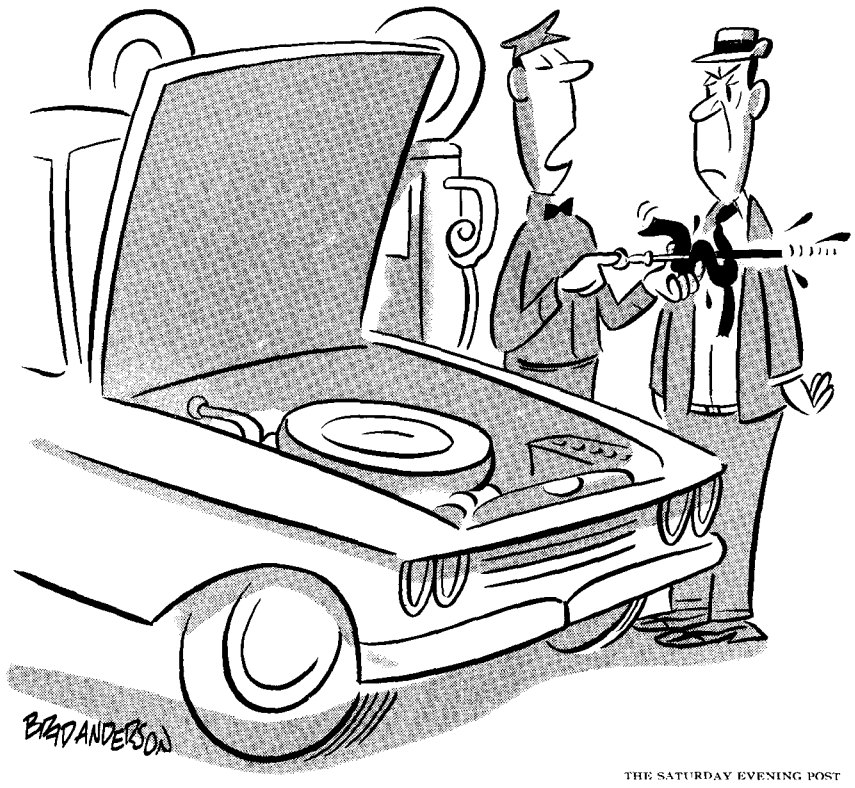
In the swift flight westward Rich sat slumped by his window, staring out at the bright May sky. And somewhere over Kansas he put all of his unhappiness into a few whispered words. "Listen, Lyrae—wherever you are—it just can't end like this. Won't I ever see you again—somewhere, somehow, sometime?"

He waited anxiously, but there came no reply. The uniformed men across the aisle, eying him warily, heard the indistinct mumble and glanced at each other.

"The guy's out of his ever-loving mind," one murmured.

"You'd be, too," said the other, "if you were going where he is."

When they landed at Holloman Air Force Base General Vannemann, Major Dietz and the senator were greatly relieved to find him calm and controlled after his trying ordeal. They greeted him cordially and did not press him for too many details. How did he feel? Fine. Had this crackpot woman disturbed him much? No, not at all. How did she



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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happen to know so much about their plans. Had she told him? Yes—Rich was at least partly truthful—she said she had psychic powers.

"I told you so!" said the senator triumphantly. "My wife is like that. I can't hide a darn thing from her."

The scientists dropped the subject for another of far greater importance. The beryllium helmet and the rubidium-cesium coating for the rocket had been tested this morning with sensational results. Then the space chief hurried him off for a long rehearsal of all the myriad matters for tomorrow's fateful shot.

Ironically enough, Rich was the only man at Holloman who slept throughout the night. Some three hundred others, all technicians, worked round the clock, either on the rocket itself or the delicate problems of celestial mechanics to insure its course. Each man knew that the smallest error of speed, timing or aiming could send it crashing against the earth or spinning in wild, unpredictable swings through space. Except for a thorough last-minute check, there was only the new coating to paint on the rocket. But Vannemann worked long and late with "the slide-rule boys."

The course they plotted for Rich's orbit was a lopsided figure eight, with the top loop around the moon, where he would record essential data for the expedition that was planned to follow his in a group landing of explorers. The entire operation counted upon the overlapping gravitational fields of the earth, moon and sun to accomplish the circuit back to earth. If they had made no mistakes, and if the passenger survived, it would be the greatest billiard shot in the history of man.

The dawn of Friday, May twenty-seventh, broke bright and clear above the desert's rim, pinking the tip of the huge four-stage rocket which stood on its tail, pointing heavenward. A ring of guards encircled the launching pad, letting no one pass without a *Q* clearance tag on his chest. There was an awesome quiet.

A few seconds before seven-thirty a group of Air Force officers, led by General Vannemann, emerged from the concrete blockhouse where the ground controls were centered. They walked to the launching pad, a hundred yards away, and paused at the base of the steel scaffold, or gantry, that stood alongside the rocket. They watched while the firing cables were attached. Then a loud-speaker shattered the silence with an order to clear the gantry, and the tiny figures above their heads began to descend the ladders.

A jeep drove up to the rim of the outer circle, and all heads turned toward it. Rich climbed out and moved toward them, walking stiffly in the white pressure suit made of leaded glass fibers, and carrying the new beryllium helmet in the crook of an arm. He seemed quite calm as he stopped at the group of officers.

"Everything in order with you, captain?" Vannemann asked quietly.

"Yes, sir, everything's checked."

"Now, just one or two last reminders." The space chief glanced at his watch. "We will keep radio contact with you for the first eight or ten thousand miles. If you happen to stray off course, we will advise you, and you will correct it with the manual controls."

"I understand, sir."

"Our radar will follow you the rest of the way. If we have calculated correctly, you should be able to complete the round trip in five days."

"Yes, sir," Rich acknowledged, noting the "if" and "should." At least the chief was being frank. He now extended his hand.

"Good luck, Talbot."

"Thank you, general." Their grip held for a moment.

"All right, get aboard now."

Rich saluted him, and it was returned—by the other officers as well, slowly and respectfully. Someone murmured, "Happy landings, Rich."

He began to ascend the steel rungs of the gantry ladder, and every eye followed him. It was a long and silent climb to the top platform. Here Rich paused, looked down at the ring of upturned faces, lifted one hand slightly in a farewell gesture, nodded to technicians nearby on the platform, then wedged himself through the narrow slit in the nose cone's side.

The passenger's quarters of the new rocket were a little larger than Charlie's had been; made for a man, not a chimpanzee. Rich settled himself onto the acceleration couch in a semireclining position and tightened the straps—legs, waist, chest. Now he fitted the beryllium helmet over his head, cinched it tightly and adjusted the oxygen mask. The radio mike came next, suspended in front of his face, leaving both hands free. Then he

Caution!

By Mildred Luton

Be careful in the forest.
Spring arrived today.
Bobolinks and robins
Have the right of way.
Violets in armies
Take you unaware.
There's a kind of danger
In the beauty there.
How can anybody
Ever be the same,
After seeing April
Set the woods aflame
With a torch of redbud?
All that I can say,
Travel at your own risk
In the woods today.

reached up, slid the steel cover over the hatch and locked it in four places.

Those below saw the hatch close. The general turned quickly and retraced his steps to the control center, with the other officers following. The bull-horn speaker blasted an order to clear the platform and launching pad, and men began hurrying out of range. Within a minute no human was visible. The gantry had been rolled away from the rocket, and it now stood alone. The crucial instant drew near.

In the blockhouse the Silent Seventy sat at their control panels, watching or waiting for the chief's commands. The long rows of consoles were already bright with lights, some glowing steadily, others blinking. Standing in their midst with the stub of a cold cigar clenched in one hand, Vannemann began to toll the first countdown at one-minute intervals—then the second, spaced every ten seconds. With every station leader giving assent, Vannemann finally started the fateful "ten . . . nine . . . eight . . ." until the button was pushed.

Nothing happened immediately. But when the automatic sequencer fulfilled the last steps, the rocket came alive thirty seconds later. A yellow-black afterblast obscured the space ship.

"First motion!" exclaimed the lookout at the blockhouse periscope, the only man who could see what was happening outside. He watched tensely as the smoke and flames billowed out from the pad. Then he saw the rocket's tail rise slowly, as if in an agony of indecision.

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"Lift-off!" he yelled his second report.

The blockhouse crew broke for the door, waiting for the safety signal to flash on so they could run out and root for their "bird." Only General Vannemann, Major Dietz and a few others remained, their eyes glued to the radar screen and the key controls, which told them more.

Now the first-stage engine roared to full life, with it's two-million-pound kick of superheated force, and the rocket picked up speed. Even inside, the roar was shattering as the ponderous bullet began to soar higher and faster.

Following its progress on their radar screen, the tense group around Vannemann saw the rocket's flight path remain vertical until the first-stage engine fell away. Then, with a long, dreamlike curve, the remaining missile started its wide trajectory away from the earth. They watched the tiny blip slide up the screen and heard the count of its altitude—"two hundred miles . . . four . . . eight. . . ."

The space chief turned quickly to the radio panel and leaned in to the microphone. "Holloman to Starfire—come in, Starfire!" Even the great man was unable to conceal his excitement. This was the moment for which he had lived his life. "Can you read me, Starfire?" He held his breath and, after three seconds that seemed like a century, he heard a reply.

"Starfire to Holloman—I read you well."

The general began to breathe again. "Do you feel any discomfort?"

"None whatever, sir," Rich reported, flattened against his water-filled couch. "But that first step was a lulu."

"Test your rear-view radarscope," ordered Vannemann.

Up in the whizzing cone Rich lay like some monstrous mummy among his intricate system of dials and switches. He flipped one of the latter, and a small, square screen lighted up, revealing the earth sliding slowly away from him.

"Does it work? Can you see us?" came the chief's voice.

Rich was too entranced by the sight to answer for a moment, realizing that he was the first earthman to behold it. Then, "Yes, sir—what a sight!" he confirmed.

"You are at two thousand miles," he was told. "What is your air speed?"

Rich glanced at his accelerometer. "Twenty-nine thousand mph." He knew he was the first to reach this too.

"What is your temperature?"

"Eighty-one point three, sir."

"Have you any abnormal sensations?"

Rich hesitated. "Well, I feel just a little lonesome, sir."

"I shouldn't wonder," Vannemann replied with sympathy.

Rich watched the earth shrink to the size of a golf ball. He turned his eyes to the battery of dials in front of him, adjusted his oxygen slightly, then eased himself in the binding straps. Yes, he reflected, he felt very lonely indeed. With a slight jolt he felt the second-stage engine fall away. He removed one glove to adjust a small knob on the spectrograph and was surprised to see the glove float up from his lap, dangling in mid-air like a crippled dove. Of course, he remembered, it was weightless—like himself now. Maybe he'd soon be witless too, even lifeless.

He sat for a moment in silence, while the general kept silent too, both waiting for the other's voice. Then he placed a hand over the radio microphone to keep his next words private, and closed his eyes as if in prayer.

"Lyrae, darling," he murmured softly, "if you can hear me, always remember I love you very much. Whatever may happen, that will be true—forever and ever."

He removed his hand from the microphone. Slowly another hand came from behind him to rest upon his shoulder—a small hand, its nails adorned with fluorescent ultramarine polish. "I love you too, Richmond, dear"—the words came faintly through his helmet.

He froze. His first wild fear was of an ocular-agravic illusion, the airman's earliest sign of trouble in the high reaches. Then he raised his eyes to the lovely smiling face behind him. "Lyrae!"

"Did you think I would never come back?" She bent and kissed the top of his helmet, as nothing else was available.

The freeze around the radio in the Holloman control room surpassed even Rich's. Vannemann and Dietz had now been joined by the senator, so all three of them stared at the little black box.

They heard, "Wherever you go, I go."

"Good heavens!" cried the senator. "That's a woman's voice!"

The general and the major both clamped a hand upon him for silence. Then both glued their ears to the radio, fearing to miss anything—and fearing even more what they heard.

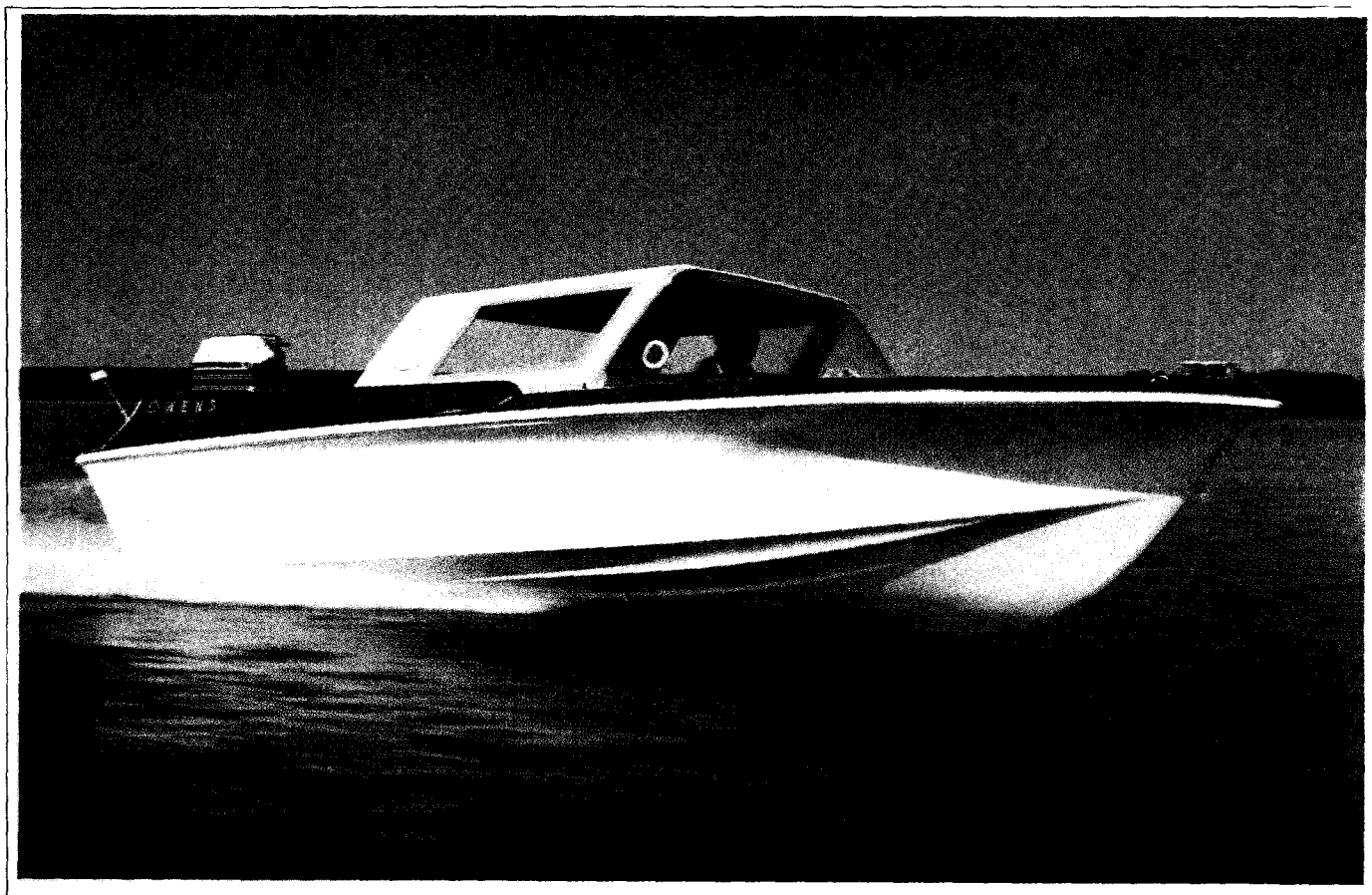
"You—you are coming with me to the moon?" They could recognize Captain Talbot all right.

"Afterward, yes," said that woman's voice again. "But I want you to meet my parents first. Take the second galaxy to the right after the Milky Way."

The space chief was first to recover from the shock—and even he took several seconds. Then he screamed into his microphone, "Starfire! Starfire! Holloman to Starfire! What's going on up there?"

The moon-struck pair in the spaceship heard him, but they did not answer.

THE END



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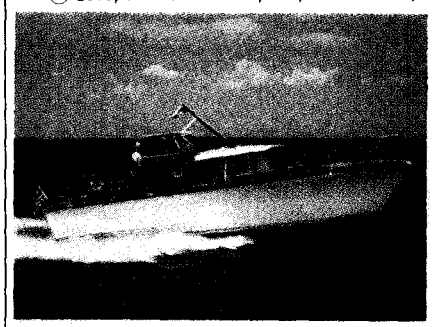

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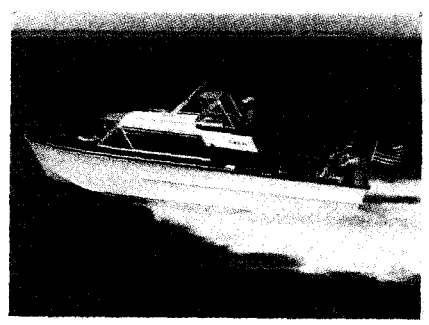

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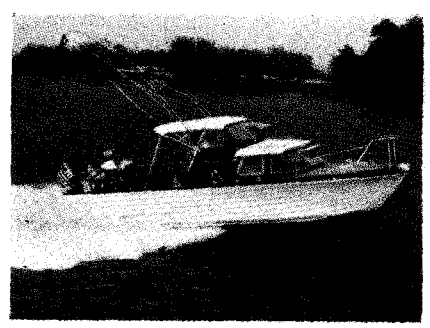

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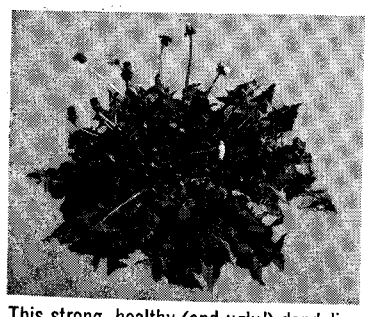
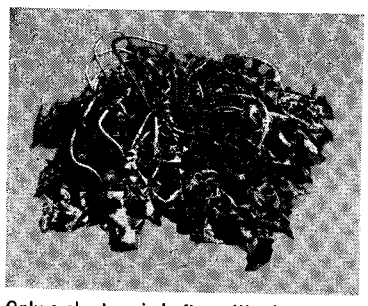
Stop ugly lawn weeds fast with

WEEDONE

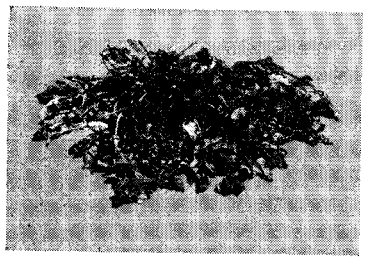
... the back saving chemical that can tell the weeds from the grass!



This strong, healthy (and ugly!) dandelion has been Weedone-treated—its days are numbered!



Only a short period after a Weedone treatment the weed wilts, shows definite signs of dying.



The dandelion is dead, from leaf top to root tip. The fast, selective action of Weedone did it!

WEEDONE can lick your lawn problems—because it actually *selects* dandelion, plantain and more than 100 lawn-scarring weeds, kills them, from leaf top to root tip—fast! Yet, WEEDONE won't kill fine lawn grasses.

WEEDONE enters the system of the weed, kills the whole plant! No chemical weed killer is more effective or safer to use. Get WEEDONE, it's been compounded specially for home lawns!

Easy to apply ... Liquid or Dry
(still at the same low price!)
8-oz. can (liquid) for sprayer **$1.00**
5-lb. bag (dry) for spreader **$2.25**
Larger sizes available.

(Dry form slightly higher west of Rockies)

AMCHEM **WEEDONE**

Amchem and Weedone are registered trademarks of
AMCHEM PRODUCTS, INC.
(Formerly American Chemical Paint Co.)
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Night Without End (Continued from Page 42)

gasoline—it just dissolves in the small amounts of water present in gasoline, small enough to be held in suspension. But if you have plenty of water, it'll sink to the bottom, carrying the sugar with it."

"If I had the Nobel chemistry prize, I'd give it to you right now, Mr. Mahler." I rose to my feet. "If you've any more suggestions to make, please let me know."

"I've one to make now." He smiled, but he was almost gasping for breath. "It's going to take your friend a pretty long time to melt the snow to get all the water he needs to wash the gasoline." He nodded toward the tractor sled, visible through the gap in the canvas screen. "We're obviously carrying far too much fuel. Why don't you drop some off for Captain Hillcrest—why, in fact, didn't you drop some off last night, when you first heard of this?"

I stared at him for a long, long moment, then turned heavily for the door. "I'll tell you why, Mr. Mahler," I said. "It's because I'm the biggest damned prize idiot in this world, that's why."

And I went out to tell Hillcrest just how idiotic I was.

THURSDAY: FOUR P.M.–FRIDAY: SIX P.M.

Jackstraw, Corazzini and I took turns at driving the Citroën all through that evening and the following night. The engine was beginning to run rough, but I couldn't stop. Speed was life now.

Mahler had gone into collapse shortly after nine o'clock that evening, and from the collapse had gradually moved into the true diabetic coma. Unless we could get the insulin in time, I knew no power on earth could prevent death from supervening in from one to three days—in these unfavorable conditions, a day would be much more likely. Marie LeGarde too, was weakening with dangerous speed. It was with increasing difficulty that she could force down even the smallest mouthfuls of food, and she spent most of her time in restless sleep.

But worried though I was about my patients, Jackstraw was even more deeply concerned with the weather. The temperature had been steadily rising for many hours now. And when, just after midnight, the wind speed passed fifteen miles an hour, the wind began to pick up the drift off the icecap.

I knew what Jackstraw was afraid of, though I myself had never experienced it. I had heard of the katabatic winds of Greenland. When great masses of air in the heart of the plateau were cooled—as they had been in the past forty-eight hours—by extremely low temperatures, they were set in motion by a gradient wind and cascaded downward from the edge of the plateau through suitable drainage channels. Set in motion through their own sheer weight of cold air, these gravity or drainage winds, slowly warmed by the friction and compression of their descent, could reach a hurricane force of destructive violence in which nothing could live.

We drove the tractor to its limit, and on the slight downward slope we were making very good time indeed. But by four o'clock in the morning, when we were, I reckoned, not more than sixty miles from Uplavnik, we ran into the *sastrugi* and were forced to slow down.

The *sastrugi*—regular undulations in the frozen snow—were the devil on tractors, especially elderly machines like the Citroën, and we were reduced to low gear to make any headway at all on it.

Shortly before eight o'clock in the morning Jackstraw brought the Citroën to a halt, and as the roar of the big engine died, the deep moaning of the wind swept in to take its place. Jackstraw had drawn up broadside to the wind and the slope of the hill, and I jumped down to rig up a canvas shelter extending out from the tractor cabin. There was not enough room for us all within the cabin at mealtimes. I wanted some protection when we kept our eight A.M. radio schedule with Hillcrest, and, in particular, it was time that Zagero and Levin had some relief from their sufferings.

Breakfast, such as it was, was waiting and ready to be eaten as soon as the tractor had stopped, but I had little appetite for it. I was going to call both Hillcrest and our Uplavnik base—Hillcrest had given me the frequency the previous evening. I decided to call Hillcrest first.

We got through without any difficulty, although Hillcrest said they could hear me only very faintly.

"Receiving you loud and clear," I said to Hillcrest. "What progress?"

"Great!" He sounded enthusiastic, excited. "My congratulations to your learned friend. Works like a charm, and we're going like a bomb. We are approaching the Vindeby Nunataks and expect to be through by this afternoon."

This was wonderful news. With any luck he would be up with us late in the evening of that day, and we would have the moral support of his company and the even more important technical resources of everything his big, modern snow tractor could offer. And Jackstraw and I could get some desperately needed sleep. . . . I became aware that Hillcrest was continuing, his voice still charged with the same suppressed excitement.

"The admiralty or the government or whoever it is has loosened up at last! Brother, you're sitting on dynamite and you don't know it. You've got it right there with you, and you could exchange it tomorrow for a million pounds in the right place. The carrier *Triton*'s going to collect it personally ——"

I threw the receiving switch.

"For heaven's sake!" I shouted in exasperation. "What are you talking about? What *was* the plane carrying? Over."

"Sorry. It's a guided-missile mechanism of such advanced design and so top secret that its details, I gather, are known only to a handful of scientists in all the United States. It's the only one of its kind, and was being sent to Britain for study under the recent agreement to share knowledge on atomic weapons and guided missiles." Hillcrest's voice was calm now, measured and sober. There was a pause; then he went on, slowly, impressively. "I understand the governments concerned are prepared to go any lengths—*any lengths*—to secure the recovery of this mechanism and prevent its falling into wrong hands.

"To help you identify this mechanism, Doctor Mason. It's camouflaged, made up to look like a plastic-and-metal portable radio of fairly large size, with a braided-leather carrying strap. Find that portable, Doctor Mason, and you'll ——"

I never heard the end of that sentence. I was still sitting there, dazedly wondering why the words "portable radio" should have triggered off such a clangorous bell in my mind when Zagero catapulted himself off his seat on the sled, knocking Jackstraw staggering, took one tremendous hop with his bound feet just opposite where I was sitting and hurled himself bodily toward Corazzini who, his face twisted into a vicious and unrecognizable mask, had pushed himself off the tractor tailboard with one hand and with the other was fumbling desperately to bring something out from under his coat. He saw he couldn't make it in time, threw himself to one side, but Zagero, bound though he was, was like a cat on his feet, and I knew in that instant, that instant that was too late, that Zagero was indeed the championship-class boxer that he claimed to be. If the astonishing speed of his reflexes were not proof enough, that blurring right arm of his carried with it lethal conviction. Corazzini was a very big man, six feet two and at least two hundred pounds, but when that fist caught him just under the heart he staggered back against the tailboard and slid slowly to the ground, unseeing eyes turned up to the first driving flakes of the newly fallen snow.

"Corazzini!" I said. "Corazzini!"

"Sure it's Corazzini," Zagero said levelly. "It always was." He stooped, thrust his hand under the unconscious man's coat and brought out his gun. "You'd better keep this, doc."

He tossed the gun across, and I caught it. It was a revolver, and it had a strange-looking cylinder screwed onto the front of the barrel. A silencer, I supposed. I had never seen one before. Nor had I ever seen that type of gun before. Jackstraw, I could (*Continued on Page 74*)

"Is this seat taken?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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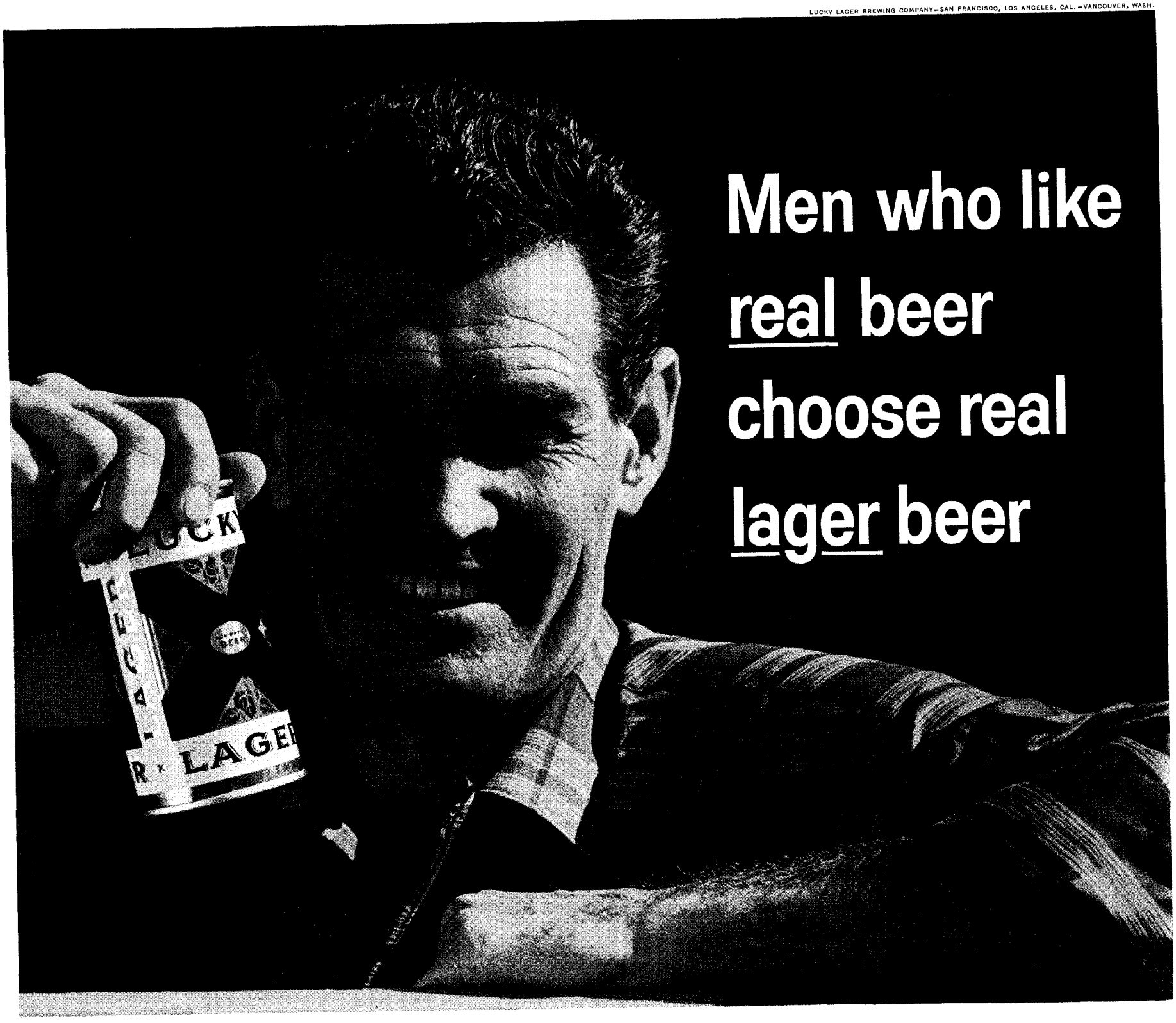
LUCKY LAGER BREWING COMPANY—SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—VANCOUVER, WASH.



Lucky Lager has a straight-forward quality, a "character" you just don't get in other beers

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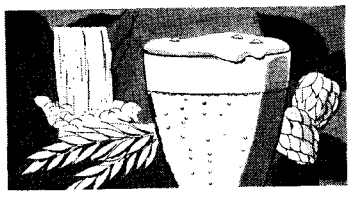
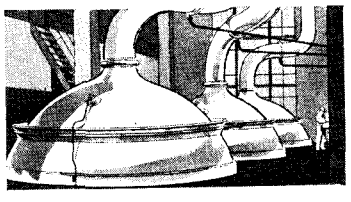
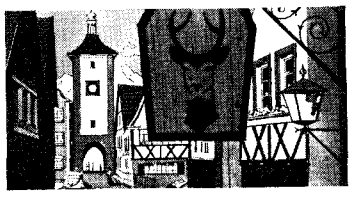


Lucky Lager begins with the best. Nothing else can produce true lager beer. The large-grained barley, the most flavorful hops, the purest water, the most modern breweries — these give lager quality to every glass of Lucky Lager — the *real* lager beer.



Lucky Lager is brewed by the famous German lager technique—a special process from start to finish. Only old world skills in the brewing and extra time in the ageing achieve the renowned body, aroma and taste of the *real* lager beer — Lucky Lager. Enjoy it soon.



Lucky Lager has "character" in the great German tradition. One glass of Lucky Lager tells you: here is a real drink of beer. Completely different . . . absolutely distinctive. The Germans call lager "wunderbares bier"—magnificent beer. Americans call it Lucky Lager.

LUCKY LAGER

the real lager beer

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(*Continued from Page 72*) see, already had his rifle lined up on the unconscious man. I placed the revolver on the ground beside me and pulled out my automatic.

"You were ready for him." I was still trying to put things in order in my own mind. "You were waiting for the break. How ——"

"Do I have to draw a diagram, doc?" There was no insolence in his voice, only weariness. "I knew it wasn't me. I knew it wasn't Solly. So it had to be Corazzini."

For the past fifteen seconds another bell had been ringing far back in my mind, not so loud as the first, but even more desperately insistent, and all at once I had it and began to rise to my feet. "But there were two of them, two of them, Corazzini had an accomplice ——" That was as far as I got when some metal object smashed across my wrist with brutal force, sending my automatic flying, and something small and hard ground viciously into the back of my neck.

"Don't move, Doctor Mason." The voice—flat, controlled, but alive with a vibrant power that I had never heard before—was almost unrecognizable as the Rev. Joseph Smallwood's. "Nobody is to move. Nielsen, drop that rifle—now! Just one suspicious move and Doctor Mason gets his head blown off."

I stood stock-still. The man behind that voice meant every word he said. I didn't need any convincing of that.

"All right, Corazzini?" Smallwood said.

"All right," Corazzini said softly. "Never thought any man could move so fast with his feet tied. But he won't catch me again. Everybody out, eh?"

"Everybody out," Smallwood nodded. No question he was the leader of the two.

"Jump down! All of you," Corazzini ordered. Gun in one hand, he held back a flap of the canvas screen with the other.

"Mahler can't jump down," I protested. "He can't move—he's in coma. He ——"

"Shut up!" Corazzini interrupted. "All right, Zagero, inside and get him out."

"You can't move him!" I shouted furiously. "You'll kill him if ——" My last word was choked off in a grunt of pain as Smallwood's gun barrel caught me viciously across the side of the head.

"Corazzini said 'shut up.' You must learn to listen." Smallwood's voice was chillingly devoid of all emphasis and inflection. He stood waiting quietly until the last of the passengers had descended or been carried from the tractor cabin, then waved us all into a straight line facing toward Corazzini and himself.

Smallwood beckoned me. "You haven't finished your radio call, Doctor Mason. Finish it. Your friend Hillcrest must be wondering at the delay." The gun in his hand came forward a fraction of an inch, just enough for the movement to be perceptible. "For your own sake, do nothing to arouse his suspicions. Don't be clever. Keep it brief."

I kept it brief. I said that I'd guard the missile mechanism with my life and apologized for cutting the call short.

"Finish it off," Smallwood said softly in my ear. I nodded.

"That's the lot then, Captain Hillcrest. Will make the noon schedule. This is mayday signing off. Mayday, mayday."

"*Mayday*, Doctor Mason?" Smallwood asked silkily. "What is mayday?"

"Our call sign, of course," I said irritably.

"Your call sign is GFK."

"Our call-up is GFK. Our signing-off is mayday."

"You're lying."

"I'm not lying," I said angrily.

"Count five and die." His eyes never left mine, the pressure of the gun increased. "One . . . two . . . three ——"

"I'll tell you what it is!" The cry came from Margaret Ross. "Mayday is the international air-distress signal, the SOS. . . . I had to tell him, Doctor Mason, I had to!" Her voice was a shaking sob. "He was going to kill you."

"I was indeed," Smallwood agreed.

"You'll never get off the icecap, Smallwood," I said steadily. "Scores of ships and planes are searching for you, thousands of men. They'll get you and they'll hang you for these five dead men."

"We shall see." He gave a wintry smile, and now that he had removed his rimless glasses I could see that the man's smile left his eyes untouched. "All right, Corazzini, the box. Doctor Mason, bring one of the maps from the driver's seat."

"In a moment. Perhaps you would care to explain ——"

"Explanations are for children." The voice was level, curt, devoid of all inflection. "I'm in a hurry, Doctor Mason. Bring the map."

I brought it, and when I returned Corazzini was sitting on the front of the tractor sled with a case before him. But it wasn't the leather-covered portable radio; it was Smallwood's robe case.

Corazzini snapped open the catches, pulled out Bible, robes and divinity hood, tossed them to one side, then carefully brought out a metal box which looked exactly like a tape recorder. But it soon became apparent that it was like no tape recorder that I had ever seen.

The twin spools he ripped off the top of the machine and sent spinning away into the darkness and the snow, the tape unwinding in a long convoluted streamer.

Still in silence, we watched Corazzini undo and fling away the false top of the recorder, but not before I had time to notice the padded spring clips on its underside—the perfect hiding place for a couple of pistols. Revealed now were controls and calibrated dials that bore no resemblance to those of a tape recorder. Corazzini straightened and erected a hinged telescopic aerial, clamped a set of headphones to his ears, made two switches and started to turn a dial, at the same time watching a green magic eye similar to those found in tape recorders and many modern radios. Faintly, but unmistakably, I could hear a steady whine coming from the earphones, a whine which altered in pitch and intensity as Corazzini turned the dial. When it reached its maximum strength, he turned his attention to a built-in alcohol compass about three inches in diameter. A few moments later he doffed the earphones and turned round, apparently satisfied.

"Very strong, very clear," he announced to Smallwood. "But there's too heavy a deviation factor from all the metal in the tractor and sled. Back in two minutes. Your flashlight, Doctor Mason."

He walked away for about fifty yards, taking the machine with him. He returned soon, consulted a small chart—correcting for variation, no doubt—then grinned at Smallwood.

"It's them, all right. Perfect signal. Bearing two-six-eight."

"Good."

What we had just seen in operation could only be a battery-operated radio direction finder, and even to me, inexperienced though I was in such matters, it was obvious that Corazzini must have been taking a bearing on some continuous directional line-up signals transmitted by a vessel, or vessels, offshore—trawlers, probably, or some other inconspicuous type of fishing vessel. I would have been less than human had I not wanted to shake this absolute confidence.

"You've miscalculated the hornet's nest you've stirred up. The Davis Strait and the coast of Greenland are alive with ships and planes. The scout planes of the carrier *Triton* will pick up every boat that's larger than a skiff. The trawlers will never get away; they won't get five miles."

"There are such things as submarines. In fact, there is one, not very far from here."

"You still won't——"

"Be quiet," Smallwood said coldly. He turned to Corazzini. "Two-six-eight, eh—due west more or less. Distance?"

Corazzini shrugged and said nothing. Smallwood beckoned to me. "We'll soon find it. That map, Doctor Mason—indicate our position, accurately."

"You can go to hell," I said briefly.

"I expected nothing else. However, I am prepared to shoot Miss Ross."

I never doubted him. I knew he'd do it in an instant. I gave him our position. He asked for another map, asked Jackstraw to mark our position in the second and compared the two.

"They coincide," he nodded. "Fortunately for you." He studied the map briefly, then looked at Corazzini. "The Kangalak fjord, undoubtedly at the foot of the Kangalak glacier. Approximately——"

"The Kangalak fjord," I interrupted. My voice was bitter. "Why the devil didn't you land there in the first place and save us all this?"

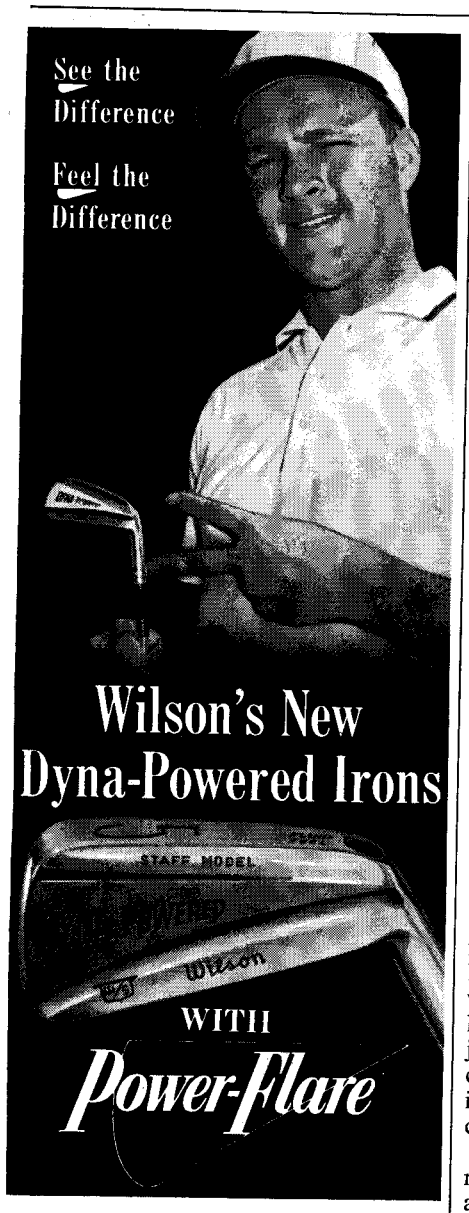
"The plane captain deserved to die," Smallwood said obliquely. His smile was wintry. "I had instructed him to put down on the coast just north of the fjord where our—ah—friends had reconnoitered a section of the icecap, three miles long and absolutely flat, that is the equal of the finest runway in Europe or America, and it wasn't until I saw the altimeter reading just before the crash that I realized he had deceived me." He made an impatient gesture and turned to Corazzini. "We waste time. Approximately sixty miles, you would say?"

Corazzini examined the map. "Yes, about that."

"So. Come then, on our way."

"Leaving us here to starve and die of cold, I suppose?" I said bitterly.

"What becomes of you no longer concerns me," Smallwood said indifferently. "It is possible, however, that you might be foolish enough to take advantage of the cover of the snow and darkness to run after us, waylay and try to overcome us. We must immobilize you temporarily." (*Continued on Page 76*)



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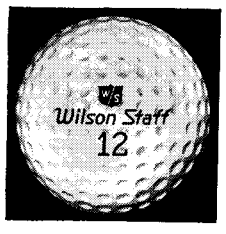

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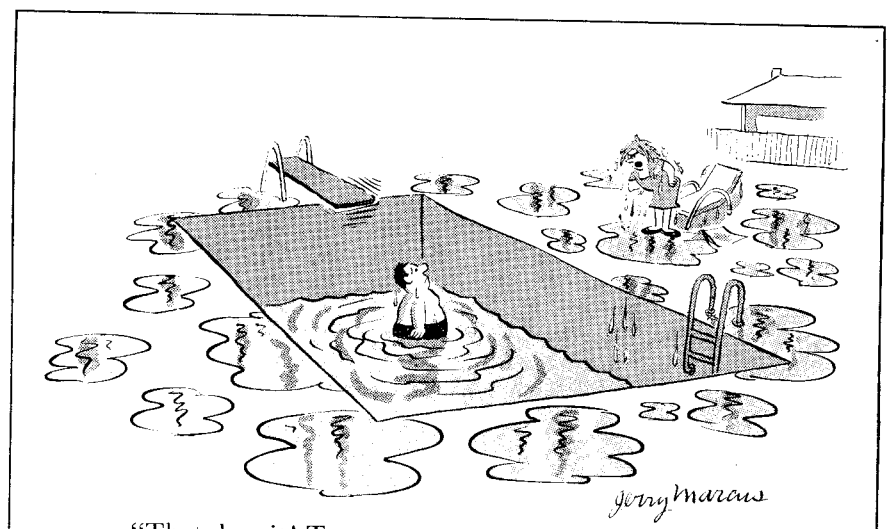

"That does it! Tomorrow you go back on your diet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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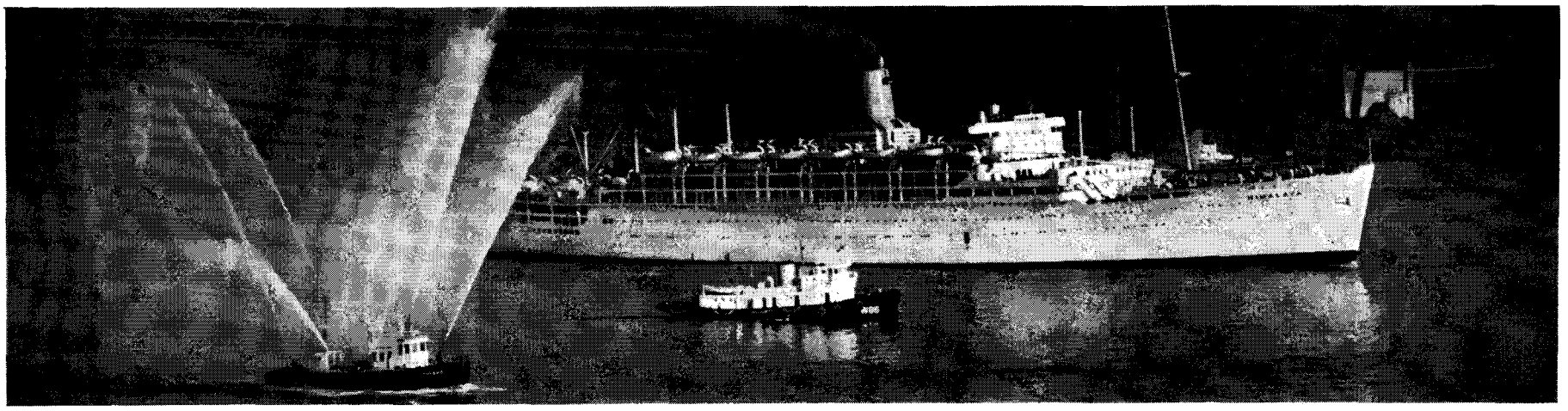

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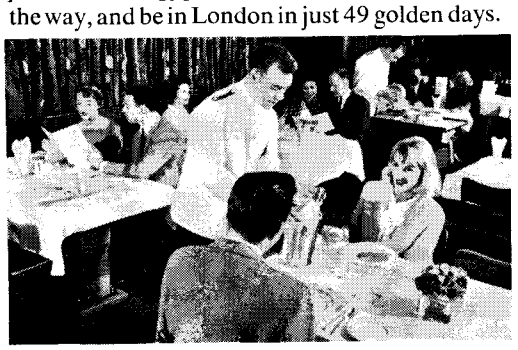
If you sail to Europe on Orient & Pacific you can see Japan, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, India, Egypt, and the Mediterranean on the way, and be in London in just 49 golden days.



This is the tourist class dining room on *Orcades*. Check the wine list. It's superb!

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SAILING DATES

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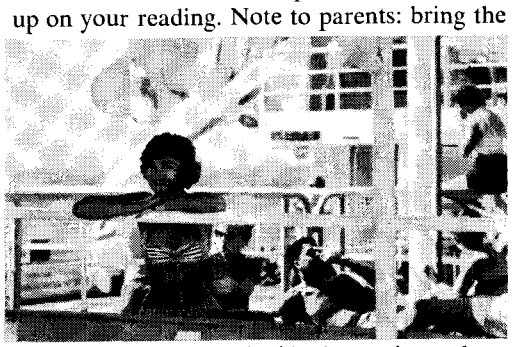

This young lady is beside the tourist pool on Orient & Pacific's *Orsova*.

kids! They have their own play decks and English nannies to watch them for you during the day. The trip on this route costs as little as $675 tourist, $1450 first class.

SAILING DATES

***Orcades* sails from San Francisco on July 28, *Himalaya* on September 4, *Iberia* on September 13. See your travel agent for all the details and your ticket!**

3. Via Panama

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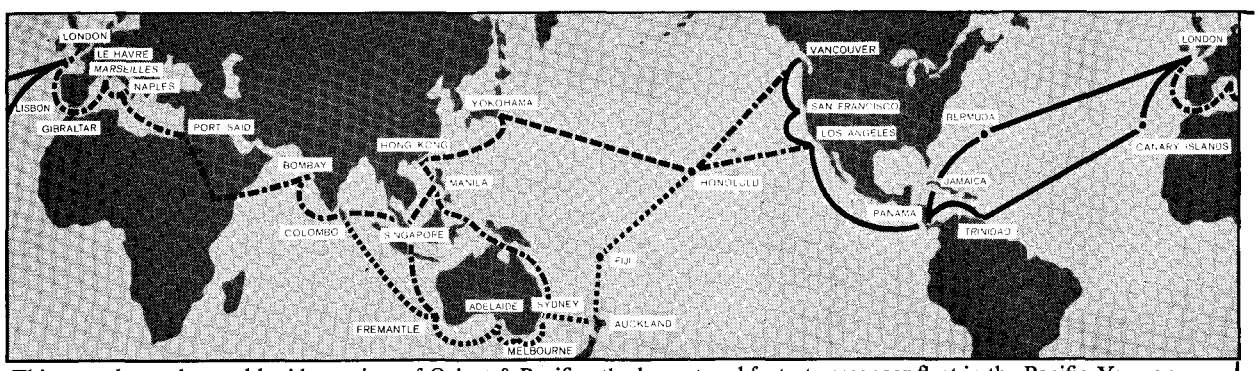
SAILING DATES

***Orsova* sails from Vancouver June 22, San Francisco June 25, Los Angeles June 26, for Le Havre and London via Panama, Jamaica and Bermuda. *Chusan* sails from Vancouver July 2, San Francisco July 7, Los Angeles July 8, for Le Havre and London via Panama, Trinidad and the Canary Islands.**



This map shows the world-wide services of Orient & Pacific—the largest and fastest passenger fleet in the Pacific. You can combine any or all of the routes. And new budget package tours are available. See your travel agent for all the details.

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AMERICAN-Standard
YOUNGSTOWN KITCHENS DIVISION

(*Continued from Page 74*)

"Or permanently," Zagero said softly.

"Only fools kill wantonly and unnecessarily. Fortunately—for you—it is not necessary for my plans that you die. Corazzini, bring some rope from the sled. There's plenty of cord there. Tie their feet only. With their numbed hands it will take them an hour to undo their bonds. We will be well on our way by then." He moved his gun. "Sit in the snow. All of you. Doctor Mason first."

Corazzini gave his gun to Smallwood and advanced on me. He knelt and had taken a couple of turns round my ankles when the truth struck me with the suddenness, the shocking impact of a physical blow. I sent Corazzini staggering with a violent shove and leaped to my feet.

"No!" My voice was hoarse, savage. "By heaven, you're not going to tie me up, Smallwood."

"Sit down, Mason!" His voice was hard, whiplike. I ignored it completely.

"Jackstraw!" I shouted. "Zagero, Levin, Brewster! On your feet if you want to live. If he starts firing at any of us, the rest go for him and get him—he can't possibly get us all. Margaret, Helene, Mrs. Dansby-Gregg—first shot that's fired, run off into the darkness, and stay there!"

"Have you gone crackers, doc?" The words came from an astonished Zagero. "Want to get us all killed?"

"That's just what I don't want."

"But——"

"No buts," I interrupted harshly. "Smallwood knows that Hillcrest will be coming through here this afternoon. If we're still here—and alive—first thing we'd tell him would be Smallwood's course, speed, approximate position and destination. Within an hour the Kangalak glacier would be sealed, within an hour bombers from the *Triton* would have blasted him off the face of the glacier. Tie us up? Sure—and then he and Corazzini would shoot us at their leisure."

"I underestimated you, Doctor Mason," Smallwood admitted softly. "But you almost died there." He nodded toward the tractor sled. "I think you had better ride a little way with us."

And ride with them we did for the thirty longest miles I have ever driven, for nine hours that had no end.

I would have thought that with either Smallwood or Corazzini driving and the other navigating from the dogsled we would have had a chance, slender though it might be, to overpower them or at least make good our escape. But Smallwood never offered even a shadow of a chance of either. Corazzini drove all the time, with the radio direction-finder headphones clamped to his ears, so that compass navigation became an inaccurate superfluity. Smallwood sat alone in the back of the tractor cabin, his gun unwaveringly trained on the rest of us, who were crammed aboard the big tractor sled, ten feet to the rear of him. When the snow eventually became too heavy, he stopped the tractor, detached the portable searchlight and mounted it, facing aft, in the rear of the tractor cabin; this had a double advantage of illuminating us so that he could clearly see us even through the drift and make certain that none of us tried to drop off the sled, and of blinding us so that we were quite unable to see what he was doing, even to see whether he was watching us at all. And, for good measure, he brought Margaret and Helene up into the cabin and bound their hands. They were the surety for our good conduct.

Almost immediately after we had moved off and pulled a pair of tarpaulins over us for what meager shelter they could afford, Jackstraw tapped me on the shoulder with something that he held

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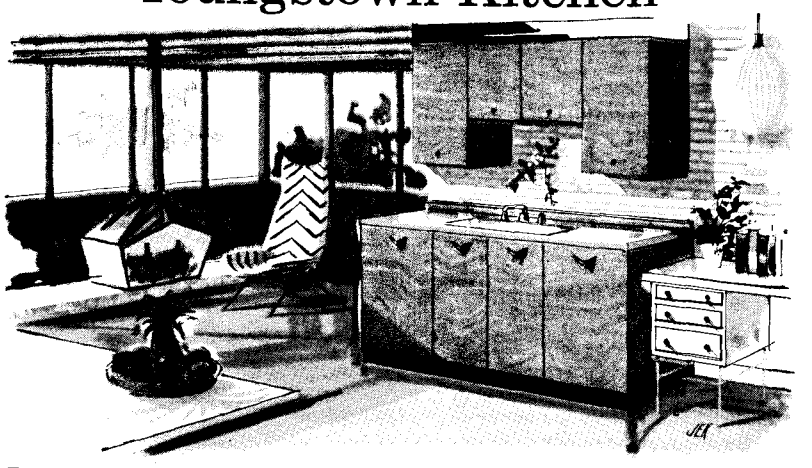

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in his hand. I reached up and took it from him.

"Corazzini's wallet," he said softly. "Fell from his pocket when Zagero knocked him down. He didn't see it go, but I did—sat on top of it when Smallwood told us to squat in the snow."

I stripped off my gloves, opened the wallet and examined its contents in the light of the flashlight Jackstraw had also passed across—a flashlight with the beam carefully hooded to prevent the slightest chink of light escaping from under the tarpaulin. At this time Smallwood had not yet switched on the searchlight.

The wallet provided us with that last proof of the thoroughness, the meticulous care with which these two men had provided themselves with false but utterly convincing identities. I knew that whatever Corazzini's name was, it wasn't the one he had given himself, but, had I not known, the N.C. stamped on the hand-tooled morocco, the visiting cards with the inscribed NICHOLAS CORAZZINI above the name and address of the Indiana head office of the Global Tractor Company, and the leather-backed fold of traveler's checks, each one already signed N. R. CORAZZINI in its top left-hand corner, would have carried complete conviction.

And, too late, the wallet also presented us, obliquely but beyond all doubt, with the reason for many things, ranging from the purpose of the crash landing of the plane to the explanation of why I had been knocked on the head the night before last. Inside the billfold compartment was the newspaper clipping which I had first found on the dead body of Colonel Harrison. I read it aloud, slowly, with infinite chagrin.

The account was brief. That it concerned that dreadful disaster near Bayonne, New Jersey, where a commuters' train had plunged through an opened span of the bridge into the waters of Newark Bay, drowning dozens of the passengers on board, I already knew from the quick glance I had had at the clipping in the plane. But, as I had also gathered in the plane, this was a follow-up story, and the reporter wasted little time on the appalling details. His interest lay in another direction entirely. It was "reliably reported," he said, that the train had been carrying an army courier, that he was one of the forty who died, and that he had been carrying a "supersecret guided-missile mechanism."

That was all the clipping said, but it was enough, and more than enough. It didn't say whether the mechanism had been lost or not, and it never suggested that there was any connection between the presence of the mechanism on board the train and the reasons for the crash. It didn't have to; the contiguity of the two items made the reader's own horrifying conclusions inevitable.

It was Jackstraw who finally broke the silence, his voice abnormally matter-of-fact.

"Well, we know now why you were knocked on the head."

"Knocked on the head?" Zagero said. "What do you ——"

"Night before last," I interrupted. "When I told you I'd walked into a lamp-post." I told them all about the finding of the clipping and its subsequent loss.

"Would it have made all that difference even if you *had* read it?" Zagero asked. "I mean ——"

"Of course it would! The fact of finding a clipping about a fatal crash which occurred in strange, unexplained circumstances on the person of a man who had just died in a fatal crash in equally strange and unexplained circumstances would have made even me suspicious. When I heard from Hillcrest that something highly secret was being carried on board the plane, the parallel would have been even more glaringly obvious, especially as the clipping was found on the man—an Army officer who was almost certainly the courier, the carrier of this secret."

"You weren't to know this," Levin said soothingly. "It's not your fault ——"

"Of course it's my fault," I said wearily. "All my fault. I don't even know how to start apologizing. You first, Zagero, I suppose, you and Solly Levin, for tying you ——"

"Forget it." Zagero was curt but friendly. "We're just as bad—all of us. All the facts that mattered were as available to us as they were to you—and we made no better use of them; less if anything." In the tiny glow from the flashlight I could see him shaking his head. "Easy enough to understand now why we crashed in the middle of nowhere—the plane captain must have been in on it; he must have known that the mechanism was on board and thought it important to put the passengers' lives second and crash-land in the middle of the ice plateau, where Smallwood could never reach the coast."

"Not knowing that I was there waiting to oblige Smallwood," I said bitterly. I shook my head in turn. "It's obvious now, all too obvious. How Corazzini damaged his hand in the shack—not by saving or trying to save the radio, but by accelerating its fall after he'd pushed the hinges in. How and why he lost the toss and had to sleep on the floor—to give him a chance to smother the second officer."

"What you might call a good loser," Zagero said grimly. Then he gave a short laugh. "Remember when we buried the second officer? I wonder what Smallwood's burial service would have sounded like if we'd been close enough to hear?"

"I missed that," I nodded. "I missed the suggestion you made inside the plane that we should bury the murdered men—if you had been guilty, you'd never dared have made that suggestion, for then the way these men died would almost certainly have been discovered."

There was a long moment's silence; then Solly Levin spoke. "The plane," he said. "The fire—how come?"

"There was enough high-octane fuel in its tanks to take Hillcrest's snow tractor a couple of thousand miles," I explained.

"Seeing explanations are in the air—well, I guess it's time we made one too." Zagero, to my astonishment, sounded almost embarrassed. "It's about the phony conduct of that phony character to your left, doc, one Solly Levin. . . . Sorry." He leaned across to Solly Levin. "Want me to make a formal introduction, pop?"

"Did I hear ——" I began.

"Sure you did, doc." He laughed softly. "Pop. The paternal parent."

"It's perfectly true, Doctor Mason," Solly Levin smiled. The dreadful Bowery accent was quite gone, yielding place to a crisper, more decisive version of Zagero's cultured drawl. "I'll put it briefly. I'm the owner and managing director—or was till I retired a year ago—of a plastics factory in Trenton, New Jersey, near Princeton, where Johnny managed to acquire a splendid accent and very little else. It was not, I might add, Princeton's fault; Johnny spent most of his time in the gymnasium, nursing his—ah—pugilistic ambitions, much to my annoyance, as I wanted him to take over from me. So I made a proposition. I'd give him two years to prove himself, and at the end of that time if he hadn't made it, he was to take his place in the factory. His first manager was as corrupt as they come, and Johnny literally kicked him out at the end of a year. So I took over."

"Zagero or Levin. Which is it?"

"Zagero," the older man answered.

"Why the Levin?"

"Some state and national boxing commissions refuse to permit a close relative to be either manager or second. So I used an alias, a practice by no means uncommon, and officially winked at. A harmless deception."

"Not so harmless," I said grimly. "It was one of the worst acting performances I've ever seen, and that was one of the primary reasons for my suspecting you and your son."

"I obviously modeled myself on the wrong person—or type of person," Levin said wryly. "Please forgive me."

"Nothing to forgive," I said bitterly. "A hundred to one I'd have found some other way of messing things up."

Shortly after five o'clock in the evening Corazzini stopped the tractor, but he didn't stop the engine. He came down from the driver's seat and walked round to the cabin, pushing the searchlight slightly to one side. "Halfway, boss. Thirty-two miles on the clock."

"Thank you." We couldn't see Smallwood, but we could see the tip of his gun barrel protruding menacingly into the searchlight's beam. "The end of the line, Doctor Mason. You and your friends will please get down."

"You'll be with your friends in a few hours," I told Smallwood. "You could leave us a little food, a portable stove and tent. Is that too much to ask?"

"It is."

He turned his attention to the sled. "Everybody off, I said. Did you hear me, Levin? Get down!"

"It's my legs. I think they're frozen or sleeping or something."

"Get down!" Smallwood repeated sharply.

... ...

The Queenly Hawk

By Margaret Grahame Collins

The queenly hawk has built
a nest
Atop a dead pine, crested
high—
Affording most precarious
rest.

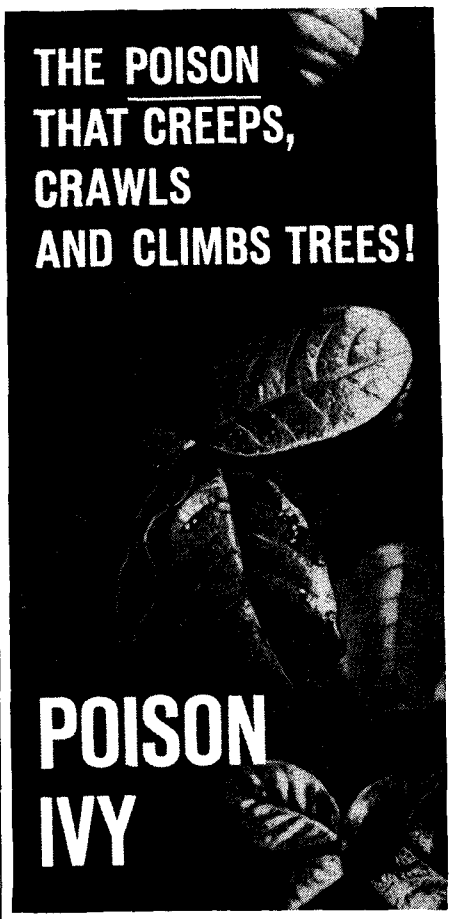
When thunder brings the
rain-scud by,
She stares the storm down
with her glance
As fierce as lightning's
flashing eye.

Dueling the wind, the great
trees dance;
She floats serenely in the
blur,
Feeling her perch retreat,
advance.

How regally she rides the
spur!
Perhaps she thinks the
lightning ray'd
And shaped this pinnacle
for her.

Her fledglings grow up
unafraid—
Learning defiance in her
shade.

... ...



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"In a moment." Levin swung one of his legs over the edge of the sled. "I don't seem to be able ——"

"Maybe a bullet in one of your legs will help," Smallwood said unemotionally. "To get the feeling back."

"Don't touch him, Smallwood," Zagero said warningly.

"No?"

"No!" Zagero said, softly and savagely, the words carrying clearly in a sudden lull in the wind. "Lay a finger on my old man, Smallwood, and I'll get to you and break your neck like a rotten carrot if you empty the gun into me."

"Your old man?" he inquired. "Your father?"

Zagero nodded.

"Good." Smallwood showed no surprise. "Into the tractor cabin with him, Zagero. We'll exchange him for the German girl. Nobody cares about her."

Levin half-walked, was half-carried, into the tractor cabin. With Corazzini and Smallwood both armed, resistance was hopeless.

When Levin was inside, Smallwood turned to the young German girl seated opposite him in the cabin. "Out!"

It was then that it happened, with the stunning speed and inevitability that violent tragedy, viewed in retrospect, always seems to possess. As Helene passed by Smallwood she stumbled, he put up an arm either to help her or ward her off, and before he had realized what was happening she kicked out blindly and knocked the gun spinning out of his hand to land in the snow beneath. Smallwood sprang after it like a cat, picked up the gun and whirled round, the gun lining up on Helene, his eyes narrowed to slits against the beam of the searchlight.

"Helene!" Mrs. Dansby-Gregg was the nearest to her, and her voice was high-pitched, almost a scream. "Look out, Helene!" She plunged forward to push her maid to one side, but I don't think Smallwood even saw her; he was mad with fury. The bullet caught Mrs. Dansby-Gregg squarely in the back and pitched her headlong to fall face down in the frozen snow.

Already Smallwood's moment of uncontrollable rage was spent as if it had never been. He said not another word, just nodded to Corazzini and jumped up on to the tail of the tractor cabin to keep us covered with searchlight and gun as Corazzini gunned the motor, engaged gear and lumbered off into the darkness to the west. We stood in a forlorn, huddled little group and watched the train pass us by, the tractor, the tractor sled, the dog sled and finally the Huskies themselves, running on the loose traces astern.

FRIDAY: SIX P.M.–SATURDAY: 12:15 P.M.

How many hours did we stagger and lurch after that tractor like drunk or dying men—six hours, eight, ten? We didn't know. Not one of us, I am sure, expected to live through that night.

I suppose, too, that Zagero, Jackstraw and myself—all three of us—were exhausted as we had never been before, frostbitten, bleeding, thirsty and steadily weakening from lack of food. We were following the tractor. We could, I suppose, have turned back in the hope of stumbling across Hillcrest and his men. But, even should he be heading toward the coast, our chances of meeting him in that blizzard did not exist, and if we once passed them by, we would have been lost forever. Better by far to head for the coast, where some patrolling ship or plane might just possibly pick us up—if we ever got there. Besides, I knew that both Jackstraw and Zagero felt exactly as I did—under a pointless but overpowering compulsion to follow Smallwood and Corazzini until we dropped in our tracks.

Only three people—Zagero, Jackstraw and myself—were able to carry anything more than their own weight; and we had among us three people completely unable to walk. Mahler was still unconscious, still in coma, but I didn't think we would have him with us very much longer. Zagero carried him for hour after endless hour through that white nightmare. Marie LeGarde had lost consciousness, too, and as I staggered along with her in my arms I felt it to be no more than a wasted token gesture—without shelter soon, she would never see this night out. Helene, too, had collapsed within an hour of the tractor's disappearance, her slender strength had just given out, and Jackstraw had her over his shoulder.

Behind us Senator Brewster blundered along in a blind world all of his own, stumbling often, falling occasionally, but always pushing himself up and staggering gamely on. Time and time again during that bitter night he insisted, forcibly, on relieving one of the three of us of his burden and would stagger along under the load until he reached the point of collapse.

No doubt but that Smallwood and Corazzini had left us to die, but they had made one mistake—they had forgotten Balto. Balto, as always, had been running loose when they had left us, and they had either failed to see him or forgotten all about him. But Balto hadn't forgotten us; he must have known something was far wrong, for all the hours we had been prisoners on the tractor sled he had never come within a quarter mile of us. But as soon as the tractor had dumped and left us, he had come loping in out of the driving snow and settled to the task of leading us down toward the glacier. At least we hoped he was doing that. Jackstraw declared that he was following the crimp marks of the Citroën's belt tracks, now deep buried under the new-fallen snow.

Sometime during the night Balto suddenly stopped, stretched out his neck and gave his long, eerie wolf call. He seemed to listen for an answer, and if he heard anything, it was beyond our range; but he seemed satisfied, for he suddenly changed direction and angled off to the left into the blizzard. We followed.

Three minutes later we came upon the dog sled, with two of the dogs curled up beside it, their backs to the wind, their muzzles to their bellies and long brushes of tails over their faces, the drift walling high around them. But they preferred freedom to comfort, for they were on their feet and vanished into the swirling whiteness beyond before we could lay hands on them. That left only the sled, a needless encumbrance to Smallwood, although when abandoning it, he had severed all the traces for attaching the dogs.

Within three minutes of finding the sled we had tied together the severed remnants of the traces, changed them to the front and were on our way again, Marie LeGarde, Mahler and Helene propped up on the thin wooden slats. We had, of course, to pull the sled ourselves, but that was nothing; for Jackstraw, Zagero and myself the relief was beyond measure. But it was only momentary.

The wind was climbing up to its maximum now, the blizzard shrieking along horizontally to the ground and coming in great smoking flurries that cut visibility to zero and made us stop and grab one another lest one of us be knocked flying and forever lost to sight. Several times Theodore Mahler, restless in unconsciousness, rolled off the sled until I at last made Brewster sit at the back and watch. He protested violently, but he was glad to do as I said.

My first conscious memory after installing Brewster on the back of the sled was of someone shaking me urgently by the shoulder. It was Jackstraw. "No more!" he shouted in my ear. "We must stop, Doctor Mason, wait till it's blown itself out. We can't live through this."

I said something that was unintelligible even to myself, but Jackstraw took it for agreement and began pulling the sled into the sloping side of a glacier valley and to the leeward side of one of the snowdrifts piled up against some of the ridges on the side of the valley. I was just about to let my knees buckle and collapse beside them when I realized that someone was missing—it was Brewster.

"Good heavens!" I cried in Jackstraw's ear. "The senator—we've lost him! I'll go back and look. I won't be a minute."

"Stay here." The grip on my arm was promise enough that Jackstraw meant to detain me by force, if necessary. "You'd never come back. . . . Balto! Balto!" He shouted a few Eskimo words which meant nothing to me, but the big Siberian seemed to understand, for he was gone in a moment, following the direction of Jackstraw's pointing hand. He was back again inside two minutes.

"He's found him?" I asked Jackstraw.

Jackstraw nodded silently.

"Let's bring him in."

Balto led us there, but we didn't bring him in. Instead we left him lying where we found him, face down in the snow, dead. The blizzard was already drawing its concealing shroud over him; in an hour he would be a featureless white mound in a featureless white valley.

How long we lay there beside the sled, the six of us and Balto huddled close together for warmth, unconscious or dozing while that hurricane of a blizzard reached and then passed its howling crescendo, I never knew. Probably only half an hour, perhaps not even that. When I awoke, stiff and numbed, I reached for Jackstraw's flashlight. It was exactly four o'clock in the morning.

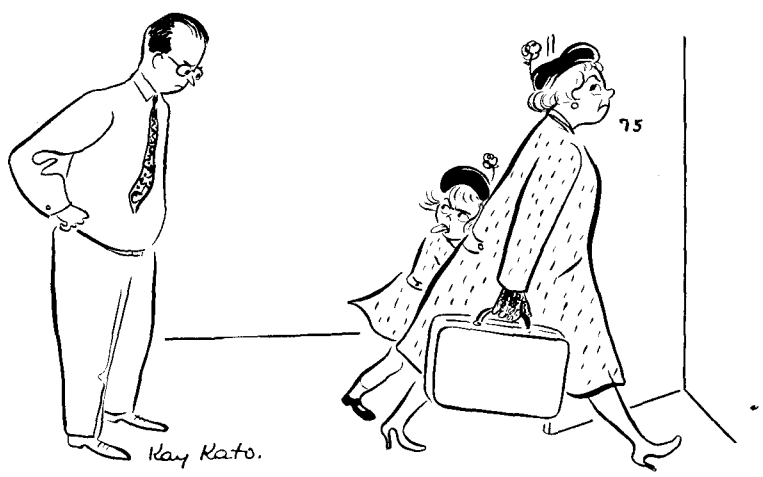
I looked at the others. Jackstraw was wide-awake—I was pretty sure he'd never shut an eye lest one of us slip away from sleep into that easy frozen sleep from which there would have been no waking—and Zagero was stirring. He looked away into the darkness, then twisted round. "What's the matter with that hound of yours, Jackstraw?"

"I don't know. I think I'd better find out." Twice while we had been resting Balto had left us, and returned after a few minutes. He seemed restless, uneasy. "I won't be long."

He rose, followed Balto into the darkness, returned in a short time. "Come and see this, Doctor Mason."

"This" was a spot less than a hundred yards away, close into the side of the glacier valley. Jackstraw flashed his light onto the snow-dusted ice. I stooped, made out a black circular patch on the ground and, a few feet away, a smaller discolored area where the surface snow had frozen solid.

"Oil from the gear case or sump, water from the radiator," Jackstraw said briefly. He (*Continued on Page 81*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Walt wed Mary, knowing that she had an eight-year-old daughter. He agreed that the child, whose father paid for her support, should live with them. Soon, however, he couldn't stand "the brat." He told Mary to choose between him and her daughter—one had to go. Instead, Mary walked out with the daughter and sued Walt for her own support. Walt, in turn, charged her with desertion.

"It is hard to conceive of any treatment more inhuman than refusing to live with a wife unless she gets rid of her child by a former marriage," Mary's lawyer argued. "By his cruelty in this respect, Walt forced Mary to leave him."

"What's so cruel about that?" Walt retorted. "A man shouldn't be compelled to live with his wife's relatives if it destroys his marital happiness, and that's just what that brat did."

If you were the judge, would you rule Mary a deserter?

• •

The wife was not a deserter. The judge said: "To compel a mother to cast out her child by a former marriage would be for this court to foster abandonment and neglect of children, as well as fail in its duty to preserve the family."

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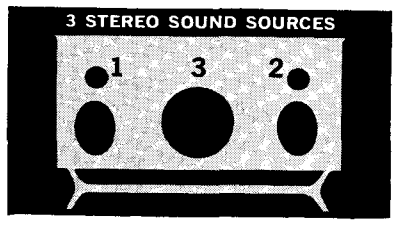

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CHOOSE FROM **95** ALL-HARDWOOD STYLES AND FINISHES IN TV AND STEREO HI-FI

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(*Continued from Page 78*) altered the flashlight beam. "And you can still see the crimp marks of the tractor treads."

"And very recent?" I suggested. The drifting snow, and the scouring effect of the flying ice particles had scarcely begun to obliterate the tread marks.

"I think so. And they were stopped here a long time, Doctor Mason—look at the size of that oil patch."

"Mechanical trouble?" I hazarded. I didn't really believe it myself.

"Riding out the storm—Corazzini must have been blind," Jackstraw said. "If the engine had stopped on that pair, they'd never have got it started again."

"Jackstraw!" A sudden thought, a flash of hope. "Jackstraw, did you sleep back there?"

"No."

"How long were we stopped?"

"Half an hour, maybe less."

"And you think they were still here—good heavens, man, they can't be more than a mile away! The wind's dropping right away, it's getting colder and we'll only freeze to death if we stay here, and maybe there'll be crevasses in the glacier to hold them up."

I was already on my way back, running, slipping, stumbling, Jackstraw by my side, Balto leading the way. Within a minute after reaching the sled, we were on our way.

But the hope was short-lived. We made the best speed we could, at times breaking into a kind of staggering run, but the sled slowed us up terribly on that uneven surface of the glacier. From time to time Jackstraw flashed his failing light on the crimp marks we were following, and it was obvious that the tracks in the snow were becoming fainter every time we looked at them. We had fallen so far behind now, three or four miles, I was certain, that the hope of overtaking them no longer existed.

Jackstraw and Zagero agreed. We took a trace apiece over our shoulders and plodded on slowly down the glacier, backs bent, heads bowed, each one of us lost in his own hopeless thoughts.

As Jackstraw had prophesied, the storm had blown itself out. By eight o'clock that morning, some three hours and six miles after we had left our resting place, the conditions for travel were perfect. The weather conditions, that was—underfoot they varied from the indifferent to the abominable.

We were now fairly into the Kangalak glacier, and the going was often difficult indeed. It was now that Balto proved to be his greatest value yet. The big Siberian had an uncanny nose for crevasses, both open and hidden, in daytime or darkness, and he made never a mistake that morning, constantly running ahead and then back toward us to guide us in the safest direction. Even so, progress was heartbreakingly slow.

Shortly after half-past eight in the morning we came across the tractor sled lying at an angle against a moraine. Even in the near darkness it was plain to see what had happened. The steepness of the glacier, not to mention sudden unaccountable dips to left and right across its width, must have made the heavy sled a dangerous liability, for from its tracks, we had several times seen where it had slued wildly at an angle, pivoting round on its iron tow bar as, brakeless, it had sought to overrun the tractor.

It was surprising that they hadn't abandoned it earlier. As far as I could judge, they had left it with all its contents—apart, of course, from the portable radio—including the wraps we had given Zagero and Levin when they had ridden on it at the point of a gun. We took these, tucked them round Mahler and Marie LeGarde and passed on.

Three hundred yards later I stopped so abruptly that the dogsled, bumping into me, made me lose my footing on the slippery ice. I stood up, laughing softly, laughing for the first time in days, and Zagero came up close and peered into my face. "What gives, doc?"

"My word, and I almost missed it!"

"Missed what?" He still wasn't sure that I wasn't hysterical.

"Come on back to the tractor sled and see. Smallwood claims he thinks of everything, but he's missed out at last." I turned on my heel and actually ran up the glacier toward the sled.

Many items were carried as standard equipment in I. G. Y. parties, both in the field and at base camps, and none more standard than the magnesium flares which first came into common use in the antarctic more than a quarter of a century ago—they are indispensable as location beacons in the long polar nights—and radiosondes. We carried more radiosondes than any other item of equipment, for our primary purpose on the icecap—the garnering of information about density, pressure, temperature, humidity and wind direction of the upper atmosphere—was impossible without them. These sondes, still crated with the tents, ropes, axes and shovels which we had found no occasion to use on this trip, were radio-carrying balloons which wirelessed back information from heights of between 100,000 and 150,000 feet. We also carried rockoons, radio rockets fired from balloons which took them clear of the denser parts of the atmosphere before releasing them. But right then rockoons were useless to me. So, too, were balloons at their normal operating height. Five thousand feet should serve our purpose.

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>
> DAN BENNETT

The dim glow from the flashlight was more than sufficient; Jackstraw and I had worked with these things a hundred times. To couple the balloon to the hydrogen cylinder, disconnect the radio and substitute a group of three magnesium flares fused with RDX took only minutes. We lighted the fuse, cut the holding cord and had a second balloon coupled onto the cylinder before the first was five hundred feet up. Then, just as we had the third on the cylinder and were disconnecting its radio, the first flare, now at about four thousand feet, burst into brilliant life.

It was all I could have wished for—indeed, it was more than I'd hoped for, and Zagero's thump on my back showed how joyfully he shared my feelings.

"Doctor Mason," he said solemnly, "I take it all back, all I ever said about you. This, Doctor Mason, is genius."

"It's not bad," I admitted, and indeed if anyone, in those perfect conditions of visibility, couldn't see the dazzlement of those flares at any distance up to thirty miles, he would have to be blind.

The second flare, considerably higher, burst into life just as the first went sputtering into extinction, and the further thought struck me that if there were any ships patrolling out in the sea beyond, it would give them a bearing the significance of which none of them could surely overlook. Then I saw Jackstraw and Zagero looking at me, and though I couldn't read their expressions in the darkness, I knew from their stillness what they were both thinking. The odds were high that Corazzini and Smallwood had seen the flares also. In addition to being dangerous, ruthless killers, they would become frightened killers; and they had Margaret and Johnny Zagero's father with them.

And so intently was I thinking of this that I all but missed something vastly more important, but Jackstraw didn't. I felt his hand on my arm, turned to see the strong white teeth gleaming in the widest grin I had seen for weeks, then half turned again to follow the direction of his pointing arm just in time to see low on the horizon in the southeast and not more than five miles away the earthward-curving flare of a signal rocket.

I had never seen anything half so wonderful in all my life, not even the sight, twenty minutes later, of the powerful, wavering headlight beams of Hillcrest's big snow tractor as it appeared over a rise in the plateau and headed toward the spot where we had just ignited the last of our flares and were waving it round and round our heads on the end of a long metal pole, like men demented. I don't suppose it was much more than ten minutes before the great red and yellow tractor ground to a halt beside us, and willing arms reached down to help us into the incredible warmth and comfort of that superbly equipped and insulated cabin.

TO BE CONCLUDED

My Adventures as an Illustrator

(Continued from Page 31)

paid ten to fifteen dollars an hour. Three appointments a day would net a model thirty to forty-five dollars. I couldn't match that. It took me four days to paint a single figure from the model. So I was in a dilemma.

Then there had been the invasion from the Middle West. Suddenly a whole army of new, young illustrators had sprung up—Al Parker, Emery Clarke, John Falter, Stevan Dohanos and others. These young fellows did pictures at weird angles—looking through girders, up staircases, down from rooftops—angles which it was impossible to get working from the model in a studio. You had to use photographs if you didn't want to spend six weeks getting the perspective right.

At first I used photographs only occasionally, trying to hang on to the shreds of my self-respect. But it was like taking a touch of morphine now and then. Before I knew it I was an addict. Photographs cleared up all my difficulties immediately.

Nowadays I use photographs for all my work. I still feel guilty about it, but I comfort myself with the thought that many of the great painters used aids to drawings: the camera obscura, the camera lucida, mirrors, and so on. Holbein had a system for drawing on glass. Albrecht Dürer invented and presumably used a drawing aid. Toulouse-Lautrec and Degas sometimes worked from photographs. These men used the camera and other devices as aids, never slavishly. I think I do the same.

I don't copy photographs. Lots of people have the idea that when you work from a photograph, you just tint it. If that were so, anybody could paint a *Post* cover, which is manifestly absurd. On an average I take at least 100 photographs for a single *Post* cover. They are guides, nothing more. The essential ingredient in my finished paintings is me—my feelings, ideas and skills. After all, I did paint directly from the model for over twenty-five years, and at times I still do.

Working from photographs has many advantages. I no longer have to depend on four or five professional models, painting them over and over again. I can use anybody—the butcher, the baker, the plumber, Mrs. Grundy, Grandma Wilcox.

I never use the camera myself. Instead I work with the model, and when the smile has widened and the eyebrows are way up and the eyes are sparkling, a photographer snaps the picture. Before, as the hours of modeling passed, the expression would freeze into a grisly parody of glee. I'd had to settle for a fairly static pose, and there was a limit to the number of sketches I could make. Now, with photographs, I can try endless variations.

Photographs helped when I was painting the Four Freedoms, but the work still took six months, and left me dazed and weary. I relaxed by doing my first April Fool's cover, in which an elderly woman wearing ice skates and an old man wearing roller skates are playing checkers without checkers, surrounded by bottles suspended in air, flying ducks, a dozing deer, a zebra coming out of a picture frame, a woodpecker, a skunk, a fish leaping up a cascade in the stairway, a rug sprouting toadstools, and so on.

April Fool! I thought I had fixed the people who write in about mistakes, but I hadn't. I put forty-five mistakes and incongruities into the picture; a man wrote me from South America claiming to have found 120.

Then I painted a Boy Scout calendar. And that night my studio in Arlington, Vermont, burned to the ground.

My son Tom woke me at 1:30 A.M., shouting an alarm. I looked out the window. A storm of flame crackled red and molten gold in the interior of the studio, and rolled in a thundering cloud of sparks and smoke through the roof.

Pulling on a pair of pants and buttoning my shirt, I ran downstairs and tried the phone. Dead. The wires came through the studio. Mr. Wheaton, our hired man, rushed out of his room, nightshirt whipping about his knees. I sent him in the car to Walt Squires' house, a half mile up the road, to call the fire department. Then I ran outside to see if anything could be saved. It was no use; I couldn't get within thirty feet of the studio.

Pretty soon the fire truck drove up, volunteer firemen hanging all over it, some still in pajamas. Somebody yelled, "Save the barn, the studio's gone!" and five or six men grabbed a hose and ran to the river.

In half an hour's time the front lawn was crowded with people who had come to see the fire. The walls of the studio caved in with a crash and a shower of sparks, and people said, "A-a-ah, what a shame!"

I didn't feel sad at all. Maybe I was in a state of shock. (*Continued on Page 83*)

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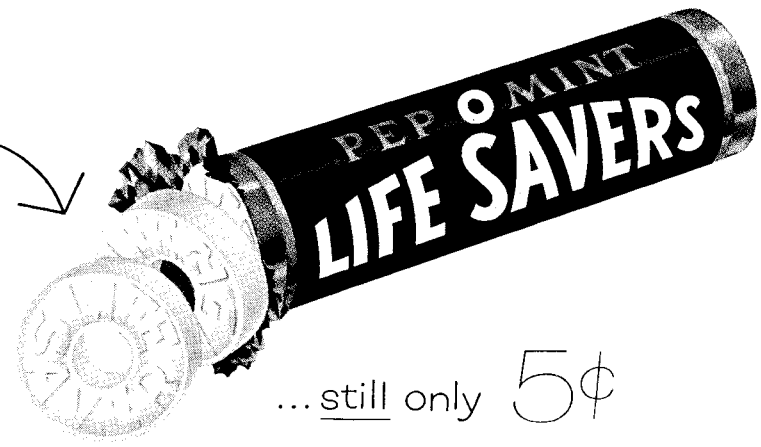

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(*Continued from Page 81*) The only thing which seriously worried me was the loss of sketches I'd made recently at the White House for a double-page spread in *The Post* titled, "So You Want To See the President." I'd spent four days at the White House, sketching what a visitor to President Roosevelt would see from the moment he passed through the gates until a secretary ushered him into the President's office. Now I wondered whether they'd let me hang around the White House again to redraw the sketches.

The next day I called one of the secretaries at the White House. "Come right down," she said. "You'll be welcome any time. We heard about your fire."

The work in Washington went quickly. When I returned to Arlington and saw the black ruins of my studio and the charred skeleton of the barn, I remembered what I'd lost in the fire—all my antiques, covers and illustrations which I'd kept over the years, my costumes, my collection of old guns, Howard Pyle prints, my paints, brushes, easel, my file of clippings—everything, the accumulation of twenty-eight years of painting, traveling, collecting. It gave me an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach.

I won't rebuild the studio, I thought. *I'll sell the place and move somewhere else.*

That night I talked it over with Mary. She agreed with me, and the next day we bought an eighteenth-century house on the village green in West Arlington. The mountains rose steeply almost from the back door, and the house was shaded by old maples. Across the green ran the Batten Kill, spanned here by a covered bridge.

For a time during my early days in Vermont I was deputy commander of Civil Defense for the township of Arlington. The organization had been formed to defend the town against Hitler, some famous reporter having predicted that the Nazis would strike from Canada, invading Vermont and penetrating down Route 7. We had plane spotters, rescue squads—nurses, Red Cross ladies, stretcher bearers—and fighting squads which were to push trucks loaded with cans of gasoline down on the Nazi tanks. Everybody wore arm bands and used code words and said "Roger!" instead of "yes." As deputy commander I was assigned to a telephone in the control center. My job was to relay reports to the commander.

For our first drill the imitation Nazis were two schoolteachers, a man and wife, with swastikas painted on cardboard strapped to their chests. They entered the town from the north. An outpost spotted them.

"Panzer division advancing down Route Seven by the Wagon Wheel Restaurant," I announced to the commander.

"Roger," he said.

The holocaust of war descended on Arlington. A massacre at the high school! Houses aflame! The covered bridge at Chiselville blown up! Four bodies, bomb casualties, in front of the Colonial Inn! The control center was a flurry of activity.

The guard at the Chiselville bridge phoned in. Doctor Russell insisted on crossing the bridge, he said, but it was "blown up." What should he do?

"I don't know," I said. "I'll ask the commander."

"You'd better speak to the doctor," said the guard. "He's hopping."

"O.K.," I said, "put him on."

"Listen, Norman," said Doctor Russell, "I've got a woman who's going to have a baby across that damned bridge. I'm going across whether it's blown up or not." He hung up—and crossed the bridge.

I started giggling and disrupted the reporting system. When the commander said, "Rog-er!" I lost my grip on the phone and dropped it under a table. In short, I disgraced myself. The next day I was demoted from deputy commander of Civil Defense for the township of Arlington and assigned as assistant to Jim Edgerton. It was his duty to alert West Arlington by banging with a crowbar on a piece of railway track hung from a tree. If Jim wasn't home when the attack came, I was to do the banging.

So I went back to my painting.

Norman Rockwell made this sketch of his wife Mary, after she died unexpectedly on August 25, 1959. It appears on the dedication page of the book version of the artist's autobiography—published in February, by Doubleday and Company.

There was, for instance, the Willie Gillis series. After the first draft call, but before Pearl Harbor, I had conceived the idea of a series of *Post* covers depicting the experiences of a young civilian who suddenly found himself caught up in Army life. Mary had thought up the name for the series, and one night at a square dance on the West Arlington green I discovered the perfect model.

His name was Bob Buck, and I painted him in situations which I thought were typical of an average draftee's life in the Army: receiving a food package from home, sleeping late during a furlough, peeling potatoes. The series became so popular that I figured I was set for the duration. Then Bob Buck managed to get himself into the Navy. I sorrowfully laid Willie to rest.

No! said the editors of *The Post*, you can't drop him. He's too popular. This posed a problem. I didn't have a model. All I had were some old photographs of Bob Buck. And then I had a bright idea. I did Willie and his warlike ancestors, portraits of the Gillis men in uniform from Great-great-great-grandfather Gillis in his Revolutionary War uniform down through Great-great-grandfather Gillis (War of 1812), Great-grandfather Gillis (Civil War), Grandfather Gillis (Spanish-American War), Willie's father (World War I) to Willie himself, grinning innocently from under his helmet.

The six portraits were all painted from the same photograph of Bob Buck. I altered the expressions, crowned each Gillis with a different hairdo, made the portraits different shapes and sizes, put them in a variety of frames, hung them on a flowered wallpaper and, presto-whiz-bang, I had a *Post* cover. Beneath the portraits I painted in a row of books with titles like *The Gillis Family Genealogy*, *A History of the United States and the Gillis Family*, *With Gillis at Valley Forge*, *Gillis and Lincoln*—purely imaginary titles. The books provided an anchor for the bottom of the picture. The cover was very popular, mostly, I'm sorry to say, because of those books. All the Gillises in America wrote to me asking where they could buy them.

This cover was published in September, 1944. By that time the war was nearing an end—though I didn't know it then—so I was saved the racking problem of thinking up another Willie Gillis cover which I could do without a model. After the war, when Bob Buck returned from the Pacific, where he'd served as a Navy pilot, I painted the last of the series, the eleventh: Willie as a college student sitting in a dormitory window reading a book.

Finally there were the homecoming covers—the Marine describing the landing at Iwo Jima to his friends in a garage; the sailor basking in a hammock on the front lawn of his parents' house; the soldier surprising his family and friends in the back yard of his tenement home. His mother is holding out her arms, his little brother is running to meet him, people are looking out of windows, boys in trees are shouting, his girl is standing quietly to one side. The whole neighborhood is surprised and happy. He has come back. The war is over.

Ben Hibbs always liked that cover of the soldier's return, and the original today hangs over the desk in his study at his home. At the risk of appearing immodest I'd like to quote a paragraph he wrote about it: "The homecoming cover has been borrowed many times for art exhibits, including at least one exhibit in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. I have always felt that it is the greatest magazine cover ever published. Many readers, I should add, would not agree with me. A Rockwell popularity poll which we once took among our readers was won hands down by the cover of the little old lady saying grace in the restaurant at the railroad station on Thanksgiving Day."

I've had failures, of course. Sometimes, after a monstrous struggle—sketches made, props gathered, a set constructed, models selected, photographs taken, and then more sketches, new models, more photographs—I find that my picture isn't a picture; it won't go. There was, for instance, the affair of me and the eight movie stars. It seemed a beautiful idea when I roughed it out in 1949. A murder mystery for a *Post* cover! I'd show a murdered man surrounded by friends and relatives, one of whom had done him in. Clues to the solution would be in the picture, and *Post* readers would be invited to solve the crime. For a prize maybe.

A few weeks later I went to Los Angeles and rented a studio. Then I queried Twentieth Century-Fox: Could they get me movie stars as models for the picture?

"We'll get the greatest cast ever assembled!" a public-relations man said. "How many people do you need?"

"It's a parody of an English murder mystery," I said. "The scene's a castle. There's the old lady who owns the castle."

"Ethel Barrymore! O.K.?" shouted the public-relations man.

"And a sinister chef."

"How about Boris Karloff?"

"A scandalous, glamorous actress and a demure upstairs maid."

"Linda Darnell—Loretta Young!"

"And a wastrel, holding a ferocious riding crop with a big blunt-instrument head on it."

"Richard Widmark. He's the wastrel type."

"And a haughty butler."

"Clifton Webb."

"And then," I said, "I thought I'd have a dog."

"By George," said the public-relations man, "we'll get Lassie. It's the most spectacular cast ever assembled. No movie could afford it."

"Do you think they'll all do it?" I said.

"Ethel Barrymore's the key," he said. "If she'll do it, the others will. I'll call her agent."

"The corpse," I said. "We've forgotten the corpse. Only his feet will show, though, so I don't guess we need anyone in particular."

"We can't let down now," he said. "How about Van Johnson?"

Twentieth Century-Fox provided a set: an oak-paneled, baronial room with a huge marble mantelpiece. Electricians, carpenters, prop men and a cameraman were assigned to help me. The stars were pulled off (*Continued on Page 86*)

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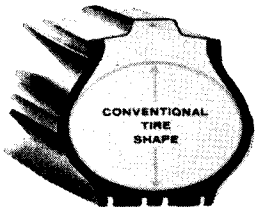

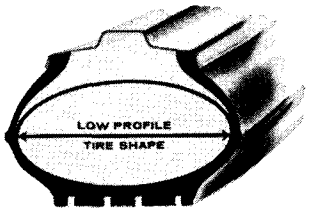

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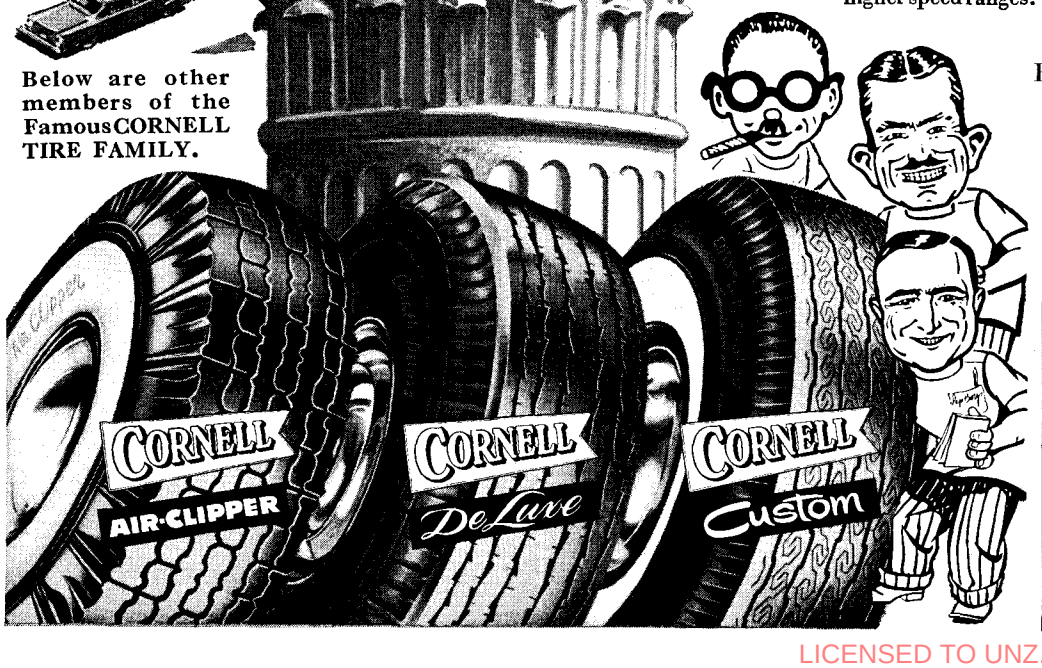

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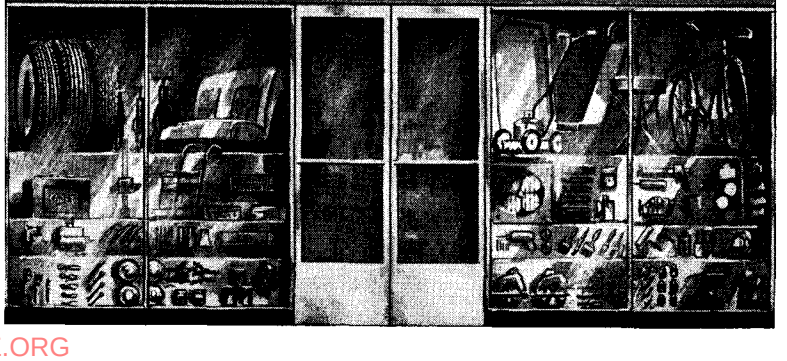

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(*Continued from Page 83*) pictures they were making to pose for me. Ethel Barrymore swept in, recognizing me from my teen-age days, when I had taken her sketching. "Tell me, Mr. Rockwell, *whom* have I *murr*dered?"

"Van Johnson," I said.

"Superb," she said, "I have always wanted to murder that boy."

For four days I worked hard, directing them. They worked hard, posing. The carpenters hammered and sawed, the electricians set up lights, the prop men shifted furniture and hung and rehung drapes, the cameraman took photograph after photograph. In short, everybody toiled away so that everything would be just right.

Then I did the charcoal drawing of the cover and sent it to *The Post* for approval. Well, they wrote back, if you really want to paint it go ahead, but we don't think it's up to scratch. The movie stars kill it. The readers will be so busy recognizing the stars that they'll miss the whole point of the cover.

I went out to my studio, unwrapped the charcoal, and looked at it for the first time with critical eyes. The editors were right. And the murder clues I had planted were too slim. I rolled the charcoal up and put it away in a drawer. It's still in a drawer. Nowadays I avoid Hollywood. Suppose I met Loretta Young on the street? Or Lassie?

That sort of thing happens to me all the time. Not too many years ago I came up with a cover idea laid in a baseball park. A brawny umpire is daintily dusting home plate with a little whisk broom, while the batter and catcher wait. The contrast between the squatting umpire—big, red-faced, square-jawed—and his finicky, housekeeping gesture, seemed humorous to me.

I called Philadelphia and told my idea to Ken Stuart, art editor of *The Post* since 1944. Ken suggested that I use actual major-league baseball players as models. "We'll run the cover during the first week of the season," he said. "I'll get the catcher and the star of two teams which are going to play each other on opening day, and the umpire who's going to work that game."

"Fine," I said. "It'll be authentic."

A couple of weeks later I flew to St. Louis. Ken had got me Stan Musial for the batter, Joe Garagiola for the catcher, and Al Barlick for the umpire. We all rode out to the ball park with five or six newspaper reporters and photographers who were coming along to cover the story. It was late fall. The playing field was wet and ragged, but the groundskeepers had groomed it around home plate, marking off the batter's box and the foul lines in white.

"It was quite a job," one of them remarked to me as my photographer was setting up his camera.

"We'll get a *Post* cover out of it," I said. "That's worth the trouble."

So by now I had involved the art editor of *The Post*, two ball clubs, about five or six groundskeepers, Stan Musial, Joe Garagiola and Al Barlick in my cover. I had the best intentions, and I had no doubts about this cover; I was sure it was a good one.

I posed Garagiola and Musial, fussing and carrying on until their expressions were just what I wanted. Then I showed Barlick how I wanted him to stand—bent from the waist and facing the pitcher's mound, his rear up and toward the grandstand.

"You know," Garagiola remarked casually, "the ump doesn't generally stand that way."

"Oh, it'll be all right," I said, paying little attention, for I was adjusting Barlick's cap to the correct angle, and it kept slipping over his forehead.

None of the reporters, photographers or groundskeepers backed Garagiola up. Neither Stan Musial nor Al Barlick said anything. The remark was forgotten. We finished taking the photographs, and later that day I flew back to Vermont.

There I did the charcoal drawing, traced the outlines of the figures on canvas and commenced painting them. A week or so later, when I was about half done, my neighbor Jim Edgerton came into the studio.

"How do you like it?" I asked him confidently.

"Fine," he said, sitting down on the window seat to watch me paint. After a minute he said, "I don't think an umpire stands like that. Doesn't he turn his back to the field and face the stands?"

I panicked, suddenly remembering Garagiola's casual remark.

"You sure?" I asked weakly.

"Well, I've never seen a major-league game," said Jim, "except on television. But as I recollect it, that's not how an ump stands."

I called Ken Stuart. He investigated. Jim was right. There's nothing in the rulebook which says an umpire must face the stands when he dusts the plate, but it's an unwritten law. You watch the umpire sometime. He always faces the grandstand.

So there I was, in trouble again. I tried turning the umpire around, but the cover wasn't funny if you couldn't see the expression on the umpire's face, or the dainty way in which he was dusting the plate. It was no good switching the scene all around and painting it as if I were sitting in the grandstand, because the batter and catcher would loom up larger than

"It goes on the foot nearest the window."

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the umpire, squatting in front of the plate. Anyway, without the dark, colorful background of the stands, the picture went all to pieces.

So into the dustbin it went. At first I felt like crawling in with it. After I'd lived with myself for a few days and kicked myself a bit, I reflected that it had been an innocent error and, after all, I'd worked hard for nothing too. . . . Still, nowadays I avoid ball parks. I might meet Stan Musial or Joe Garagiola. What could I say if they asked me about the cover?

I could tell about more flops, but I'd rather not. Instead, I'll jump to a day in 1952, when I had an urgent phone call from Ken Stuart.

"Norman," he said, "you have two and one half hours with General Eisenhower tomorrow morning in Denver. We want you to paint his portrait for *The Post*."

"Tomorrow morning?" I said. "I'll never make it."

"Get a train to New York," said Ken. "We'll have a man meet you with the plane tickets. Don't let us down. We had a terrible time arranging it. The general has just arrived in Denver from the convention. He's going to take a short vacation before the presidential campaign starts. You won't get a second chance."

"I'll try," I said, rather worried.

The plane landed in Denver at six o'clock in the morning. I had an early breakfast, and at eight o'clock sharp I met James Hagerty, General Eisenhower's press secretary, in the lobby of the hotel. He took me up to the room in which I was to see the general. The light was bad—gray and sickly.

"Can't we use another room?" I asked. "One higher up where other buildings don't cut off the light?"

"No," said Mr. Hagerty. I gathered that he didn't think much of the whole idea of my painting the general. But I insisted. "All right," he said, "if the hotel manager will give you one."

The manager was happy to oblige, and showed me to a well-lighted room on the eighth floor. *The Post*'s Denver photographer, who was to take pictures for me, helped rearrange the furniture so that the general would be in the best light. Then I went back downstairs, where Mr. Hagerty introduced me to General Eisenhower.

Right off I knew he was going to be a good model. He was smiling as he greeted me, but as we rode up in the elevator to the eighth floor, his face relaxed, becoming almost sad. I wanted to say something to cheer him up, but before I could speak, a woman in the rear of the car said, "Oh, general, will you shake hands with me?" His face lighted up—his eyes sparkling, his mouth curving in a wide grin.

Later, as I was making a color sketch of his face, I realized that the general's range of expression was appealing. Watching his wide, mobile mouth and expressive eyes is like watching a diamond revolved in the sunlight, flashing colors and light. His face is changing all the time, a real rubber face.

"You know, general," I said, "you're a wonderful model." He laughed and asked me how much I paid my models. When I told him, he said he'd stick to painting, and, say, did I use black on my palette? Somebody had told him not to.

"It's better if you mix it from other colors," I said. "Otherwise it's too strong."

I worked him pretty hard. I wanted to be sure to get everything I'd need. When we began to take photographs, I asked for a series of different expressions. "Could you act as if you're whipping out a command?" I said.

"Forrr-ard HARCH," he barked.

"That's it," I said, thinking, *He likes to act, and he can do it too.* Then, "Look as though you're worried." His mouth sagged glumly; his brows contracted. "Now laugh," I said.

"Gee," he said laughing, "don't show this gold tooth. Mamie doesn't like it."

"Now," I said, "don't think of anything funny. Think of something pleasant. I want a happy expression. What do you like best? I tell children to think about ice cream. Something like that."

"Well," he said, "I've got some pretty nice grandchildren." His eyes sparkled, the corners of his mouth turned up and his cheeks seemed to glow. I honestly think he has the most expressive face I've ever painted.

The general and I didn't discuss politics or the campaign. Mostly we talked about painting and fishing. But what I remember most about the hour and a half I spent with him was the way he gave me all his attention. He was listening to *me* and talking to *me*, just as if he hadn't a care in the world, hadn't been through the trials of a political convention, wasn't on the brink of a presidential campaign.

The following year I moved from Vermont to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where I now live. In 1956 I again painted President Eisenhower's portrait for *The Post*. I also painted a portrait of Adlai Stevenson. Painting both candidates didn't exactly clarify my political views because, as it turned out, Governor Stevenson was very likable and charming too.

I guess my politics are sort of ragged; I'm not rigid either way. In my youth, I could pontificate on my ideas of politics, art and life. Now I can't. Time has whitened my hair, and experience has made me less dogmatic.

I had an awful shock last August twenty-fifth. I had been to my Tuesday Marching and Chowder Club lunch, and Mary had been fine when I left the house. When I returned, my daughter-in-law, Cinny, said Mary was taking her nap. But a friend had called, and as it was then 2:30, I went upstairs to wake her. She had died peacefully in her sleep.

Even now I still can't believe it. She was so alive and vital and only fifty-one—I'm sixty-six. I realized millions of other people have had this same kind of experience, but you realize what it means only when it happens to you. Everyone loved Mary deeply, and we had been together for almost 30 years. Before her I had my share of friends and acquaintances, but she showed me what joy there is in loving and being loved. Never was anyone more devoted than she to me—and to our sons and our two daughters-in-law.

Then, three months after her going, our first grandchild was born. How she would have loved him!

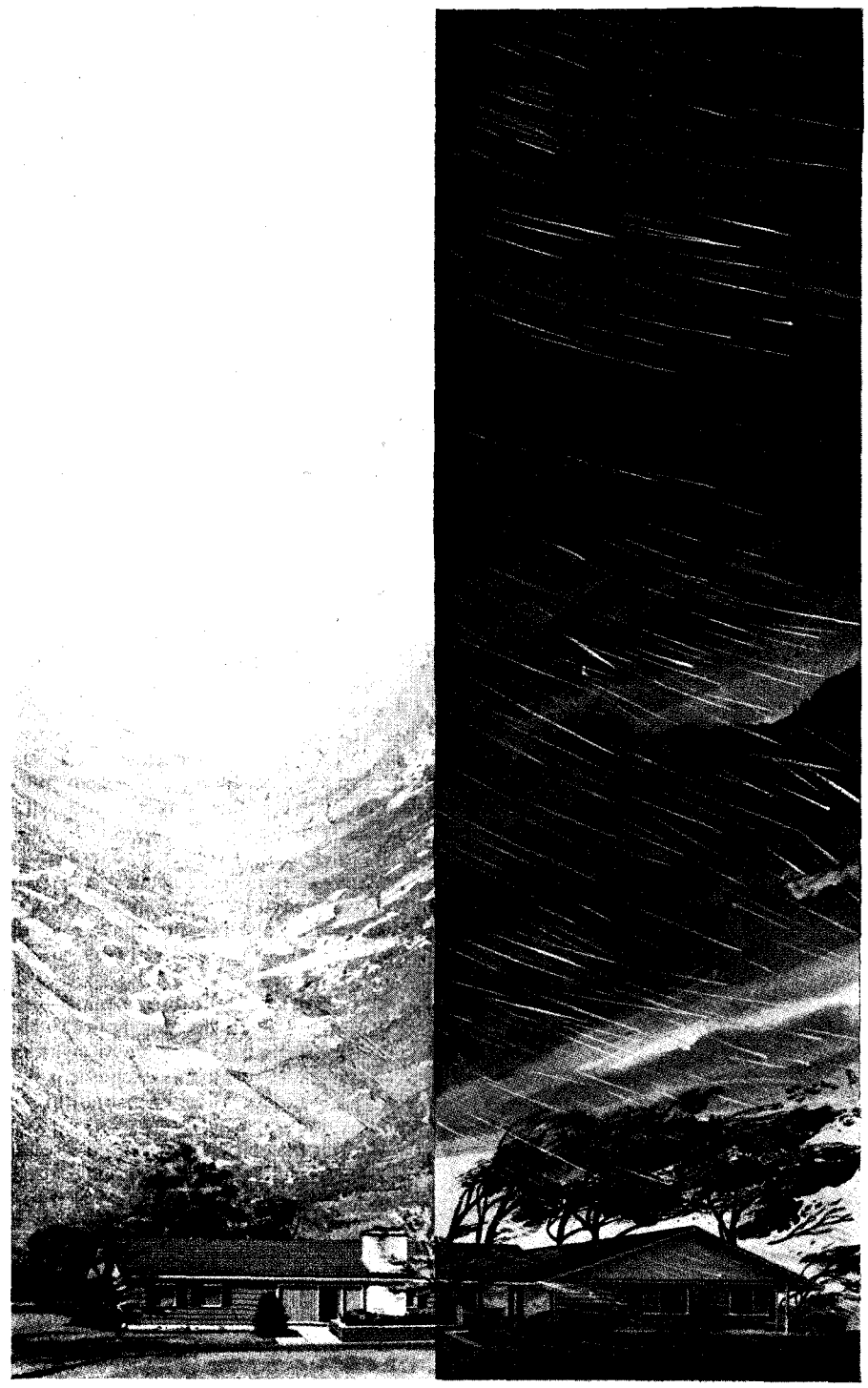
I was stunned by Mary's death, but I realized that she would want us to go on living and working. A good friend of mine, Katharine Stuart, said a very wise thing to me: "You've got to treat your new way of life as a new adventure." I surely am trying, but there's a hard, tough knot of sorrow and pain that I'll always carry with me.

I no longer believe that I'll bring back the golden age of illustration. I realized a long time ago that I'd never be as good as Rembrandt. But I think my work is improving! I get up early every morning, and I'm at work by eight. I start each picture with the same high hopes, and if I never seem able to fulfill them, I still try my darnedest. Somebody once asked Picasso, "Of all the pictures you've done, which is your favorite?"

"The next one," he replied.

That goes for me too. Sketches for seven *Post* covers are lined up on my print shelf. I guess I'd better stop this gossiping and get back to work.

This is the last of eight articles by Mr. Rockwell. —THE EDITORS



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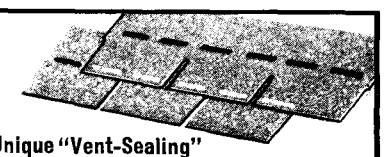

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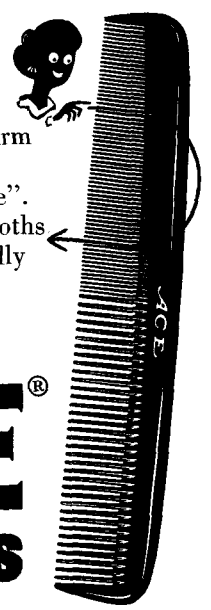
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The Governor's Girl

(Continued from Page 23)

I could well believe it. I spoke carefully. "How long has this been going on?"

"You know how it used to be? Leda could do no wrong. Seventeen was awfully young for college, I guess. Anyway, when she came home she started explaining things to James! Yes, I do mean political things. She doesn't believe in right-to-work and she believes the closed shop should be a law. You can see ——"

"What did he do?"

"Well, you know James's temper. He stood it very well for a while, and then one day he told her not to be a damn fool. It shocked her dreadfully." Edith smiled faintly. "I don't suppose she was used to it. Then she hardly spoke for a week—until he got after her about that. And then—well, this."

The family Irish in me rose to the front. "If I were James," I said hotly, "I would try again. I would either be very, very nice or I would go after her again—and this time I should use a stick."

"That's what I am afraid of—James's temper." She fitted a monogrammed cigarette into a holder, and I lighted it for her. Edith always makes me feel protective. "I am so worried, Alice. I am sure that Leda is deceiving us. Yes, to put it quite brutally, she is lying; and when James finds out ——"

'Deceiving?" I couldn't believe it.

"She goes out quite often to play tennis, as she says, but when she comes back I know that she has not played tennis. And on those days, she is always, always late for dinner."

"Well, of course, Edith, a man ——"

"A man? Such curious hours!" Her intensity seemed to dissolve in a flutter. "In the midst of all this excitement it is really too much. Alice, I am counting on you to find out what."

At four o'clock Leda appeared, dressed for tennis, and told her mother that she was going out.

"All right, dear." Edith seemed to accept this as the inevitable. "Remember that your father wants you here particularly tonight."

"Yes, mother."

"You will be here?"

"I'll try."

When she had gone Edith said, "She has her own car." Whether this was spoken in apology or just despair, I could not tell. "I told James she was too young, but he says not. He says it gives her a sense of property."

That evening the guests arrived, but Leda was nowhere to be seen. We were on our way through the front hall to dinner when the door opened. Leda, who could not have foreseen the perfectly wrong moment to open the door, found herself in our midst. She wore, of course, shorts. Perhaps if she had gone straight in with the more aggressive of the men she might have got away with it, but she stopped to ask her mother, "Shall I change?"

James said in a voice several times too loud, "Yes, and don't bother to come down again. I'll see you later."

Leda stood quite still. A slow, interior color rose under her exquisite pallor. James apparently was going to stand there until she climbed the stairs one by one in front of us all, but Edith broke the silence. "Come," she said, and we all moved at once toward the dining-room door. As soon as dinner was over and the ladies were alone, Edith leaned down to speak in my ear.

"Go and talk to her, Alice, before James is through with the men."

Upstairs I knocked and entered with a single motion. "Aren't you being very foolish?" I asked briskly.

"You mean by disobeying daddy?"

"No, I mean by sitting there in those ridiculous shorts. You should get into something very fluffy and feminine at once."

"Why?" Leda's smile was weary, indifferent.

"Because there is no use suggesting to your father that you are a twelve-year-old boy. He already knows that you need a good thrashing. I warn you, Leda. He'll give you one, if you push him far enough; and I must say you'll deserve it."

"Yes." She looked at me calmly. "Of course, what you are saying is to put on the old female act. Isn't that it, Aunt Alice?"

"You're darned right, it is. Leda, if I may say so, you have led too soft a life."

"I know." Her face came passionately to life. "But all you think of is to trick the dominant male so that I can make it softer still."

I could have wept for her, but I said stoutly, "Why do you find it necessary to fly in the face of your father who, after all, hasn't been so very domineering to you?"

"I couldn't help it," she said sulkily.

"Why not?"

"I was at a meeting."

"A meeting? For heaven's sake, what kind of a meeting?"

Leda walked nervously, almost desperately, to the window. "You won't tell? You promise not to tell him?"

"Of course not," I said, wishing at once that I hadn't given so easy a promise.

"A meeting of the Y. P. L. F. I. P.—Young People's League for Fair Industrial Practices." Once it was said, Leda seemed to feel that she had established the most natural position in the world. "You can see," she said reasonably, "why I can't be home for dinner."

"Leda." I spoke carefully. "How—perhaps you might tell me how you got mixed up with the Y.P.-whatever-it-is."

"Well, I've always done a lot of thinking," she started slowly, and I could see that I had opened the floodgates, "about whether free enterprise and all that stuff that daddy likes is really the best. He's on the good end of it, and so am I; but it's not all fun and games for everyone, you'll have to admit. Up there at school I knew this boy, actually he's a junior. His name is Sandy Bannister. He's thought it all out and he thinks the same way I do and he belongs to the Y.P.L.F.I.P. You see, Alice, it's all very well to talk about the individual and all that, but what if some individuals are tramping all over other individuals? Daddy would say I am a Communist"—she looked at me scornfully at the same time that her voice still rang with joyful excitement—"but I'm not. It's just what everyone calls you if you disagree with them—if you would like to make anything in the world just a little bit better."

"Leda," I said hastily, "I see your point. I really do. But now you must really get into bed."

She grinned. "In a fluffy pink negligee?"

"In anything. In your pajamas. I am going to stop your father from coming up here tonight if I can; but if he does come, I want you to promise me one thing."

"What is that, Aunt Alice?" She was climbing obediently into pajamas.

"That you'll tell him the truth."

She stopped with one leg in, one leg out. "But—he'll kill me." She pulled the covers over her head, and I could hear, as I left, a muffled giggle. "I'm asleep, daddy. I can't talk to you while I'm awake and I can't lie while I'm asleep. I'm sound asleep."

I had got away not a moment too soon; as I started down the stairs I ran into James, coming up. Almost unconsciously I held up my hand. "S-sh!"

"Well, Alice, what in heaven's name is she up to?"

"I have found out where she goes."

"You have? By George," his face brightened at once, "where is it?"

"I promised I wouldn't tell."

"My word, Alice, why did you do that? You know she won't talk to me." He paused. "Well, what would you do with her?"

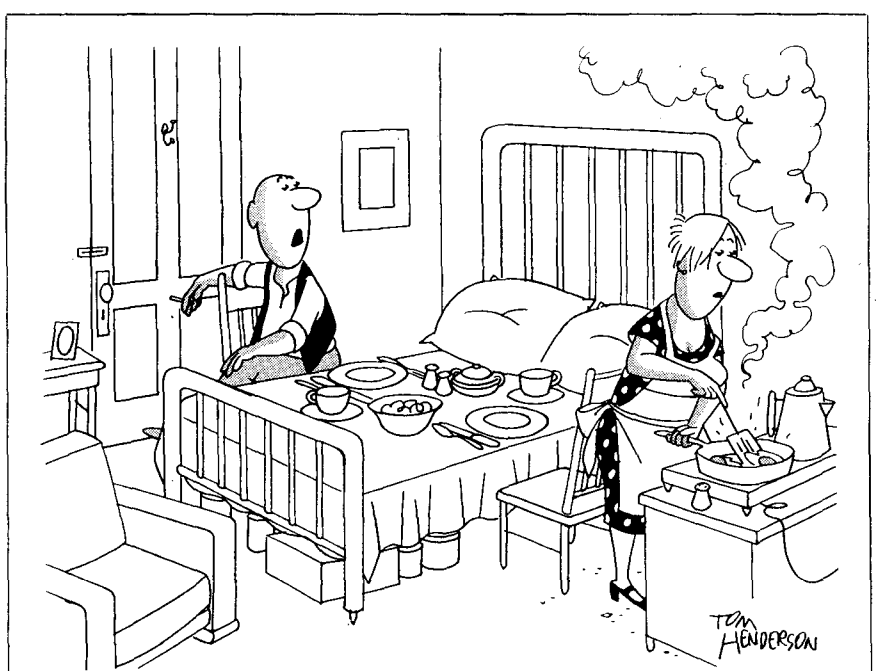
"Get her a job. Work the daylights out of her." I elaborated on the thought. "Keep her too busy to get into trouble."

"I believe that's it." To my relief he started walking down the stairs. "You don't know what this has been for us, Alice—so unexpected."

"I know." I felt sorry for him. "But I can't tell you what it is anyway, James. You'll just have to manage somehow."

He laughed. "All right. But, Alice, if this happens again, I'll cut her into small bits. You can tell her that."

The inaugural day went off to the roar of acclaiming crowds. During the long parade Edith and Leda and I were suitably placed, a little behind and to the left, on the gubernatorial platform. After this we had barely an hour in which to



"By the way, I spoke to the landlord about a larger apartment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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slip away and dress for the elegant crescendo to the day—the dinner and inaugural ball. It was not until Edith and I were ready and James waited in the hall that we discovered that Leda was not there. Even I could hardly believe that she had chosen this moment to be late again.

"She can't," I said, "she simply can't——"

"She has."

Looking straight ahead of him, James walked out the front door and into the waiting car. Edith and I got in after him. It was a relief when we joined the stream of cars moving past our best hotel. We could see the mink emerging from the limousines ahead of us; it was, I should say, almost to a stole, private-enterprise mink. In the midst of all this magnificence a rather dim-looking line was marching up and down in front of the hotel. They carried banners which proclaimed: REPEAL TAFT-HARTLEY, and NO "RIGHT" TO WORK, and so on. James looked intently, but no one else seemed to be paying any attention to the demonstrators until, just as he stepped from the car, in the heat lightning of the photographers' bulbs, there leaped into prominence a slender figure in shorts. She was third from the end of the line, and her head was proudly held and covered with close black curls. "Look at Leda!" someone yelled, probably a plant in the crowd. For a moment everyone looked, except James. His expression never changed. In the lobby he said to his secretary, Alec Carden, "Get her home, Alec. Lock her up—anything, so long as it's quiet."

Alec, a resourceful young man, adored his chief. He put an ordinary taxi, not a police car, by the curb and said something inane, like "Mr. Black wants to see you," into Leda's ear. He had her in the taxi before she could open her mouth. When he got her home Alec put her in the study and stood guard until James came back. James spoke to her, at least briefly, that night, and that was all I knew.

The next morning I came downstairs early, to a pile of morning papers. They were stacked neatly on the breakfast table, looking as innocent as a time bomb. I began at the top and worked my way down, from the *Herald*, GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER PICKETS INAUGURAL, to the *Graphic*, LOVELY LEDA FLOUTS FATHER. By the time James came down, I could have spanked Leda personally and hoped that James had done so. "Have you seen these?" I demanded.

"Certainly not." He actually smiled. "That's what Carden is paid for." He looked and spoke reasonably, but the next question was the one I was afraid of.

"Did you know about this, Alice?"

"Well, in a way, yes. But I had no idea she would do this."

"I suppose not. One wouldn't." He began walking up and down. "I suppose you know what this means to me, how awkward it is, to say the least. I lost my temper last night and told her what I thought of her. I'm glad I did. I don't think I could do it this morning."

"I could—with pleasure."

"She really believes that stuff. I told her that it was an underhand thing to do, that she had stuck a knife in my back, because that is the way I feel about it. She doesn't see it that way, or she says she doesn't. She kept on talking about principle, telling me about public morality."

"What are you going to do?"

He gave a sudden roar. "Confound it, public morality isn't everything! I told her that decency can be private, too, between two persons. I said she shouldn't want to eat my bread and then betray me; and do you know what she said to that? She said she didn't have to eat my bread; and then, dammit, Alice, I can tell you I had a hard time getting hold of myself. I did, though. I just told her to get the hell upstairs and out of my sight, and she did."

"Rather rapidly, I should think."

"Yes, rather rapidly. And then I did the thing that tied it."

"What?"

"I called her back in and told her that if she thought she was getting off scot-free she was much mistaken. I was going to punish her in the morning."

"I am sure she expects it."

"I suppose so." He grunted. "But I don't want to make a martyr of her."

"You spoiled her," I said hotly. "You never taught her to obey."

"Perhaps." He sat down and drank a glass of orange juice. After a while he said quite positively, "Leda will be all right."

"I'm sure she will." I wasn't at all sure. How could anyone be? But James can always take one by surprise. He leaned forward now, with special earnestness, and asked a question. "The thing is, Alice, how far can I trust her?"

This was too much. He couldn't expect me to answer that. "Only you, James," I began, "only you can——"

He sprang to his feet. "All right." He was smiling in an offhand, rather superior way. "And you know, now that I've got around to it, I believe I'm going to give her a whale of a hard time."

He went off quite cheerfully, leaving me feeling that I had suggested punishment. Well, perhaps I had. Watching him walk out the door I noticed the swing of his broad shoulders, the back of his well-shaped red head. He had been unexpectedly temperate, almost mild; but just the same, I was ignobly glad that I was not in Leda's shoes. I was not feeling sorry for

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BEAUREGARD: Gosh, we thought it was just milk.

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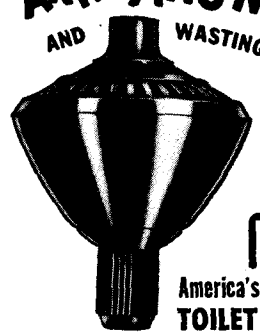

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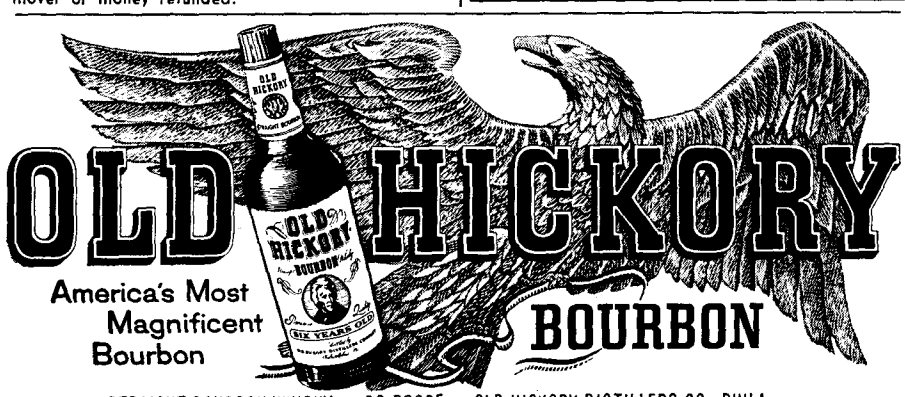

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her, though—at least not yet. When she finally came down, late for breakfast but looking maddeningly serene, as usual, I sized her up coldly.

"I see, Leda," I said, "that you are still eating your father's bread."

"Yes, Aunt Alice." She flushed, but looked at me directly. "I do seem to be, don't I?"

I said nothing, deliberately.

"What difference does it make what food I eat? That doesn't mean that daddy is necessarily right."

"You are talking about ideas. What you did to your father last night was a concrete act—like a kick in the teeth. Here, read these!" I picked up the morning papers and brandished them under her exquisite nose.

"Do I have to?"

"You will read every one of them aloud to me. Starting here."

That she did just that remains one of the most unexpected triumphs of my life. Long before she had finished, Leda was quite green. Toward the end her mother came in. They looked at each other for a speechless moment, and then Edith went through to the pantry. Leda laid the last paper down on the table, gave me a wild, unseeing stare and ran out into the garden. I stood up and looked out the French windows at a sky of the strongest, most self-sufficient blue and a crimson rose. *When she breaks*, I thought, *it must be to him, and not too completely, please God, not too completely.* I did care very deeply for Leda—not for her convictions, which I felt were temporary, but for her self-respect.

Lunch that day was served by the artificial lake in the garden. There were only a few of us—the Cardens, James's campaign manager and, ironically enough, his public-relations man. Leda swam by herself at the far end of the lake. James, back from the office for lunch and his daily swim, went into the water after her.

"Is she in disgrace?" asked Betty Carden, less sensitive than her husband.

"Yes," said Edith shortly. "I need not say that you are not to be nice to her."

Mrs. Carden was watching the swimmers. They had pulled themselves up on the bank of a little island and sat talking together. We were too far to hear, but were near enough to see fairly well. They stood up, he gave her what looked like a sharp slap on the behind, and she dived with incredible beauty into the lake.

When they rejoined us, Leda moved near her mother. "You are dripping on me, Leda," Edith remarked coolly. Leda moved away and sat dripping alone until the butler passed her a tray of Martinis and tomato juice.

"No, thank you." And then, I am quite sure it was a spontaneous thought, "Bring me a large orange juice without ice, will you, Harrow?"

Her mother spoke lazily but distinctly. "Harrow is far too busy, Leda, to get you special drinks. You may drink what's there."

Leda smiled at the butler. "Never mind, Harrow," she said. "Don't bring me a large orange juice without ice."

I was sure that James and Leda had reached some kind of understanding out there on the island; now he could have relaxed the cold, deliberate pressure in the air around her by the slightest sign, but he did not once glance in her direction. At last the two men from the organization and Betty Carden left us. Only Alec and the family—and Alec was like one of the family—were still there when Leda went over to her father. She sat down on the flagstones by his side.

"Daddy, I know I don't rate any special favors." There was a pause. "Would you mind, can I have my punishment now?"

He smiled. So this, I thought, is what he has been waiting for. The act of submission, the semipublic apology. I felt, in my Irish heart, that the child was really sorry. What, exactly, had he meant this morning by "a whale of a hard time"? Was he going to take my advice and put her to work instead of sending her back to college? How could I have thought of such a thing? I felt slightly sick.

"Yes," he was saying, "since you ask me so nicely, I will give it to you now. You are to give me that dirty-capitalist car of yours and not get in it until I give you permission."

I was astonished to see Leda's face fall. Surely, considering what she had been through, this last formal punishment wasn't excessive.

"I can't, father."

"You can't what?"

"I can't give you the car."

"Why not?"

"Because I have given it away." There was the silence of flat astonishment. "To the Y.P.L.F.I.P."

Everyone's eyes hung on James—all except mine, which went involuntarily to Edith. Her face was frozen in apprehension. Pressure in James seemed to rise until his eyes popped. He flung back his head and roared with laughter.

"Well, Leda, by gosh." He choked. "You win. You are really the world's first consistent Red."

Leda looked as though she didn't know whether to be pleased, offended or just relieved.

"Never mind." He raised his hand. "Never mind. I admire you, I honestly do, but I'll be hanged if I ever get you another car." He stood up and looked at her. "But if you ever pull anything like that again that whack was only a sample. And now," he looked at Alec, "I suppose the newspaper people are still with us."

"Yes," said Alec. "There are about eight of them backed up in the living room right now." He paused discreetly. "Most of them want to see Leda."

"Do they really?"

"Actually I did more or less promise that fellow from the *Herald*."

"All right." James looked at Leda. "Would you like to take him on?"

"Yes. I'd like to, daddy."

The man from the *Herald* appeared in record time. He unslung his camera and looked at Leda with undisguised interest. Although he didn't say, "We meet again," the words hung impalpably in the air. Aloud he said, "Hello. That's a good shot right there. Just fine—perhaps a little closer together, governor?"

"Hold on," said James. "Let's have the interview first."

"O.K. All right. Miss Carberry," his eyes gleamed, "if I remember correctly, at our last interview you said that officially you had no politics. Unofficially, am I right, you are a member of the Y.P.L.F.I.P.?"

"Yes," said Leda, flushing, "but I am going to resign."

"I see. This is a sudden decision? Taken since last night?"

"Yes."

"Why? Let's say, was there any particular pressure involved?"

Leda, I am quite sure, was conscious of all our eyes. "No," she said blandly. "That's what I want to tell you. As long as my father is governor, it would not be fair to him if I were—well, active politically too."

"Officially, you mean?"

"No, I mean officially or unofficially either—for as long as my father is governor. In four years you might come back and I will give you another interview."

"That I will, Miss Carberry. That I will. Will you and the governor sit quite close, as though you were talking things

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over? A little closer. Oh, very nice. Thank you. Thank you very much."

"Good grief!" When the *Herald* man had folded his camera like a giant insect and departed, James exploded. "What did you mean by this come-back-in-four-years stuff?"

Leda blinked, but the words came out in a rush. "Well, daddy, in four years you won't be governor any longer, and I will be past twenty-one; and I only meant, well, someday, won't you have to be loyal to me?"

James looked rather shaken, but he rallied. "Just for now," he said, "if you don't mind, we'll stick to the *status quo*."

"Yes, daddy. I'm sticking to it."

He rose and ran his hand through her curls, giving them, at the end, a sharp twist.

"Oh, daddy, please!"

"All right. I suppose I can't stop your thinking. I suppose I don't even want to." He sighed. "But that definitely will be all the conversation I need for today."

When Leda and I had been left alone by the lake, I looked thoughtfully at my lovely niece. "Has it occurred to you, Leda," I said at last, "that you have not been punished at all? Except, possibly, by your own conscience?"

"You weren't there. All my bones are shook up." She gave me a fleeting smile. "A lot of them are probably broken."

"Ah. So your father did wallop you out there on that island."

"Oh, he did really. I really got it. When I told him that I'd resign from the league, he never said he was glad, or anything like that. He just said to get back in there with the others and to try behaving like a human being, or something. I said, 'That's what I mean, your authoritarianism,' and that's when I got it, naturally."

"Naturally."

"Well, how did you make out with your head-shrinker today, dear?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There was a pause, during which she looked at me earnestly. "Alice?"

"Yes."

"You know my car?" I nodded. Yes, I knew her car. "Well, I didn't really give it away. I just lent it to Sandy for a few weeks while he was doing all the league work at school this summer. Now that I've made that statement for the papers and everything, do you think that daddy would let me have it when I go back?"

"If I were you," I said with conviction, "I'd let sleeping dogs lie."

"I guess you're right." She grinned. "I might get the car back or get something else, like forty lashes, instead. Ah, well." She gazed dreamily over the lake, and I thought for a moment that the subject was closed. But in the next instant she was looking at me again with wide, innocent eyes. "Alice, you know it's right there—the car, I mean. Would it be very wrong, do you think, if I used it just a little, every now and then?"

"Yes," I said firmly. "It would be very wrong."

"I know. Besides," she said gravely, with a clear note of pride in her voice, "if daddy ever found out anything like that, I guess he really would take me apart."

"Yes, dear." I spoke as reassuringly as I knew how. "He would cut you into small bits."

"Oh, he would. But you know," she said and looked at me seriously, "he really did break down a little. He said I could think, that he wouldn't absolutely annihilate me for thinking."

"Yes," I said, "that was quite a concession."

She rose, and her figure was silhouetted for a moment against the garden scene. The sky behind her seemed a softer blue, the roses a kinder red than before.

"Leda," I said as firmly as I could, "if I were you, I would go in the back way and I would try not to meet any reporters—not for four years, anyway."

She smiled her most irrepressible, enchanting smile. "You know, Alice, this has been a wonderful experience."

"For whom?" I said a shade tartly. "For what?"

"For me, politically."

"I am afraid I should have called it more of a close shave."

Obviously this failed to click. She looked at me, her eyes glowing. "Do you think, Alice, that I'll ever be as good as daddy?"

"Leda," I said slowly, "on today's form it will be a real frosty Friday before anyone beats your father."

"Yes," she nodded. "He's really good. Well, I'll be going in now."

"By the back way," I said gently.

"All right." She grinned at me. "Yes, Alice, by the back way."

I watched her walk, with her usual exquisite grace, through the rose garden and into the house. For just a moment a rather crazy question entered my head. *In four years' time, which one of them,* I wondered, *will I be voting for?* THE END

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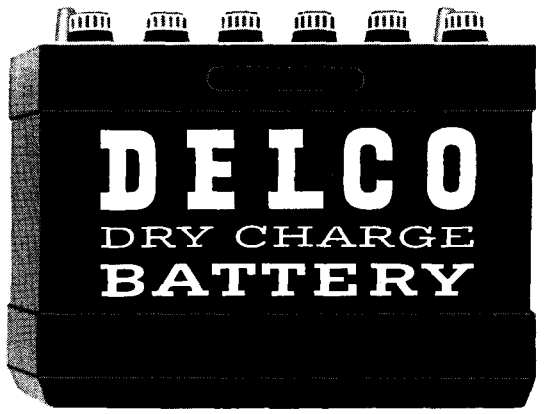

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Kennedy vs. Humphrey

(Continued from Page 21)

listening to one of Kennedy's fact-filled, quotation-packed speeches. "If he didn't nobody else would." It was a shrewd remark. Kennedy is a senator, forty-two years old—he will be forty-three in May—and a Roman Catholic. Only one sitting senator has ever been elected President, and no man as young as Kennedy and no Catholic has ever been elected to that office. It is thus genuinely astonishing that Kennedy should be today the leading contender for the Democratic nomination. The chief reason is that he does indeed "take himself seriously for the Presidency"; and he has gone after the great prize with the iron determination and steely self-confidence which underlie his diffidence of manner.

By the same token, it may be Hubert Humphrey's greatest drawback that he does not take himself really seriously for the Presidency—or at least he doesn't seem to. There is nothing in the slightest diffident about Hubert Humphrey's manner—he is no more bashful than a cock sparrow. And yet one senses that Humphrey is really a more humble man than Kennedy, which is after all natural enough. Kennedy was born to the purple, a member of a powerful and extraordinary family dynasty, heir to a colossal fortune. What one admirer of the family has called "the Kennedys' passion for distinction" was instilled in him from birth.

It is thus not a bit hard for Kennedy to take himself seriously for the Presidency. It is hard for Humphrey, the druggist's son from Wallace, South Dakota. It is all the harder for Humphrey because he has the sort of sense of humor which makes a man enjoy a joke on himself. A man with that kind of sense of humor finds it hard to take himself really seriously for the awesome office of the Presidency, which may be why that kind of sense of humor is rare among presidential aspirants.

The afternoon before Kennedy arrived for his eighteen-hour campaign day in Southern Wisconsin, Humphrey also made a briefer foray into the state. In accordance with the ritual his first act was to call a press conference in a suite in a Madison hotel. The press conference was going well. With his attractive, gray-haired wife Muriel by his side, Humphrey replied to questions slowly, in measured tones—his advisers had obviously told him to curb his habit of speaking like a human machine gun. He was in the midst of solemnly challenging Kennedy to a series of debates—the classic maneuver of the underdog—when a curious scratching and scrabbling noise came from one side of the room. Humphrey paused in midsentence, when suddenly one wall of the room seemed to come apart—it was a removable partition, of course—and the surprised face of an elderly workman appeared in the space where it had been.

The odd little episode struck everyone present as funny, and it clearly seemed funnier to Humphrey than to anyone else. "Spontaneity," he cried in his high, gravelly voice. "Spontaneity. That's what you get in this gatherin'—you never know what to expect." And he laughed his high, infectious laugh. After that Humphrey dropped his presidential manner and answered questions in his usual rapid-fire way, with his usual combination of pugnacity and good humor.

"Poor Hubert," Adlai Stevenson is supposed to have remarked (and it sounds like Stevenson), "he does have a quality of total utterance." The voters of Wisconsin tend to put it less elegantly: "He's kinda gabby, ain't he?" In fact, to paraphrase Winston Churchill's famous remark about Clement Attlee—"Modest? Modest? He has a great deal to be modest about!"—Humphrey has a great deal to be gabby about. He knows a lot about a large number of subjects, and his tongue races to catch up with his mind, which is very quick and agile indeed.

When he is campaigning, Humphrey behaves a good deal of the time like an exuberant master of ceremonies—"I hope everybody's having a real good time," he will suddenly shout. He is effective—and notably undiffident—in the handshaking routine, and when he is "saying a few words"—which tend to become many—to small gatherings. As for his more formal efforts, a speech Humphrey made to the pro-Humphrey Farmers' Union in Madison after his press conference made an interesting contrast to Kennedy's speech to the college students at Whitewater the next day.

Humphrey made no attempt at all to outegghead Stevenson. His only quotations were from "the beautiful words of Scripture," and the speech was a highly expert appeal to the self-interest and the emotions of his farm audience. There was pure corn—"If Muriel and I ever move to sixteen hundred Pennsylvania Avenue, it will be a real family place, and you folks would always be welcome. We'd keep the coffeepot on all the time." There was a sideswipe or two at Kennedy, for "failure to repudiate the Nixon-Benson sliding scale," and at the end, after only fifty minutes on the rostrum—under par for Humphrey—there was a peroration keyed to the theme, "be proud you're a farmer."

The speech was effective, and the peroration was even rather moving. But there was nothing surprising about the speech—it was in the ancient tradition of American political oratory, as all Humphrey's speeches are. In fact, Humphrey's style as a political orator is much more traditional than Kennedy's. Although Kennedy is a politician to his finger tips—and, as he often says, proud of it—Humphrey sounds more like a politician, and he looks more like a politician. Indeed, with his receding, jet-black hair, his shiny forehead and his big jaw, Humphrey looks too much for his own good like the Hollywood version of a politician, and too little like the Hollywood version of a President. It is unfortunate for Humphrey that major politicians no longer wear beards, as they used to eighty or ninety years ago. With a beard Humphrey would look thoroughly presidential. Without one, he doesn't.

The fact that it is hard for most voters—and perhaps for Humphrey himself—to take Humphrey really seriously as a potential President is one reason, perhaps the main one, why Humphrey is the underdog in Wisconsin. Logically Humphrey ought not to be the underdog in Wisconsin. For Humphrey has—or seems to have—all sorts of advantages over Kennedy.

His age—a mature but still explosively vigorous forty-eight—is more presidentially appropriate than Kennedy's. He is a Protestant, like every President in history, and like well over 60 per cent of the Wisconsin voters. He is of predominantly Anglo-Saxon stock, like almost all our Presidents—if Kennedy is nominated, the country for the first time will choose between a pair of Irishmen, as both he and Nixon are of Irish stock. And Humphrey comes from neighboring Minnesota, which has a lot more in common with Wisconsin than distant, suspiciously Eastern, Massachusetts.

In the long period of Republican power, when Wisconsin was represented in Washington by Republican Senators Joseph McCarthy and Alexander Wiley, Humphrey acted as "Wisconsin's third senator," doing all sorts of favors for Wisconsin's Democrats, and for farm and labor groups as well. As a result, Humphrey's support sounds impressive. He has the backing of the Democratic organization in six of the ten Congressional districts. He is supported by popular Lt. Gov. Philleo Nash and other influential officials. He is backed by the leaders of the Farmers' Union and the United Automobile Workers, and he has most of the leaders of the AFL-CIO in his corner.

Moreover, for the first time, the Humphrey candidacy is beginning to attract money. As a result, Humphrey has plenty of television and radio "spots"; and Humphrey billboards have blossomed all over the state. Humphrey says that 95 per cent of the money comes from Minnesota. It might be more accurate to say that it comes *through* Minnesota. The reason the Humphrey candidacy is attracting money is quite obvious. A great many powerful people, including all the other Democratic candidates, would dearly love to see Kennedy defeated in Wisconsin.

All this sounds impressive from afar. But the closer you get to it, the more Humphrey's organizational strength in Wisconsin seems to fade away. The party and farm and labor leaders who are for Humphrey are for him in a rather languid way. Some of them have announced for him as a polite gesture in return for past favors, and others, like Nash, decided to back him on the theory that he would make a useful stand-in favorite son, leaving the Wisconsin delegation with a free hand for bargaining at the convention. This kind of support is unlikely to be translated into a lot of Humphrey votes on April fifth.

Kennedy, on the other hand, has a major asset in the open support of the Democratic state chairman, shrewd Pat Lucey. He has a well-financed and thoroughly professional campaign organization, headed by able Ivan Nestingen, mayor of Madison. And Kennedy has all sorts of other advantages over Humphrey.

NEXT WEEK

AN INTIMATE VIEW OF DWIGHT EISENHOWER:

MY FRIEND THE PRESIDENT

By George E. Allen

THE FARMER'S SIDE OF THE CASE

By a Farm Wife

IN COLOR:

PLEASURE PALACE IN MOROCCO

By Joe Alex Morris

WHY DANA BUXTON SMILED

How a Daring Operation Saved a Doomed Child's Life

By Don Murray

UNLOCKING THE SECRETS OF SPACE:

BIG EAR IN LOST VALLEY

By Sidney Shalett

MY PITCHING SECRETS

By Early Wynn

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Some are sheer luck. For example, almost 30 per cent of the total vote will be cast in heavily Catholic Milwaukee, where polls give Kennedy a handsome edge. A hot mayoralty contest is expected to bring out the voters in Milwaukee, much to Kennedy's advantage.

Kennedy is also lucky in at least one of the enemies he has made—James Hoffa, Teamsters' Union boss, whose dubious record was exposed by Kennedy's brother Robert. Hoffa's hatred of all Kennedys, and his well-publicized efforts to revenge himself on Jack Kennedy in Wisconsin, are accounted major assets in the Kennedy camp.

There is another Kennedy asset which is very difficult to measure precisely, but which could be decisive. That is the ghost of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy. For McCarthy's ghost could quite conceivably make the difference between a close squeeze for Kennedy and a big win.

It is a vital difference. Suppose some such headline as this appears in the papers on April sixth: KENNEDY WINS CLOSE CONTEST IN WISCONSIN. That would have a very different meaning from the two imaginary headlines cited earlier in this report. For a Hairbreadth Harry victory is not at all what Kennedy is gunning for in Wisconsin.

He himself says, of course, that he will be satisfied with a bare majority of the popular vote. But a victory by a percentage point or two will not prove what Kennedy set out to prove in Wisconsin—that he is the unquestioned choice of the rank-and-file Democratic voters. Even if he fails to win big, Kennedy will still be in the race. But he could be counted out "in some downtown hotel room in Los Angeles." Kennedy's best insurance against being counted out is a big win.

What is a big win? Professional politicians call any victory under 55 per cent of the popular vote "marginal." Really to impress the professionals, therefore, Kennedy must score 55 per cent of the vote or better. It is at least possible that Wisconsin's Republicans, especially the admirers of Joe McCarthy, will supply Kennedy with that one vote out of twenty which could give Kennedy the kind of victory he so desperately wants and needs.

In Wisconsin the blackest Republican is perfectly free to vote in the Democratic primary, and vice versa. In the past, Democrats have repeatedly invaded the Republican primary to decide the outcome—in the 1946 primary, for example, Democratic voters (with an assist from the Communists) undoubtedly gave McCarthy himself the Republican senatorial nomination over the late Robert La Follette Jr. This year a number of Republicans will certainly return the compliment by voting in the Democratic primary.

How large a number? Nobody really knows, of course. Most Republicans will no doubt vote in the Republican primary to swell the total for Vice President Nixon, even though he is unopposed. But my own guess is that there may well be enough crossover Republican voters to account for 5 per cent or more of the Democratic vote, and that a big majority of these crossover Republicans will be former McCarthy supporters who will vote for Kennedy.

This guess—admittedly no more than a guess—is largely based on three days of polling the voters early in the campaign, in the key Seventh District in the heart of Wisconsin. A reporter can't find out, with any real certainty, who is going to win in a primary by polling the voters. But by going out and ringing doorbells and talking to the voters he can get a smell of the political situation which he can get in no other way.

There is, for example, a theory fashionable in Washington that Humphrey will be the beneficiary of the Republican crossover vote, on the grounds that the Republicans will vote for Humphrey as the weakest Democratic candidate. If there are such sophisticated and Machiavellian voters in Wisconsin, I failed to find one of them in long days of searching, and I am perfectly sure that there are not enough of them in Wisconsin to make any difference. But I am equally sure that there are quite a lot of Republicans who intend to vote for Kennedy.

"That Humphrey's a radical," said a Republican in Marathon County. "As I see it, this boils down to a beat-Humphrey proposition. A lot of good Republicans are going to get into the primary on Kennedy's side."

Humphrey's reputation as a flaming liberal may be useful to him in the big cities. But it is no help in the smaller towns and the countryside, where it is universally assumed that the "radical"

... ...

Two-Year-Old Singing

By R. H. Grenville

She doesn't know that songs
should have
Words. She doesn't care
If her little three-note
sparrow chirp
Cannot be called an air;
She only knows she cannot
hold
Her inward joy for long
And, like a fledgling, gaily
pipes
Her small, imperfect song.

... ...

Humphrey is far to the left of Kennedy. In fact, aside from Humphrey's style as a politician, there is little on which to base this assumption—the Humphrey and Kennedy voting records are virtually identical, and equally acceptable to the left-wing Americans for Democratic Action. Even so, the notion that Humphrey is far to the left of Kennedy is one magnet which will attract Republicans into the Democratic primary.

Another and even more powerful magnet is another inaccurate notion—that Humphrey fought McCarthy tooth and nail from the beginning of the Wisconsin demagogue's career. In fact, Humphrey, like a good many other liberal Democrats, was exceedingly circumspect where McCarthy was concerned. It is true that, like every other Democrat of whatever political line, Humphrey voted to censure McCarthy. But although Kennedy was ill at the time, he has said since that he, too, would have voted to censure McCarthy if he had been present in the Senate.

Again, Humphrey's unearned reputation as a paladin in the fight against McCarthyism may help among liberal Democrats and in such university towns as Madison. But it is likely to hurt more than it helps. Even today, the memory of McCarthy stirs the kind of strong emotion that gets people to the polls. And a good many McCarthy Republicans will go to the polls to vote for Kennedy, despite the fact that the intellectual and responsible Kennedy has nothing in common with the anti-intellectual and irresponsible McCarthy, except religion.

To cite an example of a McCarthy Republican for Kennedy, there was the farmer who owned a neat, prosperous-looking farm some miles outside Wausau. He was a pleasant, dark-haired, youngish man, with a friendly dog. (A pollster soon learns that the owner of a tail-wagging dog is quite likely to ask you in for a cup of coffee, while the dog of the man who slams the door in your face is just as likely to give you a departing nip.) Over a cup of coffee in the steamy kitchen the friendly farmer explained how he meant to vote—for Kennedy in the primary, for Nixon in the election. Then he went on to explain why.

He was a Republican all the way, he said, and he would certainly "stick with Nixon" in November. But he was going into the Democratic primary to "give that Kennedy a little boost," he explained, because Humphrey was "too radical" and because—here there was emotion in his voice—Humphrey had been "too hard on old Joe." There was another reason he would vote for Kennedy, he said. He was a Catholic himself, "but I'm not going to uphold Kennedy because of that, but because there are so many people who are against him because he is one."

The friendly farmer's reasoning was typical of that of a good many Republicans who are thinking of giving Kennedy "a little boost" in the primary, although few were so forthright. The farmer was typical also in that he was a Catholic. Not all Republicans-for-Kennedy are Catholics. But a lot of them are.

Here we come to a factor in the great Wisconsin battle which is even more difficult to measure than the Republican crossover—"the religious issue." One reason it is difficult to measure is that the voters are uncomfortably aware that it really ought not to be an issue. "Why, that shouldn't enter in at all," people say in shocked tones. But it does enter in. Some people, a minority, say frankly that they plan to vote for or against Kennedy on religious grounds. Others get a sort of tight look about the mouth and refuse to talk about the subject. With still others, who are willing to talk, it is impossible to judge how they will really vote.

Take, for example, the amiable white-haired lady in the large house with a crucifix on the wall by the door. "We're Republicans," she said with a note of pride. "President Eisenhower is just about everything to me." A pause. "But I'd kinda like to vote for Kennedy. We're Catholics, and he looks so sort of innocent and boyish." How will she really vote?

Or take the Lutheran seed merchant, a down-the-line Democrat, who thought Kennedy was a "very good man." He would vote for him in the primary then? A pause. Well, Kennedy "doesn't quite suit." Why not? Another pause. "Well, now, I'll tell you. I'm not sure a Catholic ought to be President." How will he vote?

Of course, there are Catholics who are strong for Humphrey and Protestants who are passionate Kennedy admirers. And yet it is unquestionably true that there are a considerable number of Catholics in Wisconsin who will vote for Kennedy primarily because he is a Catholic, and also a considerable number of non-Catholics who will vote against him for the same reason. Which group is larger? Again nobody knows. Because it is a subject which causes many people to clam up, I don't think the most careful and extensive polling would reveal a clear answer. But my guess, for what it is worth, is that Kennedy's Catholicism is on balance an asset in Wisconsin, despite the fact that Protestants outnumber Catholics by more than two to one.

If this guess is correct, and you add up all Kennedy's other assets, it is difficult to see how Hubert Humphrey could win. And yet Humphrey has one asset which just might outweigh all Kennedy's impressive advantages. He is the underdog. He is little David battling against big Goliath.

Wisconsin loves underdogs. Both of Wisconsin's senators were elected as underdogs—Republican Wiley because the Republican state convention endorsed another candidate and Democrat Proxmire because he had been beaten often and was given no chance. Wisconsin's vote for underdog Harry Truman in 1948 was one of the major surprises of that surprising election. Outsiders wonder how the state could have produced both the progressive La Follettes and the reactionary McCarthy. Insiders tell you that both the La Follettes and McCarthy managed to appear in the role of David, battling respectively "the interests" and "the international Communist conspiracy," and that they drew their support from much the same voting groups.

When the campaign began, Kennedy shrewdly tried to pre-empt the position of underdog David. His brother very publicly advised him to stay out of Wisconsin, on the grounds that the odds were hopelessly against him. When the Humphrey forces reduced the number of at-large, winner-take-all delegates from ten to five, the Kennedy forces shouted "vote steal." But these attempts to make Kennedy the downtrodden underdog have failed—mainly because the underdog is so obviously Hubert Humphrey.

Humphrey, with the dash and exuberance which characterize him, is busily exploiting the underdog position for all it is worth. One of his favorite performances is his "rich little poor man" act. "People say I'm the poor man in the race," he says. "But I don't think so. My father was poor, but he was a wonderful man—he was struck with a cerebral hemorrhage as he was preparing a lay sermon." (Is it possible that Humphrey is suggesting an unspoken comparison with Kennedy's immensely rich Catholic father who has contributed heavily to the Kennedy candidacy? Perish the thought.) "I've got a wonderful family, a nice house with a nice mortgage on it. I can tell you, I don't have to get ulcers worrying about my wealth. Rich? How rich can you be?"

It is a fine performance. So is Humphrey's performance as the fearless progressive, in the La Follette tradition. Only a fighting liberal, Humphrey says, can beat Nixon. "If you want someone who is bland, like warmed-over tea, you can have him, but he won't win." (Is it possible that Humphrey is comparing his old friend Kennedy to warmed-over tea? Perish, again, the thought.)

If Humphrey can persuade the Wisconsin voters that he is the penniless Midwestern David battling valiantly for the little people against the millionaire Goliath-Kennedy from the snooty East, he just might pull it off. But, although no doubt I shall shortly regret having written these words, I shall be surprised if he does pull it off. I shall even be rather surprised if Kennedy does not win rather big, in view of his remarkable showing in New Hampshire. Of course, like other political reporters, I have been surprised before—if it had no surprises, the great game of politics would not be the fascinating game it is. In any case, those headlines on April sixth will be worth watching out for. They will tell a big story about the political future of the United States.

THE END

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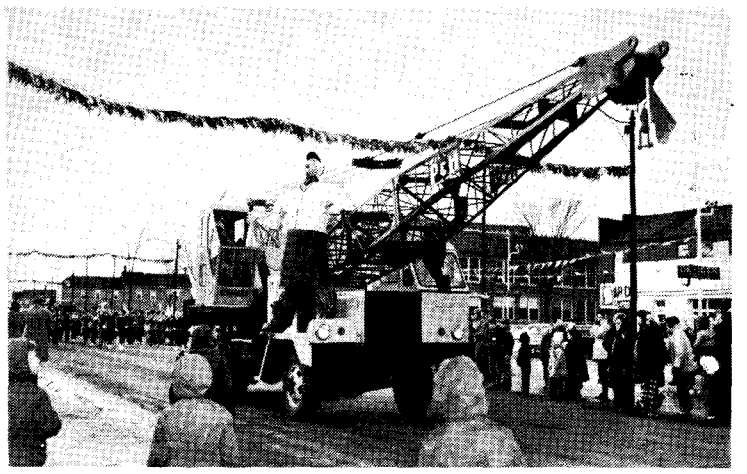
THEY COULDN'T TURN BACK . . . THEY WOULDN'T GIVE UP

Wausau Story

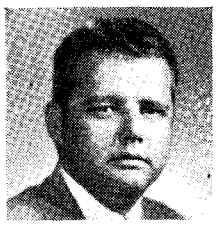
IN ESCANABA

ON MICHIGAN'S UPPER PENINSULA

by **Henry Harnischfeger,** *President*
The Harnischfeger Corporation, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



This winter Escanaba staged a celebration to salute the Harnischfeger Corporation's contribution to the city's prosperity. In the parade a P & H Miti-Mite truck crane—made by the Company in Escanaba—carries a figure of Big Ole, blacksmith in the Paul Bunyan legend.



"Back in 1852, lumberjacks took over Michigan's Upper Peninsula . . . and for years the logs they took out of the huge pine forests kept Escanaba busy. With ore and wood setting the pace, there were plenty of thriving smaller businesses and retail stores.

"You can probably guess what happened. The story has been repeated in hundreds of towns where the local economy was based on natural resources alone. There was no diversification, no chance for expansion. With the depletion and diversion of the natural resources, it looked as if the town's prosperity and progress were at an end.

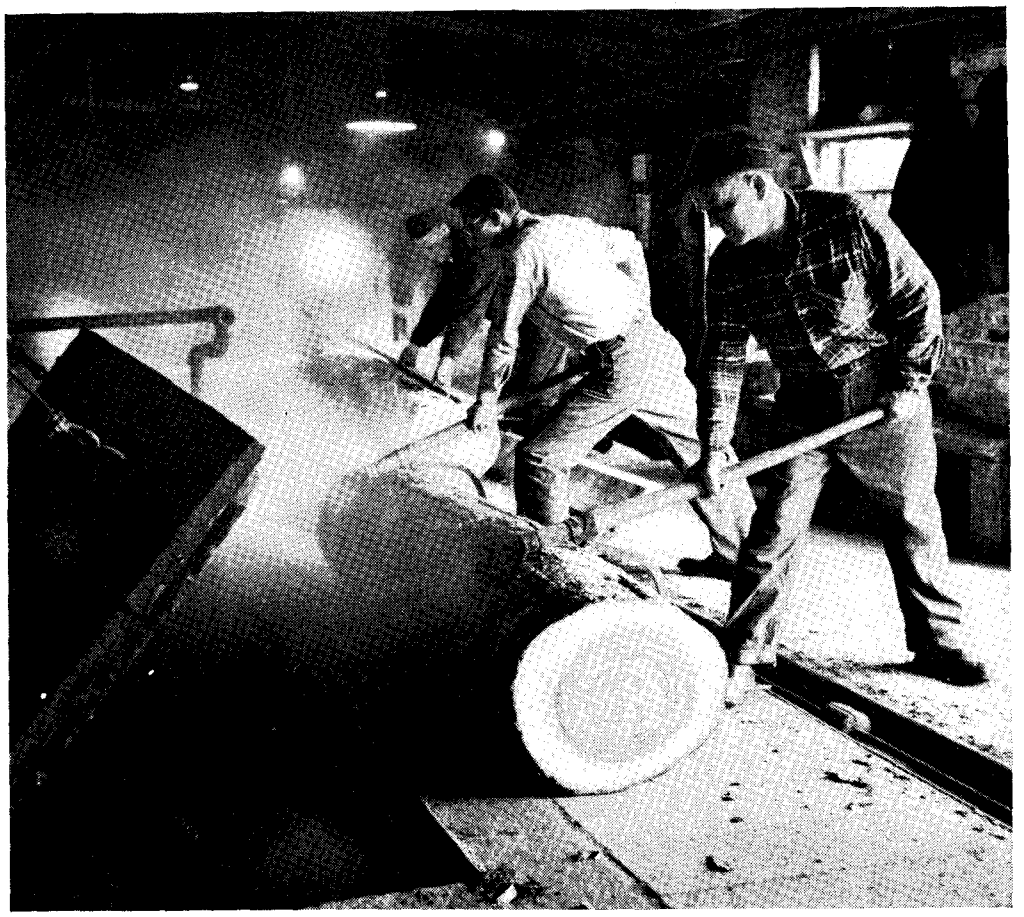
"But Escanaba people wouldn't have it that way. They had too much drive and pride to give up easily. They went looking for industry to keep their town from fading away.

"Our company liked that spirit. We saw an opportunity in the cooperation and encouragement the community offered. So in 1947 we started building welding machines there, hiring 13 men. It wasn't more than a year later that we were making plans to build a plant to produce excavators and truck cranes. Now we've got three plants in Escanaba with over a thousand employees on our payroll.

"We've never been sorry that we chose Escanaba for these new operations. This is a great place to be in business . . . and we've got some great people here to do business with, including the insurance people, Employers Mutuals of Wausau. We find their help is valuable and efficient . . . and there's a personal interest that we appreciate."

Thank you, Mr. Harnischfeger. We think you'll be interested to know that almost half of Escanaba's small businesses and retail stores are Employers Mutuals' policyholders too. We pride ourselves on giving them the same thorough and helpful service that we give the Harnischfeger Corporation. It isn't the size of the business that counts with us. Big or small, we do take a personal interest in that business. That's the Wausau Way of working.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for the nearest Wausau Man or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

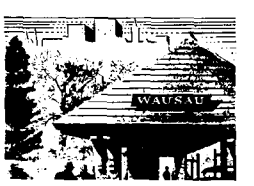


At Birds Eye Veneer Company, an Employers Mutuals' policyholder for over 25 years, there's a thriving continuation of Escanaba's original woodworking industry. Here men use pike poles to push the huge hardwood logs into the boiling vats. There they are "cooked" in 180 degree water until they are softened. When the bark has been removed, the logs are "unravelled" to form choice and beautiful veneers for furniture and a variety of other applications.

Pat Hayes, chef and owner of the celebrated House of Ludington, will have only the best for his Escanaba inn. That's why he's an Employers Mutuals' policyholder. For the 400 guests of the Big Ole celebration, Pat prepares dinner . . . pheasants with wild rice, served on flaming swords.

Ornamental iron work is turned out at the forge of the Crooked Iron Works, one of Escanaba's 27 smaller but thriving manufacturers. Employers Mutuals is proud to serve as insurance carrier for many of these businesses.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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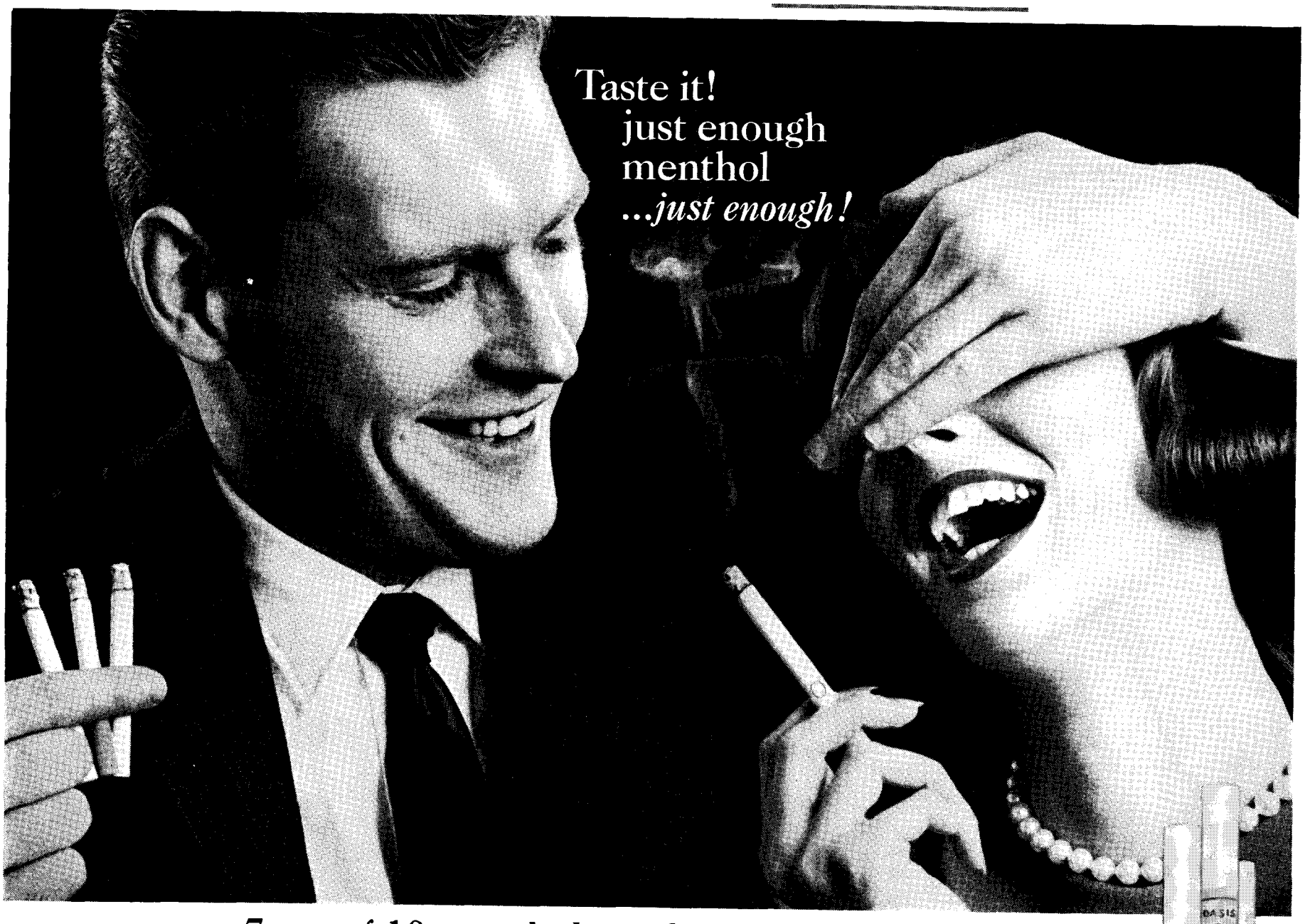
One menthol cigarette tastes best– and that's Oasis!



7 out of 10 menthol smokers say Oasis has just enough menthol...*just enough!*

Make the menthol taste test yourself and see if you don't agree: Oasis has just enough menthol to refresh the rich tobacco taste... never, never smother it.

Yes...in 9 big cities, coast to coast, menthol smokers tested Oasis against the 3 other leading brands...and 7 out of 10 said Oasis has just enough menthol.

Come over to Oasis...enjoy the just-right taste!

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Giant in the Jungle (Continued from Page 27)

covered by thick forest which extended without a single clearing as far as the eye could see.

Upon the hills there was sometimes a cooling breeze, but if one went down to the valley bottom, it was always hot—in winter, hot and dry; and in summer, hotter still and wet. In winter the temperature fell to the eighties, and the forest was brown and brittle, and the earth underfoot was dusty. But in summer it was often a hundred and ten and sometimes a hundred and twenty, and torrents of rain came down, so that everything in the forest was soaked and then steamed dry and then was soaked again. Streams became cataracts, and the river burst its banks, and the valley stank of rotting vegetation.

The forest was full of life—so full that if one walked quietly into it, animals could be heard and seen on every side. There were elephants, rhinoceroses and buffaloes, lions and leopards and many kinds of antelope, wart hogs, bush pigs, ant bears and porcupines, puff adders, cobras and black mambas, whose bite is said to give a man but five minutes to live, exotic birds and fearsome insects, hippos and crocodiles in the river, and baboons and monkeys in the trees—a teeming, fantastic variety of living things.

Walking through the forest, one was much less likely to see any sign of human life; but there were human beings living in it too—a tribe of people called Batonga. All together there were 50,000 of them in the valley, and they were as primitive and simple as any humans in the modern world. At the most, in the ninety-five years since Livingstone, they had seen a white man once a year—when the local British district commissioner made a patrol down the river in a motor launch. The abominable climate of their hidden valley had preserved it from progress—for better or worse—and hardly anything ever happened to change the life they lived, until five years ago.

During the second half of those ninety-five years, the cooler highlands—a couple of hundred miles to the north and south of the valley—were colonized and then industrialized. Some 250,000 Europeans, mostly British, came to live there, and under the influence of British law the native population increased enormously.

In about 1950, Rhodesians began to foresee that their industry's expansion would be brought to a sudden halt by a shortage of power in 1960. A search for new sources of power began, and interest gradually focused on the gorge at Kariba and the spacious valley up above it. To dam the Zambezi was a tremendous undertaking for such a small country, and furious argument began between people who were inspired by the very size of the job and people who believe it would only make the country bankrupt. But in 1955 the government made up its mind to go ahead. It borrowed $225,000,000—one third from the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and the rest in Africa and Britain—and a fiercely concentrated mechanized attack was let loose on the peaceful forest. Two years later Kariba was barely recognizable. Two roads, each fifty miles long, had been driven through the hills, two towns had been built, and ten thousand men were laboring and sweating in the gorge to build a dam 420 feet high and excavate an underground power station. And far away from all the noise and dust, up in the silent reaches of the valley, a few solitary men had started a labor of patient explanation; because when the dam was finished, the Batonga's homes were going to be flooded fifty fathoms deep, and somebody had to break the news to them and persuade them that they would have to move.

The Batonga's exodus before the flood was a sad, pathetic story, in which everybody did his best to help his neighbor—a tragedy without a villain, unless industrial progress is personified as a villain.

These people lived in small villages of mud-and-wattle huts which they built on stilts; and they kept goats and grew maize in the silt which was left by the river's annual floods. Tonga women had their six front top teeth knocked out and wore sticks through their noses and smoked hubble-bubble pipes and decorated their hair with red ocher. And of course, because their valley was so hot, they went about with hardly any clothes on. So they looked strange to Europeans, who are apt to see other women's fashions as sillier than their own. But the Batonga were friendly—and almost too cheerful and easygoing to keep themselves alive.

The object of the district commissioners' annual patrol down the river was to administer benevolent justice, according to "valley law," which one commissioner defines as one quarter law and three quarters common sense; and to give medical treatment, for what that was worth on a single day each year; and to collect taxes. The taxes did more than anything else to bring the Batonga in touch with civilization. The taxes were not heavy, but to earn the money to pay them, some of the men had to go to town to work. They usually walked to Bulawayo, 200 miles away, and specialized there in the job of emptying earth closets. Very few of them ever took to city life. And apart from the men who had had to make that journey, very few of the Batonga had any idea what the world was like beyond the sky line of the hills they could see from their valley.

The south side of the valley lay in the district of a commissioner named I.G. Cockroft. Cockroft had devoted most of his working life to the Batonga and their neighboring tribes. Like almost every district commissioner, he was fond of the simple people under his jurisdiction, exasperating though they sometimes were. And while he kept them in order, he was always ready to argue or fight against any infringement of their rights or dignity. In the course of years, he had won their confidence; and so he was the obvious man for the thankless job of persuading the Batonga south of the river to move.

The government empowered him to promise the Batonga not only new lands and free transport but also hospital schools, free food and remission of taxes for the first two years after they moved, and training in growing marketable crops and in fishing when the Kariba lake was full. On paper, this looked like a utopia for the tribe, which they would never have thought of achieving for themselves and which could never have been provided for them while they lived in the awful climate of the valley. Yet, from the beginning, Cockroft hated the job he had to do. Nobody, not even he, could tell what spiritual effect the move would have on the Batonga. Whatever he did, they were bound to be thrust into civilization with cruel abruptness.

In the dry season of 1955 Cockroft traveled up and down the valley, holding meetings which were long and tense and often emotional. He had to explain a hydroelectric scheme to people who had never even used a cart on wheels, and to persuade them to leave the only world they knew and go to a land which he had promised. By the end of that year, it seemed that his patience and prestige had stood the test. The people were deeply unhappy about the move, but they were resigned, and the headmen were willing to inspect the new lands and choose new places for their villages.

In the wet season which followed, it was impossible to travel in the valley—nobody could get into it, and no news of the Batonga could come out. When the annual flood subsided and Cockroft went in again, he found a difference. Men who had treated him for years with respectful friendship had now become evasive and suspicious. Some insisted that the wall across the river would be a failure. They believed the river, which was a kind of god to them, would knock it down. Others said bluntly that the whole thing was a white man's trick to steal their land.

This change of opinion puzzled Cockroft. At first he put it down to religious influence or witchcraft; but finally he found that politics, for the first time, had entered the lives of the Batonga. There were a few men in the valley who claimed to represent the African National Congress, which opposes the government, and they had used the rainy season to undo the work which he had already done.

Afterward, the leaders of the congress denied that they had ever given orders to persuade the Batonga not to move, and there has never been any evidence that they did. Perhaps the men in the valley were junior members, who opposed Cockroft on their own initiative, just because he was the government—and the congress, so far as they knew, had always opposed the government in everything it did. But anyhow, the damage was done. Cockroft's story of stopping the river had always been difficult to believe; the congress story of trickery seemed much more likely to be true. Now the Batonga were confused and they pathetically clung to a hope that if they refused to move, the whole of the crazy talk about floods would blow over and be forgotten.

Cockroft had to start again from the very beginning. By the end of another year of patient work, he had made up the ground he had lost. Engineers went into the valley to bulldoze tracks to bring the people out, and medical teams went through it and inoculated every human being in the place. In 1957 the move began.

It had been planned like a military operation. The young men would go on ahead to build new huts; and then in each village, at a certain time on a certain day, government trucks would go in by the temporary tracks, and the villagers would be ready. But it never worked out in a very military fashion—it was always too human and too sad. The villagers were never ready. All the household goods would be loaded and the crops and seed and all the odds and ends they could not bear to leave behind and even the children. And then somebody's goats would be found to have stampeded. And

"I Just Smiled a Little"

My dear, I only have eyes for
you,
As you must surely agree.
But what in the world would
you have me do,
When someone has eyes for me?

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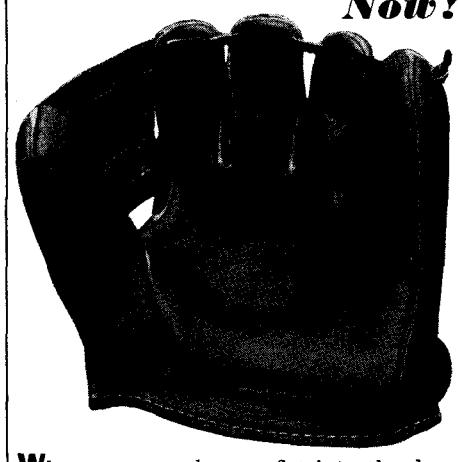

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when the goats were rounded up, granny would have disappeared. At the last moment she had been frightened and had run away to hide. And then there would be a hue and cry for granny, and she would be found, and some of the search parties lost. And last of all, an old man would beg for just a few moments more to speak to the tribal spirits, and the convoy would wait while he went and communed at a shrine which was being abandoned forever.

But Cockroft's 22,000 people moved without a single casualty. This was a triumph of patience and gentleness.

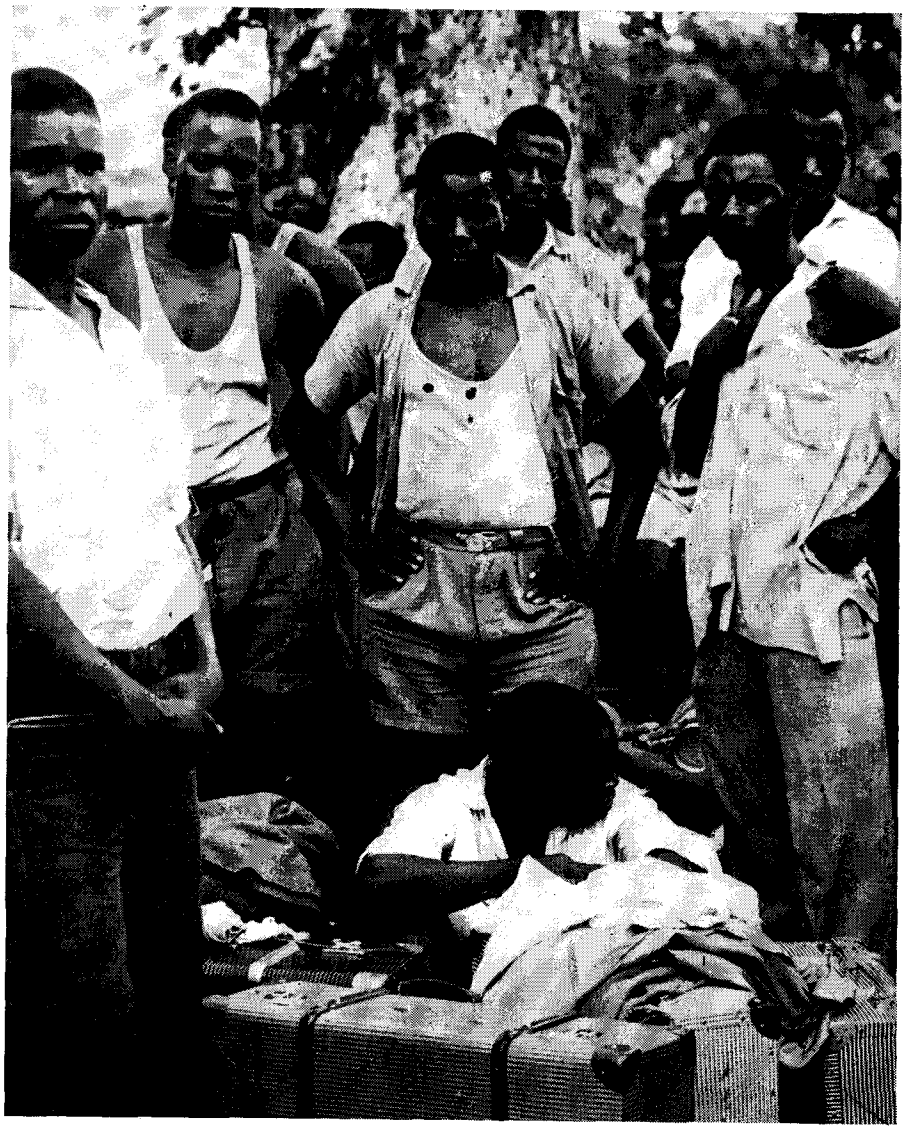
On the other side of the river, the Northern Rhodesian Government tackled the problem in a slightly different way—with less of the south's autocracy, and more committee work. On the whole the process was just as effective; but in the north, one special problem arose which had not bothered Cockroft. The hills which surrounded the valley were already populated, and there was simply not enough room in them for so many extra people. In the course of two years' exploration, acceptable land was found for 22,000. But that left 6000, the people of a chief called Chipepo. The only possible home for them was a stretch of country a hundred miles away, on the riverbank below the dam. To most of Chipepo's people, a hundred miles was a terrifying distance.

As on the southern bank, the people were persuaded to move, and then the congress men persuaded them not to move. And among Chipepo's people the delicate balance of argument was weighted on the side of the congress by the extra fear of the extra distance and by an almost unanswerable argument. The new land is down the river, they pointed out. Therefore if the old land is flooded, the new land will be flooded too. The Batonga had no idea of geography—beyond the fact that water flows downhill. It was a weak and unconvincing answer to draw them maps and explain that the valley was above the dam and the new land was below it.

Among Chipepo's people, in 1958, events got out of hand. The amiable Tongamen, confused and frightened by contradictory advice, grew defiant, deliberately flouted laws and once threw stones at their district commissioner. Then they began to assemble in groups armed with spears and shields. Their own chiefs in council ordered them to accept the move, but the chiefs' authority broke down. The governor of Northern Rhodesia himself made a brave but futile journey into the valley with a military band to try to impress them. But persuasion failed; and in the end the government had to choose between sending in police to use the threat of force to move these last 6000 people, or leaving them where they were to run the risk of drowning. A threat of force was chosen.

At dawn on September 10, 1958, police surrounded the first of the few remaining villages due to be moved. Several hundred Tonga from other villages had gathered in it and they charged the police, throwing spears and axes. The police replied with tear gas, then shotguns and finally rifles. Eight Tonga were killed and thirty-four were wounded. After the battle, to their intense embarrassment and surprise, the police found that their only casualty was a constable wounded in the wrist by one of his companions' shotguns. But it would be wrong for anyone who has never been charged by spearmen to make any deduction from that—except perhaps that the Batonga, after so many years of peace, were no longer very good at throwing spears.

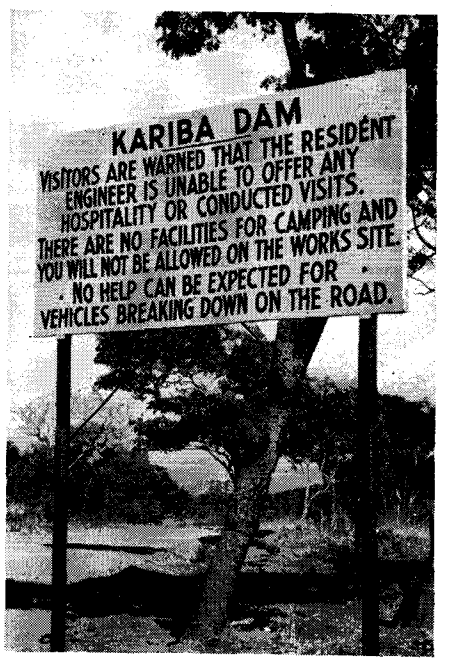
Before the evening of the same day, Chipepo's people gave up the struggle and began to go quietly. But everyone in authority had been desperately sorry for them all the time, and everyone was dejected at this hollow victory.



Workers from Kariba Dam, Rhodesia's massive project. These men were among 6000 who left the job after striking for more pay. Their demand: a raise from 4½ to 14 cents per hour. Troops had to be called in to quell the uprising.

The Batonga had predicted that the river would be angry and destroy the white men's wall, and it very nearly did. In the rainy season of 1957, when work had begun on the dam's foundations, an exceptional flood came down the river and submerged a temporary cofferdam. The next year, it rose far higher, in a flood which the experts said could only happen once in a thousand years. It tore through the gorge and covered the workings there, swept away the bridges and poured over the half-constructed dam in a cataract of 600,000 cubic feet a second. The river looked like a sentient ferocious creature—almost caged, but tearing at its bars. Engineers who watched it spoke only half in jest and half in awe about the river god of the Batonga. Work was delayed for months, but by starting again at a feverish tempo day and night, the builders caught up for the time that was lost and succeeded in sealing the dam in December, 1958. The next time the river flooded, the gorge was blocked, and the flood was trapped in the valley. Within a month, the water had risen in the valley by ninety feet, and the newborn lake was a hundred miles long.

The two governments had done all they could to protect the Batonga from the flood, but they had not done anything much to protect the animals in the valley. Animals in Rhodesia are looked after and controlled by game departments, which employ about a dozen European game rangers and some African assistants. In game reserves it is their job to protect the animals, but in some other areas, they slaughter them to control the spread of tsetse fly, which carries sleeping sickness. In the twelve years before the Kariba flood began, the Southern Rhodesian Government had killed more than 300,000 head of game in tsetse-fly control. It was obvious that when the water rose, some animals would be stranded on temporary islands which would finally disappear; but whatever happened at Kariba, nothing like 300,000 sizable animals was likely to be drowned. So, if one thought of animals without sentiment, as statistics, the impending flood was not a very important incident. And indeed, some Rhodesians argued that if a great tract of big-game country had to be destroyed, the balance of nature would be less disturbed if the game it supported were destroyed as well.


KARIBA DAM
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THERE ARE NO FACILITIES FOR CAMPING AND YOU WILL NOT BE ALLOWED ON THE WORKS SITE.
NO HELP CAN BE EXPECTED FOR VEHICLES BREAKING DOWN ON THE ROAD.

Visitors were clearly not welcome in the dangerous Kariba area, where more than 80 workers died.

In any case, there was nothing much that anyone could do. The best maps of the valley only had contours at intervals of twenty-five feet, and nobody knew how fast the lake would rise. So it was quite impossible to foretell either where or when the islands would be formed. And since nothing of the sort had ever happened before, nobody knew how many or which of the animals would save themselves by swimming. But there was one thing which might have been foreseen—that by doing nothing, however good the reasons, the governments were heading for world-wide criticism.

As soon as the lake began to fill, four game rangers pitched camp at Kariba and started to make sorties up the lake in outboard motorboats to try to find out what was happening to the animals. Apart from these men, the whole great valley had been emptied of all humanity, and by any ordinary standards of seamanship their expeditions were dangerous in the extreme. The water was full of floating logs and debris, and trees still standing with their tops below the surface. To reach the land, the men had to force their boats through the branches of broad belts of drowning trees, till open water was far out of sight behind them. These trees were full of billions of crawling things which were seeking refuge. Snakes would drop off them when they were shaken by the boats, and crocodiles were feasting in the shallows. If all went well, the men found indeterminate swampy shores, where the tepid water gurgled among the undergrowth; but even while they moored the boats, the water crept on and on. The shores they explored one day had vanished by the next.

They could see that the shores were teeming with animals, but while the rains were falling and the water was rising fast, they could seldom discover which parts of the shores were islands, or which of the animals still had a way of escape. Nevertheless, at this early stage, compassion rather than reason began to guide the rangers. Here and there they found baboons or monkeys stranded in the treetops. Baboons are counted as vermin in Rhodesia because they are so destructive, and a reward of two shillings and sixpence is paid by government agents for a baboon's tail. But the rangers could not bring themselves to leave them where they were to starve or drown. They began to catch them with their bare hands, at the risk of their own lives, and to set them free on the mainland to take their chance with the first man they met who wanted two and six.

In February, 1959, before the rains had stopped and the lake had settled down for the dry season, the flood of publicity burst upon the game departments, and the reluctant rangers found they were a much bigger story than the building of the dam itself. A Rhodesian journalist had heard what they were doing and invented the title Operation Noah. Soon, in the camp at Kariba, the rangers were far outnumbered by journalists and cameramen and radio commentators who wanted to go with them on their expeditions. Societies for the preservation of wild life, or prevention of cruelty, became quite properly concerned about Kariba; and less responsible animal-lovers all over the world rose up in arms against the Rhodesian governments for making inadequate preparations. A British countrymen's (*Continued on Page 100*)

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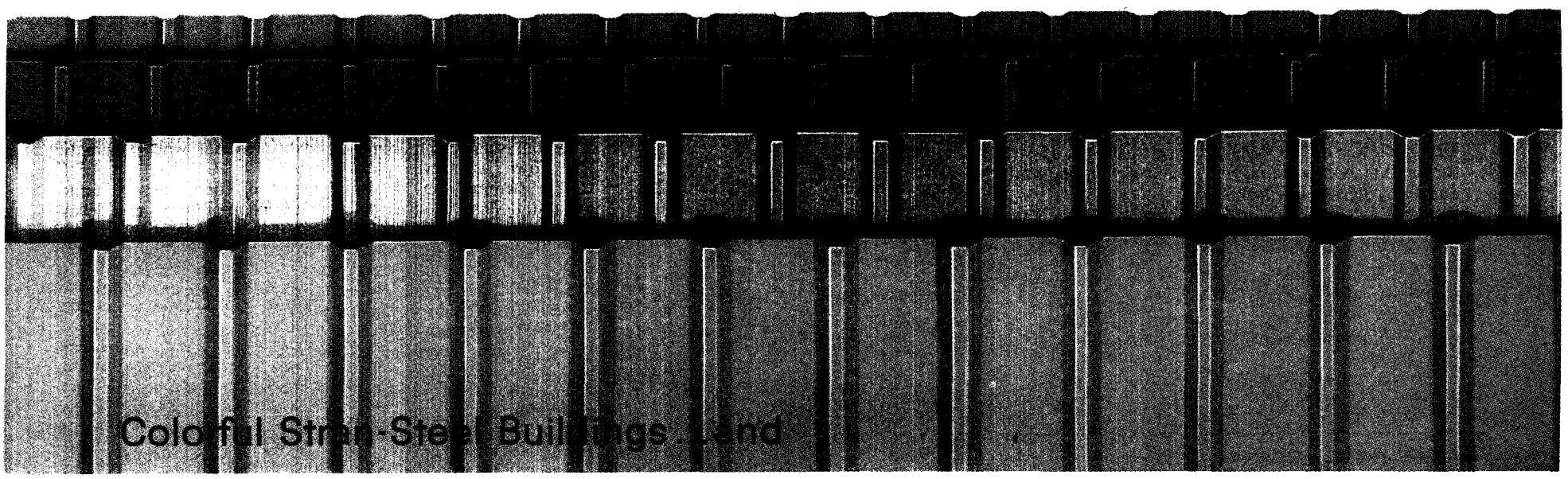

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(*Continued from Page 98*) magazine called *Field* turned aside from fox hunting to quote Genesis and mention negligence, thoughtlessness, hypocrisy and lack of elementary decency, and to say that one of the world's great heritages of wildlife faced extinction. Appeals were launched for money and volunteers and boats. The Southern Rhodesian Government, which knew how deadly dangerous the lake had now become, took fright at the prospect of having it full of amateur rescue parties which themselves might soon have needed rescue, and it declined all help. But the Northern Rhodesians, who had so far done nothing at all, accepted some of the money that was collected and started a rescue operation of their own.

A routine statement from the Southern Rhodesian game department, in the middle of all the excitement, revealed that the south shore of the lake, where most of the rescued animals were landed, adjoined a tsetse-fly area, and that during the rainy season, while the rangers on the lake had rescued 300 animals, government hunters sixty miles away had slaughtered 2239. But nobody took much notice of that report.

It was indeed distressing to think of animals suffering lingering deaths; but much of the distress in people's minds was caused by rumors, and some of the rumors were exaggerated—to make a good story better. In April, when the water was rising more slowly, the rangers began to discover at last what had really happened. They found that almost all the larger animals and all the carnivores had made their own escape. Less than half a dozen elephants and rhinoceroses and buffaloes were found on islands; the elephants were near enough to the mainland to swim when they wanted to. The lions had all gone, although the valley had always been full of them, and so had most of the larger antelope. But there were still many smaller antelope, from the impala downward in size, and wart hogs, porcupines, ant bears, bush pigs, baboons and monkeys. All these, and many still smaller creatures, evidently lacked the instinct to swim when they found they were stuck on islands and they were certain to drown or starve unless the rangers caught them and ferried them to the mainland.

Both governments put more rangers and boats and African helpers on the lake, and from April till the rains began again, animals were rescued every day. It is an open question whether the governments were forced to start the rescue work by the public outcry or whether they would have done it anyhow. But the rangers themselves certainly have been impelled by the highest motives. To catch African animals in the mass is a problem which nobody has ever had to try to solve before, and it has needed stamina and ingenuity and courage—the kind of courage that covers a man with medals in a war. Sometimes it has led to breathlessly exciting hunts—hunts which end, for the hunters, not in the remorse of a kill, but in the self-satisfaction of having saved a life. And yet there must still be a shade of doubt about what the rangers are so admirably doing. Some animals seem to take their capture quite phlegmatically, and all of them, of course, are handled as gently as they can be. But some, like the antelope, driven into a net and trussed up by humans and put in a motorboat, seem to suffer, perhaps for an hour or two, all the terror of imminent death. Some people who have watched the hunting think a sudden bullet might be kinder.

Most of the civil-engineering work at Kariba has been done by Italians, who won the main contract against international competition, and by an African labor force which reached a peak of 7000 men. All through the job they have worked at tremendous pressure, to meet the 1960 deadline in spite of the malevolent behavior of the river god. Twelve-hour shifts by day and night have been the usual standard. Although hurry in that kind of work is dangerous, the accident rate has been below the average for similar projects; but by the time the dam was finished, it had cost more than eighty lives. Some of the fatal accidents were weird. Crocodiles accounted for some. One day a jet bomber flew over the dam. When it approached, twelve men were working on the dizzy top of one of the sections of the wall and they all looked up at it. When it had gone, there were only eleven men. Nobody heard or saw the twelfth man go, and he was never seen again alive or dead. But the worst of Kariba's accidents was not on the dam—it was down in the power station.

The powerhouse itself is a stupendous cavern—just about the size of Westminster Abbey—underneath the hills beside the gorge. Water is led to its turbines by six vertical tunnels each twenty feet in diameter and 280 feet deep. Late at night on February twentieth last year, three Italians and fourteen Africans were working near the top of one of these

A modern executive is a person who kept working his way up through longer and longer coffee breaks.
FRANK J. PEPE

abysmal shafts when their staging broke. They fell straight down to the bottom of the hole, and eighty tons of wet concrete peeled off the walls of the shaft and fell on top of them. Other bits of the staging were hanging loose, and by the time it was safe to approach the bottom of the shaft, the concrete had set. The bodies had to be broken out with pneumatic picks.

But in spite of such macabre catastrophes and in spite of floods and devastating heat and isolation, Kariba is nearly finished. Power was needed by 1960, and on January 1, 1960, the first commercial power flowed to the industrial centers of the Rhodesian copper mines. As the level of the new lake rises and more generators are completed, the power output will increase; and it is certain now that the industrial revolution of Central Africa will not be halted by lack of electricity. It is a prospect which exhilarates Rhodesians—yet there is always something melancholy about incipient industrial revolutions. The political future of Rhodesia is more uncertain now than it seemed when the dam was started; but whatever happens, Africans will leave their tribal lands and go to town to work in factories in ever greater numbers. One can only pray they will find more reason for happiness there than the same kind of simple people found in Britain or America, when we had our industrial revolutions.

Perhaps one day even the Batonga will be industrialized. Materially they are much better off since their exodus from the bottom of the valley. For the first time, they have money to spend and stores to spend it in. Their young ladies have begun to want cotton frocks, and even underclothes, and the young men have ambitions for bicycles. But whether they are happier now, or ever will be happier, is a question more difficult to answer. THE END

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The Two Cities of Law

(Continued from Page 32)

was to be measured. Aquinas brought the concept within his mighty synthesis. Grotius built it into the foundations of modern international law. John Locke made the idea a perdurable part of liberal thought in England, whence it crossed the Atlantic to enter our own Declaration of Independence, in that document's opening appeal to "the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God. . . ." "Natural-law" thought permeates the epochs of our intellectual tradition.

Natural law, as conceived by its proponents, bears none of the marks of positive law. It is not set up by the state; no court shapes it; no legislature establishes or changes it. Instead, its expounders have been philosophers and publicists, professors and ecclesiastics. Each proposition in each natural-law system can claim validity solely on the basis of arguments advanced by people who write books on the subject. Their reasoning starts with stated or assumed beliefs about the nature of man; from these beliefs are drawn conclusions as to what law ought to be. The end product, when fully developed, is a system of *ideal* law, which can be held up as a model for comparison with positive law.

Hugo Grotius, one of the greatest of the natural lawyers, shortly stated the underlying assumption:

> The law of nature is a dictate of right reason which points out that an act according as it is or is not in conformity with the social and rational nature of man has in it a quality of moral baseness or moral necessity, and that, in consequence, such an act is either forbidden or enjoined by the author of nature, God.

In the reach of historic time not one but many systems of natural law have been elaborated in this way. These have differed widely. But the root idea remains surprisingly constant; from it "natural law" thought takes its name. In age after age it has been maintained or assumed that there is a right law, a just law, inferrible by reason from the nature of man, and of his relations to his society and to the cosmic order.

It is implausible—though not impossible—that so richly accredited a tradition should turn out after all to be entirely worthless. It is therefore surprising that what may fairly be called the dominant view in British and American jurisprudence today rejects the concept of "natural law," and waves away the whole corpus of natural-law speculation. It is not that any single system of purportedly "natural law" is rejected, but rather that the value of natural-law reasoning as a whole is denied—expressly or by eloquent disregard.

This attitude can be explained on a number of grounds, not all of them necessarily applicable to the case of any one thinker. Most fundamental is the widespread modern view that only delusion beckons when we conceive of "justice" as having anything remotely like the objective reality which invests the positive institutions of law. We have no warrant, say the followers of this view, for supposing that there exists any "justice" which can be "discovered"; "justice" is merely a name for our own reactions. The difference between good law and bad law, between the just and the unjust, lies in the feelings of men; the goal, conceived as possessing shape and reality of its own, is a mere wishful imagination.

Others, without opening this ultimate issue, object to the term "natural law," with its implication that the goals of law are themselves a kind of law. Nothing but confusion inheres, they say, in this willful blurring of what exists with what is desired. Nor, others would have it, can "natural" law really be inferred from man's "nature." Eskimo infanticide is as "natural" as our school-lunch funds; something beyond a knowledge of natural facts is required for our discriminating between these institutions.

Objection is also made to the lack of sharp, critical analysis in natural-law speculation. "A man," runs a recurrent natural-law precept, "is entitled to the fruits of his labor." "Property is to be protected," says another. Such formulas, to begin with, are largely if not entirely tautological; a man's "property" might well be defined as that which the law will protect or ought to protect for him. Insofar as they are not tautological they cannot be logically deduced from any validated generalizations about known human nature.

Of course, agreement with such vapid *sententiae* is easy to procure, regardless of logical gaps in their derivation. But such agreement means nothing, for the precepts themselves are too vague to solve real legal problems, and often tell with equal force on both sides of the same controversy. Is the recipient of a public old-age pension receiving the "fruits of his labor"? Or is the taxpayer who supports the pension being deprived of his? If you unknowingly buy a ring from a jeweler who unknowingly bought it from a thief, is it in justice your "property" or that of the man from whom it was stolen? The real problems of law involve not faithful obedience to beauteous maxims, but the mediation of competing claims, each with a measure of soundness.

And—the critics go on—even if we could, by speculation on the nature of man, reach warrantable and clear conclusions as to the goals of law, another formidable hurdle remains. The decision whether a law is good entails judgment not only on the desirability of its goal but also on its practical working. A father who will not be kind to his children, who shrugs off their problems, who willfully refuses to help them past the crises of growth, may be thought worse than a nonkilling bank robber; the correction of his behavior may be a more appealing goal than the suppression of bank robbery. But would putting court injunctions on such men actually improve the relations of fathers with their children? What would be the social results of licensing off-track bookmakers? On the answering of such questions—questions about how a legal device will really work—altogether depends the sane evaluation of each rule and practice in law. They never can be answered more than tentatively; they cannot be answered at all by deduction from grand principles.

The schools of natural law, say the critics, are actually narrow and particularistic. Their splendid reasonings from the nature of man, universal as may be their phrasing, are fancy masks for the prejudices of a single time or sect or current of thought. Their "obvious" truths are obvious to the already convinced; their "deductions" seem compelling to those who have already accepted the conclusions. Truism and fallacy are the warp and woof of their loose, gaudy fabrics.

Each of these objections has great weight. Yet—as Prof. Lon Fuller and others have shown—there remains a value in the concept which the term "natural law" seeks to suggest. Let me try to get at this value by talking not in philosophic but in practical terms—in terms of what we actually find ourselves

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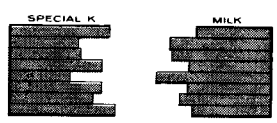

This chart shows how the 8 essential elements of the protein in Special K and milk form biologically complete protein—the kind that builds, maintains and repairs body tissues.

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doing when we seriously ponder questions about law.

First, the impulse to shape the institutions of law toward more perfect justice is felt and obeyed by all kinds of men. It is surprisingly uncorrelated with philosophic views as to the objective validity to be imputed to "the good" or to "justice." Some of the people who, as philosophers, assure us that "justice" is merely a name for our own emotions, are tireless in advocacy for justice as they conceive it; their advocacy does not consist merely in exhibiting their emotions but also in giving reasons why other people ought to experience the same emotions. We need not ask here whether they thus contradict themselves; let us note instead the sheer fact that all people, everywhere, are given, when they consider law, to thinking and working and talking for law's betterment.

But before we can seek to improve our law, we must attain some fairly clear conviction as to what goals are to be desired. The considerations and arguments with which we give shape to these goals may take many forms. But surely all sensible thought about the improvement of law must start with something like this assumption: *Good law is law that is good for man in his society and in the world.*

Of course, one cannot deduce any specific consequences from this formula. But the formula has nevertheless a certain clarifying power. For it reminds us that the quest for good law entails not only the forming of conviction about some abstract good but also the acquiring of knowledge about man—about the nature of man—and about the nature of his societies and of his world. Such knowledge alone may not tell us anything about justice, but it is an indispensable part of all thought about justice.

Finally, when we think deeply about shaping law toward justice, it always happens that we begin to think in some degree systematically. Problems of justice in law rarely present a single simple question. Many values are likely to be at stake. A measure of system is the alternative to chaos.

But a more or less systematic view of the requirements of justice, based in large and essential part on a more or less systematic view of the nature of man, begins to look like "natural law." One might almost say that it is the nature of legal man to think along natural-law lines. We do not have to construct all-inclusive systems of ideal law. We need not attribute to our partial and tentative conclusions the strutting, self-anointed pseudoinfallibility which has flawed much natural-law writing. We need not assume that knowledge about man's nature is enough; some value judgment, some act of sheer moral choice, must be added. But the route we must take, if we are to think to any purpose about the ends of law, goes in much the same direction as the path that natural-law thought has followed.

Whether we use the words "natural law" is a question of terminology. The essential thing is not to discard the good in natural-law thought, merely because we cannot accept all its past claims. Much natural-law speculation is pretentious, arrogant and absurd. Much of it consists in trivial juggling of high-sounding expressions. But we could put up with all this, and with more, rather than reject the idea that human positive law ought to move toward a goal, however flickeringly and unsurely perceived, and that this movement cannot dispense with considerations—as soundly validated as may be and as clearly structured as the material honestly allows—about the nature of man, the maker and subject of law.

It is not surprising, therefore, that natural-law thought has had extensive and continual relations with the positive law of the United States. The relationship, to be sure, has been a peculiar and largely a disguised one. An American lawyer could live out his professional life at the bar and on the bench, without ever hearing the term "natural law." Our lawyers and our judges talk positive law—their reasonings concern precedents, statutes and constitutional provisions. Reference to the justice of the case, apart from positive law, is likely to be apologetic, and almost never purports to rely on systematic natural-law concepts. How then can it be said that natural-law thought has entered into the fabric of American legal culture?

To answer this question we must consider the separate senses in which American law has rejected and accepted natural-law thought. Let us begin with the rejection.

Early in our history the idea was put forward that natural law ought to be treated as a sort of law freely invocable in court and superior to other kinds of law. This would mean that, if the judge believed that a statute or constitutional provision outraged natural justice, his duty would be to disregard the positive

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just how long have you been bowling, Hank?"

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law and to decide the case contrary to its command.

This notion was utterly and finally rejected; the judiciary dropped it like a hot potato. That the dogmas of any school of juristic philosophers should control and nullify the positive law of statute and Constitution, put in force by the people through their established organs of legality, was and is gratingly inconsonant with the theories of our political life. The suggestion was an insolent one; it was met with rebuke and slid into oblivion.

The result—and here we reach the acceptance—is that such force as natural-law thought may have in American law must operate not from outside but within and through positive law. So much of it is accepted as the people, through their representatives, are willing to accept—and no more.

Yet the acceptance has been large; judgments about right and justice, formed in part on the basis of beliefs as to the nature of man and society, permeate every level of our legal process. The most obvious illustration is that of formal legislation, including the Constitution and its amendments. The constitutional ban on the ex post facto law—the law punishing actions committed prior to its passage—implemented the belief that such laws contravened natural justice. The abolition of imprisonment for debt was motivated by convictions as to the rights of man. Our social-security laws rest on systematic thought about the nature of man's social relations. But any finite list of examples tends to minimize the connection between legislation and prevailing concepts of justice. Our laws on marriage, wills, taxation and criminal procedure—these and uncountably more—are determined in significant part by widely held views as to the requirements of justice, in the light of beliefs about man's nature.

It is less obvious, but clearly true, that in the decision of particular cases judges not only may but must fill out the incertitudes of positive law with something like natural-law considerations. This is an all-pervading part of our legal process; the aggregate effect is of major importance in the whole shaping of positive law. We have often thought of the judge as a kind of logic machine, deducing his result from precedents and statutes. Sometimes this is a substantially true picture; when the applicable precedents or statutes speak with a clear voice, the conscientious judge must normally obey, whatever he may think of the justice of the matter. But there are cases in infinite number in which this cannot be what happens—not because the judge is wayward, but because the law does not contain a single incontrovertible answer to the problem presented.

Our law is found in great part in precedents, in prior decided cases. But no two cases are ever entirely alike. The judge must often decide whether the difference is *enough* to justify a variation in result. This question cannot be answered by logical reasoning on the basis of precedent; it is a question that arises after such reasoning is completed.

The other major component of our law is statutory—the law of legislative acts. Very often the key terms used in a statute are quite vague; always there are borderlands of uncertain applicability. Sometimes it can be shown that vagueness was intended, that Congress or a state legislature deliberately left it up to the judges to make concrete the statute's generalities. But intended or not, the consequence is that the law does not unambiguously tell the judge what to do.

The judge, therefore, cannot always obey the command of precedent and statute, because the command often cannot be made out with clarity. This is nobody's fault; it is inherent in the nature of thought and language. Who would expect that something called "the law" could settle in advance every question posed by the infinite variety of life? It is both unsurprising and true that our legal system has large leeways, within which the narrowly technical materials do not speak clearly. This is not a defect, but the means by which law remains flexible and capable of growth.

But the judge must decide each case. If honest assessment of the "purely legal" materials does not produce decision, then what is to fill the gap? There are three possibilities; each of them plays a part, and in the particular case they may be complexly related.

First, the judge may try to make out the "principle" of the statute or of the lines of precedent, and then determine how this principle applies to the case. This principle, if discernible at all, must be, broadly speaking, a principle of justice, a judgment as to the requirements of good law. Such a principle cannot be understood without understanding the reasons for it. And these reasons, as we have seen, will commonly follow the lines of natural-law thought, in the generic sense which we have explored.

Secondly, the judge may have recourse to what he thinks to be communal feelings of justice. These, too, are often based on reasons sounding in popular apprehension of natural law; certain it is that ordinary people think and talk in terms of natural law and natural right.

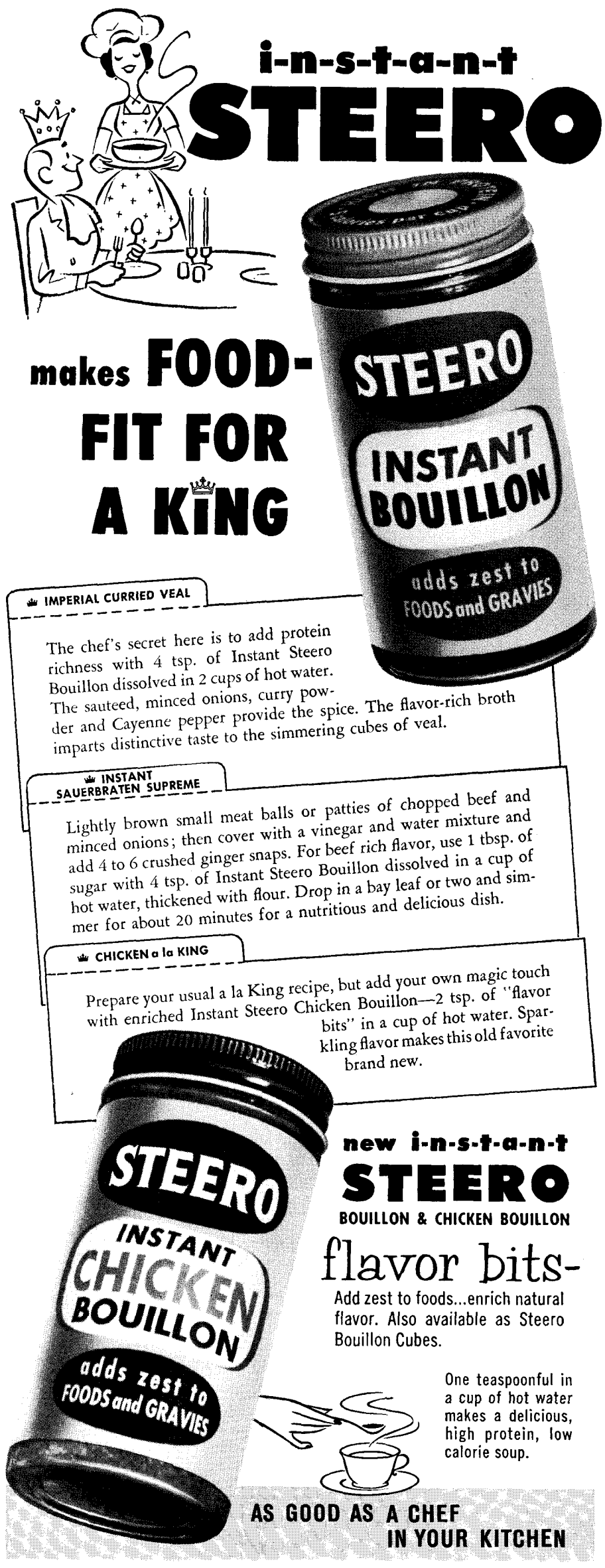
Thirdly, where these more impersonal techniques fail to determine decision, the judge may be brought to his own views of the justice of the matter.

Now these three paths to decision are not really as categorically separable as might appear. Neither the "principle" of statute and case law nor the "sense of justice" of the community is at all easy to determine, and in every case these things actually take effect, in the process of decision, as they are registered in the mind of the judge. The underlying principle is the underlying principle as he discerns it; the communal feeling is the communal feeling as he senses it. But each of these three modes brings into the decisional process somebody's definition of justice and somebody's reasons—often of a "natural-law" kind—for proposing this definition; the judge must be able to handle and weigh such material.

And if he is any good at his job, he will not discharge this necessary part of it on a sporadic basis. He will have thought connectedly on the goals of law and on the good of man—to enable him both to clarify his own thoughts to the point of usability in his work and to understand the thoughts of others, where these must be brought to bear on decision. He will have thought, in other words, partly along natural-law lines, though by no means need he have done so in the over-systematized and dogmatic manner of some natural-law writers.

(I speak of judge rather than jury, because we assume that the jury deals with questions of fact rather than of law. But juries do sometimes decide on appraisal not only of fact but of felt equity. And the question formally of "fact" may contain a normative question; deciding whether a defendant was "negligent" entails deciding what constitutes negligence. In both ways the jury undoubtedly takes part in shaping law toward communal perceptions of justice.)

In its legislation, then, and in its judicial decisions, our positive law is suffused with natural-law thought in the general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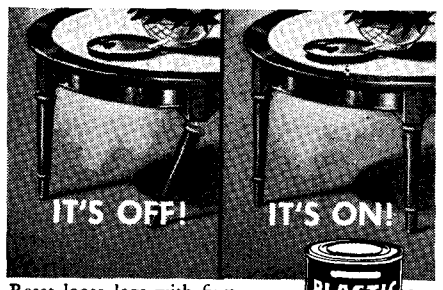

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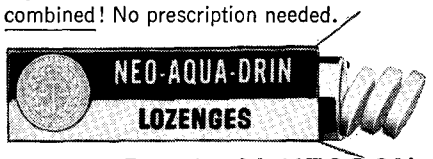


BETTER... by McKESSON

sense. There is here no question of an opposition between the two, much less of a radically antidemocratic suzerainty of natural law over positive law. Positive law, in a democratic society, admits just as much shaping toward ethical goals as the people desire. Their desire is expressed, as always, through their representatives. In this manner they have not only acted by legislation but also have left extensive and vital leeways in the technical framework of positive law, thus inevitably committing to their judicial representatives the task of filling the law out with such perceptions of justice as may be needful.

One level at which this process of suffusion operates is peculiar to our political system. Our Constitution, which controls other law, contains certain general provisions which stem from convictions as to the demands of justice: "due process of law," "equal protection of the laws," "freedom of speech," and others.

When a judge considers whether a certain procedural innovation offends against "due process of law," he may find—in historical documents, in past decisions, in other technical materials—a clear preponderance of evidence on one side of the question. If this happens, then he has no honest alternative to deciding the case accordingly. But if, as often occurs, the technical materials do not settle the question, then the judge must decide in obedience to his convictions as to the consonance of the new statute with the root principles of procedural fairness which he believes to be embodied in the words of the Constitution.

In this limited but important sense a component of what may be called "natural law" not only enters—as we have already seen—into the whole fabric of law at ordinary levels but also controls and even negates ordinary law. This happens not because "natural law" has any validity as law in itself. It happens because the American people in their basic juristic act—the putting and keeping in force of their Constitution—have chosen to embody in its words such principles as seemed good to them of what they have taken to be natural justice, leaving it to the courts to work out the application of these principles to concrete cases.

The American legal system, then, has rejected, as it should, the notion of a "natural law" standing outside positive law and dictating to the latter. But it has not for that reason fallen into the opposite error of proclaiming that mere legality is enough—that whatever is, is right. It has made a simple but most fruitful and creative synthesis. It has built into itself, as a positive-law system, abundant means of growth toward right law. The leeways are not ideally distributed; the controls are not perfect. Their effectiveness is altogether dependent on the qualities of mind and character of those who work in law. But I venture to say that no better solution has yet been devised to the problem of relating the positive law, the law that actually is, to the law of vision, the ideal law, the law that some have seen as implicit in the nature of man.

I want to conclude with a thought which—like the rest of this article—will doubtless be unsatisfactory or even objectionable both to those who hold natural law in scorn and to its earnest devotees. I will get at it by telling a true story. One afternoon last fall I was on my way to my class in Constitutional Law. I was going to lead a discussion of certain technicalities having to do with the application of the Fourteenth Amendment, as implemented by acts of Congress, to voting and other rights. My head was full of section numbers in the Federal Revised Statutes. I fear I was mumbling to myself, a practice I cannot recommend to those who hold reputation dear.

I happened to look up—all the way up, over the tops of the red stone buildings into the sky as the Indians of Connecticut must have seen it before the white settlers came, with its great autumnal castles of clouds as far as imagination could reach. And somehow, very suddenly, all this illimitable expansiveness and lofty freedom connected within me with the words I was tracing from the Fourteenth Amendment through the statute books—"privileges or immunities of citizens," "due process of law," "equal protection of the laws." And I was caught for a moment by the feeling of a Commonwealth in which these words had not the narrow, culture-bound, relative meaning we are able to give them in the "real" world, but were grown to the vastness that is germinal within them.

I went to my class with a different view toward the day's work. Not that I abandoned present technicalities and made a speech about alabaster cities. Far from it! The class was the most narrowly technical I had taught during the year. A musician who hears an unworldly music on his way to the concert hall must surely respond, if he is a musician, not by relying on his feelings when he gets up to play, but by being especially attentive to the accuracy of his tempo.

Nor did I go believing that, if only we all worked hard enough in law, that Commonwealth in the clouds would come down to earth. No, the Heavenly City is where it may be, and our earthly cities will always be dirty and full of noise.

But I walked toward my technicalities somehow sure that, though the work of law in society can never be lightened or its incertitudes smoothed away by the vision of perfect liberating justice, and though all the work we do can never come within far galactic distance of bringing the vision to our life, still it is the vision that gives to the work the best value it possesses. I do not know exactly how this may be; the clearest thought I have about it is that all our work in law may be a ritual, celebrating the vision, assuring that while it can never be wholly found, it can never be wholly lost.

Law in latter days has gained much in realism, in hardheadedness, in disdain for orotundity and rhetorical glitter. This gain, like all gains, comes with its built-in peril—in this case the deadly peril of loss of the poetry of law. The poetry of law solves no legal problems; it was, in fact, brought into disrepute precisely by misbegotten attempts to make it solve legal problems—and herein all known schools of "natural law" have offended. The poetry of law is the motive for solving problems, the sacred stir toward justice, our priceless discontent at the remoteness of perfect law. The natural-law tradition, however irritating may have been its bumptious attempts to sell us its figmental street maps of the Heavenly City, has at least tried to keep the poetry of law alive.

Herein lies the clue, it seems to me, to our best utilization of the work that the natural-law thinkers, in all their schools, have done. We must first separate their poetry from their prose and then face the fact that the prose states no eternal, infallible truths, but only tentative conclusions, reasoned well or ill, about practical problems. There is no "anti-intellectualism" in believing that our minds are not made to ascertain beyond doubt the content of an immutable justice; one of the most precise and subtle uses of the intellect is in marking its own limits. Once through this realistic wringer, the prose component in each of the great natural-law constructions would surely have much to contribute, by way of fruitful insight and hypothesis, to the quest for justice.

The poetry, on the other hand, solves nothing, decides nothing, conveys no information, weighs nothing on the scale of argument. It is too precious for those uses. It may assure us, if we keep still and listen, that the whole business of decision, of argument, of long and disappointing search for information and solution, is after all worth while. THE END

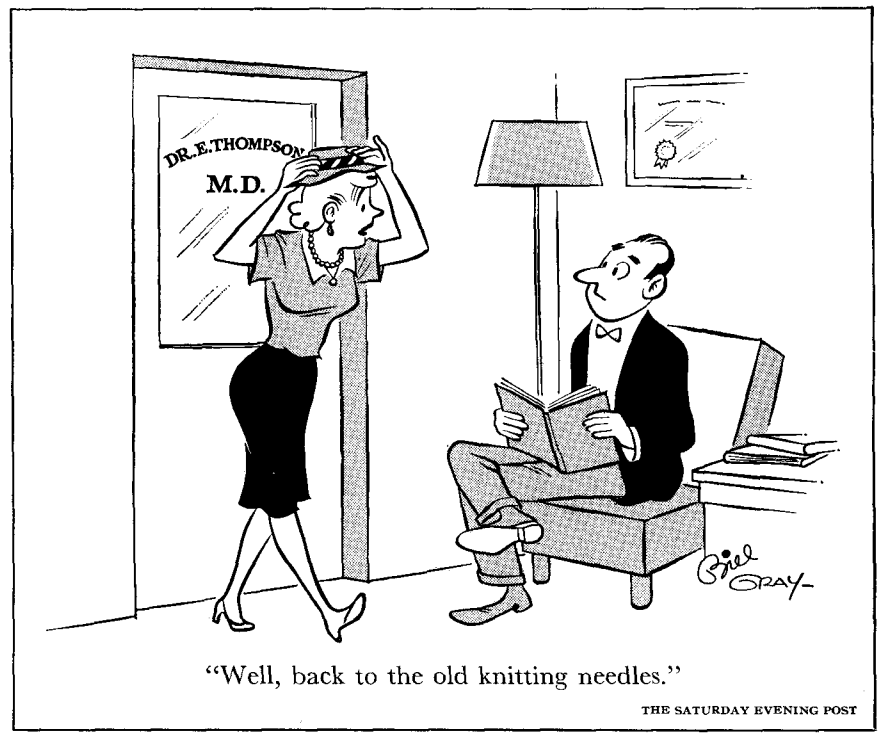
For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Curtis, Charles P.
Law as Large as Life
Simon and Schuster
$3.50

Maritain, Jacques
The Rights of Man and Natural Law
Charles Scribner's Sons
$2.75

Fuller, Lon L.
The Law in Quest of Itself
(Out of print)

Cardozo, Benjamin N.
The Nature of the Judicial Process
Yale University Press
$3.00



"Well, back to the old knitting needles."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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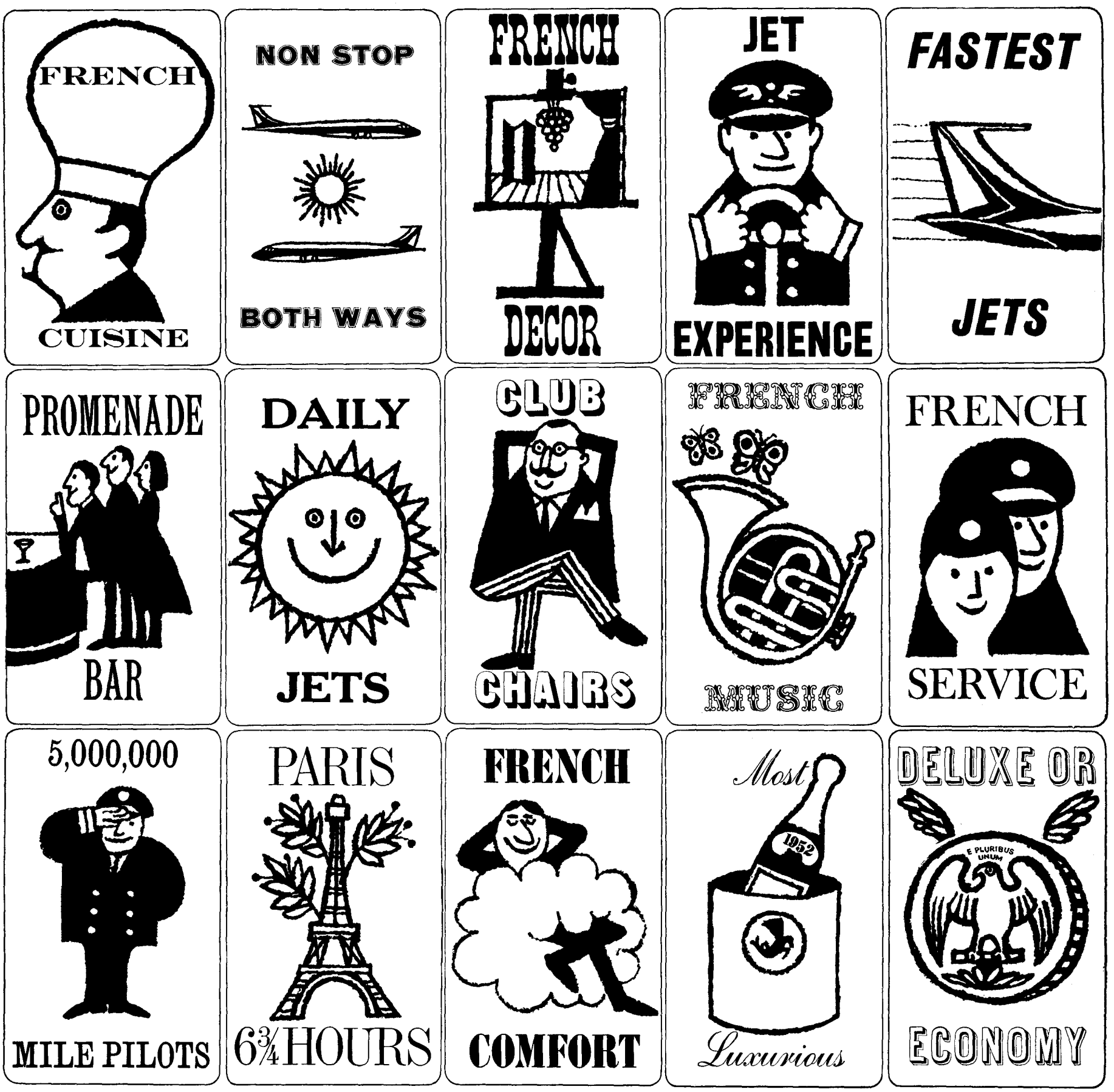

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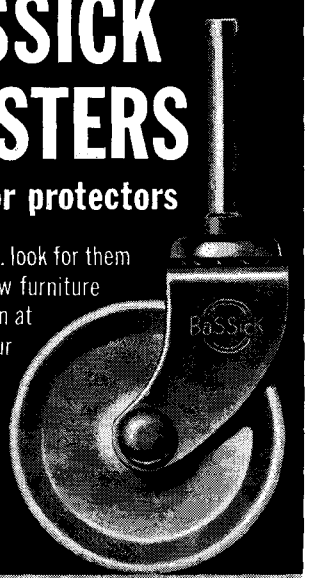

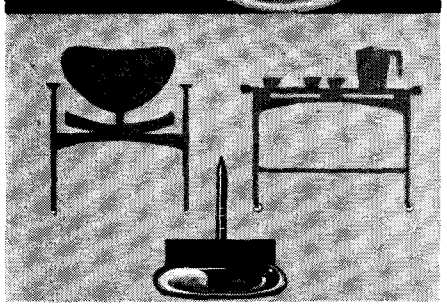

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The Secret Vice of Professor Cliffside

(Continued from Page 35)

of University Professors might investigate us. We'd have trouble recruiting new faculty members. The more sensational newspapers would play it up. We could even lose the support of our alumni and the donors we have in industry—which we desperately need. Besides, the professor has taught here for almost thirty years and he's brought considerable distinction to Balboa. The critics regard his edition of Chaucer's works as the best since that of Prof. Walter Skeat—and our college press still makes a good deal of its money from it. No, we couldn't fire him, even if he stole the administration building."

Dr. Leon Bledsoe then spoke. He is a prominent Beverly Hills surgeon, handsome and very tan from spending a lot of time on golf courses. "Dan, do we have any kind of list of what's missing and—if Professor Cliffside is responsible—what he did with it?"

"Yes, we do. Chief Bristol is waiting now to give his report." He pressed a button on his intercom. "Miss Gallicchio, have Chief Bristol come in, please."

The door opened and the chief strode in, looking very piercing and investigative. A big pistol was slung low on his belt, the way those television cowboys wear them. He took a chair next to me and undid the catch of an old briefcase. When he opened it I smelled bananas.

"O-nine hundred," he began. "Checked over Doctor Blount's list of missing articles, getting serial numbers where possible. O-nine-thirty: began making the rounds of other departments to ascertain what inventory they have recently missed."

The list of missing articles was wild and colorful: it included, among a host of other things, a small iron statue of the California bear, three volleyballs, two lamps from the faculty lounge, a duplicating machine, a sundial, a first edition of Jeremy Collier's *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, a large map of Europe as it appeared following the Diet of Worms, a dulcimer, a hamster, and three bags of lawn fertilizer.

"It was not definite, of course, that the suspect was alone responsible for these missing items ——"

"One moment," said President Bryant. "Let's not refer to Professor Cliffside as 'the suspect.'"

"Have it your own way," said the chief. He then pointed out that a search warrant would be needed to "case" the professor's house; even Clint Smith turned thumbs down on that. Then the chief sprang what he called a "clincher" on us: a rare variety of the ginkgo tree had been spirited away, tub and all, from the subtropical horticulture gardens, along with two bags of a new strain of grass seed—Blue Ornamental Fescue, developed by a young instructor.

"Guess what is growing in the professor's yard."

"Blue Ornamental Fescue?" Doctor Bledsoe hazarded.

"And a ginkgo tree," added Chief Bristol.

"Oh dear," I said.

"He's getting a trifle overt about it, isn't he?" said President Bryant. "Actually planting the evidence? There weren't any hamsters running about the yard, were there?"

"No. No sign of the bear, either."

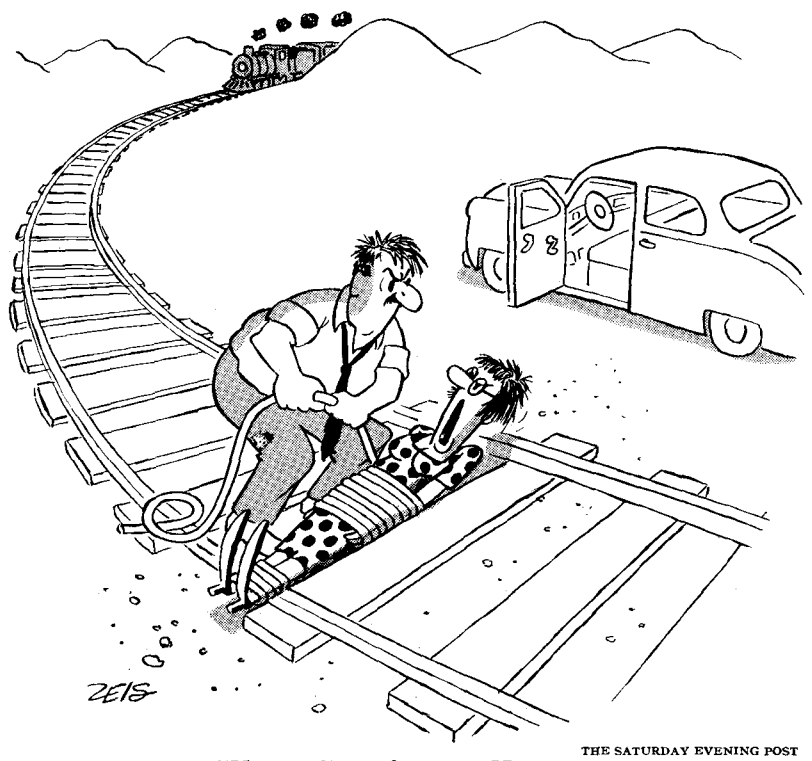
Clint Smith banged his fist on the table. "No sign of the bear! Next thing you know, he'll be trying to make off with—with that portrait of Balboa, big as it is! We've got to do something fast—now, what's it going to be?"

There was a long pause while everyone concentrated, but nobody seemed to have a ready suggestion. At last Doctor Bledsoe removed his tortoise-shell glasses, took out a Belfast linen handkerchief and began polishing his lenses—a hopeful sign.

"A-hmph!" he said. "Well, Daniel, as I see it, the situation boils down to this: (A) Professor Cliffside habitually—ah—appropriates things; (B) he allegedly has progressed from petty to grand larceny, and (C) we cannot allow it to continue. Now, we have several alternatives: One, we can fire him ——"

"That's what I say!" said Clint.

"Wait a minute. Two, we can call him in and demand that he put a stop to it."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You realize, of course, Heston, this is grounds for divorce."

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I objected to that. "Oh, we can't do so inhuman a thing. It would crush him! He might even kill himself!"

"I trust, Leon," said Daniel, "that isn't your Number Three?"

He laughed. "No, hardly. Number Three is this: we try to find a way to cure him. This sounds like an emotional—a mental problem. Why don't we call in Dr. Alex Wolf from our School of Psychiatry and have him interview the professor on some pretext?"

"Oh, that's even better!" said Clint. "A mental case on our faculty!"

Nevertheless, we agreed to call in Doctor Wolf in spite of Clint's grumbling.

By now I was dying to get to know Professor Cliffside. Think of it: a Chaucer scholar who goes about kidnaping ginkgo trees! He sounded like a wonderful addition to any college staff! So on my way out I asked Miss Gallicchio for her schedule of classes. I found what I was looking for: "English 153—Chaucer. Cliffside. MWF 11, HB 104." I could just make it.

I hurried across the campus and walked through the granite arches of the Humanities Building, found Room 104 and waited outside the door. The eleven-o'clock buzzer sounded just as Professor Cliffside rounded a corner down the hall.

Actually, I saw his briefcase first. It was jammed so full of books it was almost round, like those bags people carry bowling balls in. The professor gaily swung it around the corner and let its momentum pull him into view after it. He was rather short, a little tubby, and had a round head with short straight hair combed over to the side. His brown tweed jacket was baggy, he wore a sport shirt and a blue tie, and blue slacks with a pouch at each knee. A widower gone to seed.

"Could I help you?" he inquired, seeing me at the door.

"Yes, Doctor Cliffside. I'm Evelyn Tolliver—on the board of trustees, you know. May I sit in on your class? I've always wanted to hear you lecture and today I decided to do something about it."

"Why, yes, if you want to. Tolliver, eh? Italian name, did you know that?"

"Italian? No, it's English—or Scottish, maybe."

"Comes from Tagliaferro. Good old Italian name. Means an iron engraver."

"Well, I'm learning things already!"

"Fine. Come on in and let's see if I can keep you awake."

We went in, and I sat down among the students at the back of the room. Professor Cliffside reached into his pocket and pulled out a piece of twine with which he made a perfect cat's cradle. Then he launched into the most brilliant lecture I've ever heard, dealing with Chaucer's originality. It started off with a demonstration of how Chaucer was far and away more versatile and more of an innovator than Shakespeare, though not as good a poet. For example, he explained, Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* was the world's first psychological novel.

Right in the middle of his talk I saw how he got his nickname. He had written "Sercambi's *Novelle*" on the blackboard and then looked at the chalk, saw it was new, slipped it into his pocket and went on lecturing! A fat boy sitting in front of me nudged the girl next to him with his elbow and they tittered. "Chalky" then wrote "hagiography" on the board with a second piece of new chalk. It, too, went into his pocket—to be joined a few minutes later by an eraser and finally by a last piece of chalk. Having laid waste the chalk rack, he ended with a brilliant analysis of how Chaucer's ambitious projects actually damaged him, because he tried to do too much and often didn't finish things.

That couldn't be said of the professor: he finished talking just as the buzzer sounded. When his students swarmed off to lunch, I walked up to tell him how much I enjoyed his lecture.

"Delighted to have you," he said. "Reassuring to find other people interested in Chaucer besides students. Makes me feel I'm not spending my life whipping dead horses after all. By the way, Mrs. Tolliver, I went to see your folk-art exhibit in Ardith Hall last June. Excellent collection! Excellent! And being a medievalist, I especially liked those carvings of the characters in the Reynard the Fox stories—Reynard, and Isegrim the wolf, and King Noble the lion and what-not."

"Those are my favorites too! But do you know—when the exhibit was over, the figure of Reynard the Fox was missing! Completely disappeared! Nobody could ever explain—what ——"

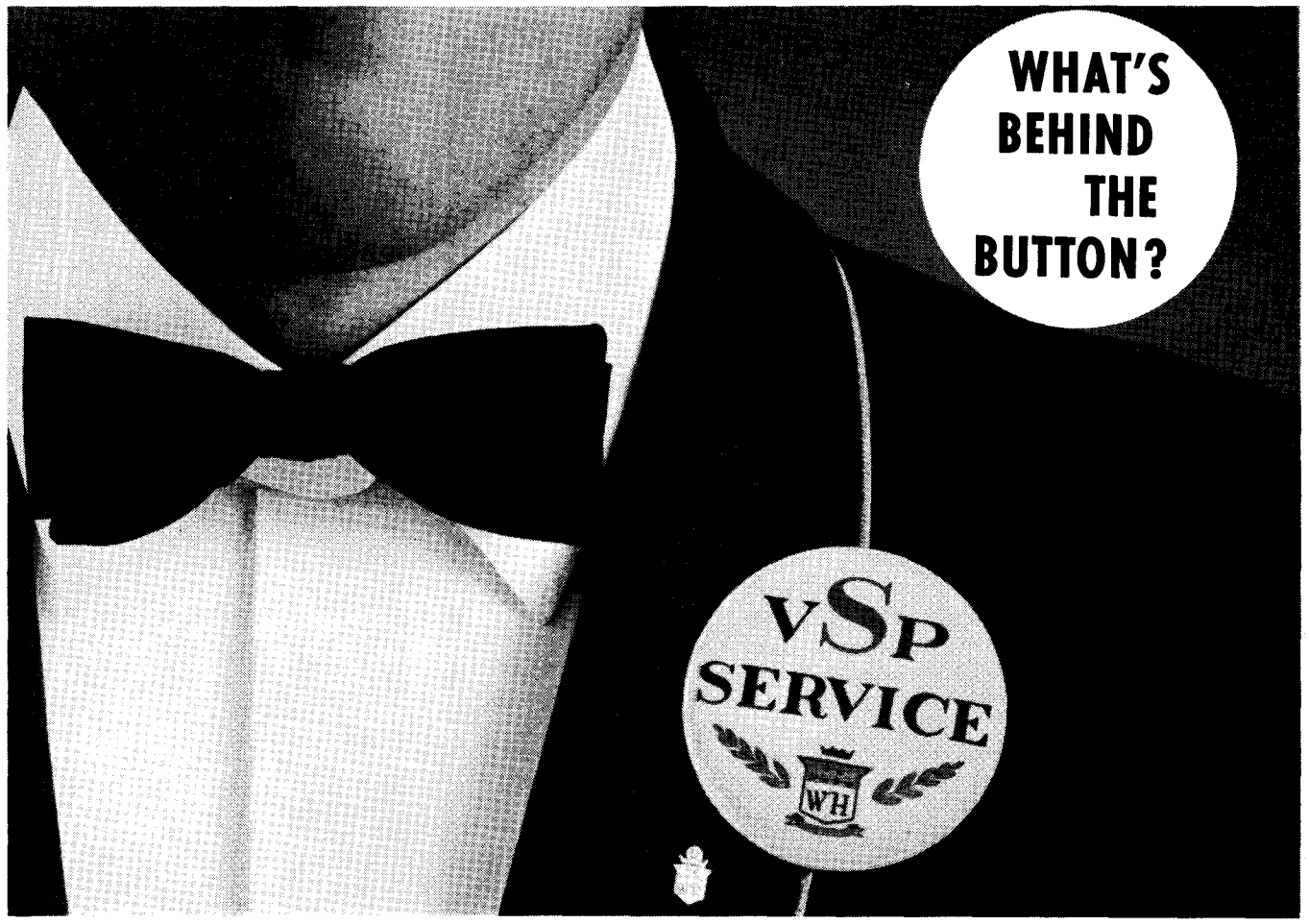
And a horrible question came to my mind. *Could it be that* —— He avoided my glance and began puffing strenuously on his pipe, which had gone out, and patting pockets all over himself.

"Hang it! That ridiculous pipe's gone out again! Won't stay lit! Positively refuses! Use four ounces of tobacco a week and six pounds of matches! Do you have a match, Mrs. Tolliver? No? Oh—here's a folder!"

He seemed terribly agitated. As that highly inelegant phrase puts it, I began to smell a rat.

"You know," he said, "I've collected a few things myself—mostly medieval, of course. And I'm wondering if possibly, if you're free tonight and don't mind eating a bachelor's cooking—not that I'm so bad a chef—you might come to my place to dinner."

Suddenly I felt a very spritely seventeen! I hadn't been asked for a date in



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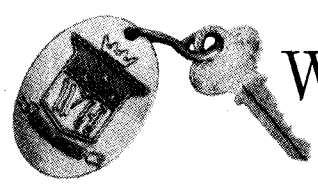

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just that way since the Harding Administration and I accepted on the spot. Not that I'm a hopeless wallflower. I'm attractive enough, if I do say so myself. My hair has grayed into a smooth platinum, and my figure—well, I daresay I'm one of the few women over thirty-five who look good in knit dresses.

He stammered his thanks, told me how to get to his house and fled away to lunch. On my way to the parking lot I realized I was much taken with him; but I was also resolved, if I saw my Reynard the Fox in his house, that I would snitch it right back—charm or no charm.

It was in this state of mind that I parked my car beside the contraband ginkgo tree in front of Doctor Cliffside's house on a magnificent September evening. He was taking off a sailcloth apron when he answered the doorbell.

"Timed it perfectly! Just put the main course in the oven. Why, how pretty you look, Mrs. Tolliver! Come in, come in!"

This, I thought, *is a nice man!* And, of course, he couldn't know I was wearing my favorite Shantung dress splashed with big green and chartreuse flowers. I half-expected to find his place in a regular bachelor's mess, with books and papers strewn around and dirty shirts hanging on doorknobs. But it was neat as a pin. Dark-green carpet, white walls, hundreds of books, framed pages from medieval manuscripts gleaming with lapis lazuli and gold, a renaissance lute leaning against a music stand, a rack full of brier and meerschaum pipes.

"Something smells awfully tantalizing," I said. "What is it?"

"Reversed eel," he said, "or, as some people call it, eel reversed. Suppose it depends on which end you're looking at it from. Popular medieval dish. I'm fixing a medieval dinner for you. Hope you like it. Some of it's a little strange."

"It sounds exciting. But how on earth do you reverse an eel?"

"Very simple. You steam it, slice it down the back, bone it, turn it inside out so the meat's on the outside, tie it here and there like a roast, boil it in red wine for a while, and then add spices—ginger, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and whatnot. Chaucer's time. Very tasty."

It was, believe it or not, and he had made it all by himself. He had a housekeeper but no cook. We dined on strange things like pike in galantine, a bourrey with hot sauce, blancmange, sugared flawns, and—thank goodness he told me afterward, not before—glazed sparrows!

"Tremendous craze for glazed sparrows in the fourteenth century," he told me. "People ate them on the streets by the thousand, like hot dogs. Got so bad the church issued an edict against eating them. Finally died out. I had to use canned ones from Japan, but I glazed them myself."

After dinner we sat down in his living room and talked, and then I began to see how lonely he was. His eyes misted when he spoke of his dead wife, Heloise, and *my* eyes misted over when I spoke to him about my dear, crusty old Henry. Both of us—we were "Owen" and "Evelyn" by now—agreed we would someday remarry—but it would have to be for love again, not convenience.

It was with relief that we turned to lighter subjects. At one point we were talking of classical music, but he also proved to be something of an authority on jazz as well! He started to tell me how the rhythms of Old English poetry and Dixieland are similar, and then said, "Here, I'll show you." With that, he picked up the renaissance lute and played the *Muskrat Ramble* on it!

That got us off on songs we remembered from our college days; I sat down at the piano, he got a guitar, and we sang for an hour—*Nola*, *Avalon*, *When The Red*, *Red Robin Comes Bob*, *Bob Bobbin' Along*—and as a rousing finale, *California, Here I Come!*

When it was almost ten o'clock and the conversation flagged for a moment, the professor suddenly got up and said, "There are a couple of little knickknacks here that I'd like to give you as mementos. Hope you'll accept them. One of them is going to be a pleasant surprise for you. Have it in a room downstairs."

I started to get up and go with him. "No, no, no!" he exclaimed. "No need for you to come down. You might—um, ah—you might get that pretty dress all dirty. Be right back."

He went down a hall, opened a door and descended to the basement. At first I wasn't going to follow him, but my curiosity was killing me—and besides it occurred to me that it was my duty to take a look. After all, I *am* on the board of trustees.

I tiptoed down the hall and moved the door open quietly. A flight of carpeted stairs led down to the basement; but a masonry wall flanked one side of the stairs, and the big asbestos-covered hot-air ducts of a gas furnace blocked the view on the other. All I could see was a triangular section of the floor—but in it lay a scuffed gray volleyball with the faded initials "BWPE" on it. Balboa Women's Physical Education!

I was sure I had stumbled on what I later called The Cliffside Lode. From the far end of the basement came scratchy noises of cardboard boxes being dragged on cement. I looked behind me to plan my retreat if he suddenly came up and with my heart pounding crept down two steps—no more.

A long triple row of shelves ran along the far wall, loaded with a wild assortment of articles. Three old typewriters squatted on one shelf, and a new electric typewriter sat on a low table nearby flanked by a stuffed bald eagle. Some old books—with white-painted library call numbers—were piled atop the typewriters. One had fallen off open onto the back of an iron statue of the California bear, which seemed to be snarling at his strange new saddle. Five or six tennis rackets, a hockey stick and a dusty pair of water skis leaned against the wall. An orange crate full of pencil sharpeners lurked behind the water skis, and some cardboard boxes stood in a row extending to the left and out of view. I bent myself double and managed to see a corner of the one box that was open. It was full of vases and ornamental urns. And everywhere, like snow on the Sierra Nevadas, were boxes and boxes of chalk!

I had seen enough. I crept back up the stairs and into the living room. *Poor man*, I reflected—*how terrible to be a kleptomaniac, compelled to take things you don't even want and then face the problem of what to do with them! What can you do but hide them and hope no one will find out?*

I heard him come back up the stairs and go into some other room to get something; then he returned, holding both hands behind his back.

"First," he said, "I want you to have this." And he gave me an exquisite carved ivory statue. "Bacchus. Twelfth century. English. Jolly little fellow my wife used to own. Been watching him eat those grapes for fifteen years and I'm tired of it."

It must have been worth a good deal of money, and I refused until I saw he'd be hurt if I didn't accept it.

"And now a *special* surprise. By a freak of chance I found this—in France—um, ah—two summers ago."

And he held out a carved wooden statue of Reynard the Fox!

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"Quite similar to the one you lost, I think. Now your collection is complete again."

I didn't protest as much this time, because I glanced casually at the bottom of the statue and saw where I had scratched my initials, "E.T." But I thanked him profusely anyway; and suddenly I felt very warm toward him, very close.

It was after ten by then. When I suggested calling it an evening he agreed, but began looking at me fixedly. I waited several seconds, but he never came out with what he had to say. At last he dropped his glance and fidgeted with his pipe.

"Just after ten? Oh, then I'll leave myself. Have to pick something up over at the library before it closes."

An innocent remark.

But the next day the whole roof collapsed with a roar. The board of trustees had reconvened to hear Doctor Wolf's report on the professor's psyche.

"Well, gentlemen—and Mrs. Tolliver," he began, "I talked with the professor for over an hour yesterday. I pretended I was studying the changing role of women in western society and wanted him to brief me on medieval attitudes. Of course I wove in a good many personal questions; and I've concluded that, aside from the sort of foibles anybody could have, he's no more than a relatively harmless kleptomaniac."

"Relatively harmless!" Clint Smith exploded. "You call wholesale larceny relatively harmless?"

"Let me explain. Kleptomania is a neurosis, but it hasn't interfered with the professor's career—as yet, anyway. You're lucky it isn't something worse."

Doctor Bledsoe leaned forward in his chair, his professional interest whetted. "Did you come to any conclusions on the etiology—the psychogenic origins of his difficulty?"

Doctor Wolf frowned. "I think so, but these are only broad educated guesses. To put it succinctly, everyone in life needs love. If he doesn't get it, especially as a child, he will hit back at society in some way, either by being openly hostile or by turning into a parasite of some sort—a kleptomaniac, for instance. The professor came from a broken home, which made him feel insecure to begin with. Later, as a poor student, he worked his way through college, where I gather he underwent hardships that make the Donner struggle across the Sierra Nevadas look like a strawberry festival. He got his Ph.D., but I think he unconsciously resents a world which gave him meager love and made him suffer in return for his scholarly training.

"His happy marriage was a great help, of course," Doctor Wolf went on. "Until Mrs. Cliffside died he contented himself with picking up such trifles as bits of chalk."

This analysis intrigued me, but I was still puzzled. "Doctor Wolf, you're saying that every time he—picks something up, in a way he is asking for someone to love him?"

"In a very gross way, yes."

"This is ridiculous, Evelyn," Clint Smith retorted. "Are you suggesting we go out and dig up a girl friend for him?"

"What would you suggest, Alex?" asked President Bryant.

"Hard to say. Psychotherapy would be best, of course."

"Could he help himself at all?" I asked.

"Oh—I suppose there's a remote possibility. It would be an encouraging sign if he ever returned something he took."

"It would? Then I do have some good news!" And I poured out all that had happened the evening before.

"You mean to tell me he's got a whole basement full of stuff?" Clint asked incredulously. "For the love of Mike, returning one lousy statue won't turn this man into a saint!"

"Perhaps not," said Doctor Wolf, "but it's encouraging. Apparently he liked you, Mrs. Tolliver."

The buzzer sounded on the intercom. President Bryant flipped the switch, and I heard Miss Gallicchio's voice. "Sir, Chief Bristol is here and says he has something important to tell you."

"What? Oh, all right. Please send him right in."

Chief Bristol began talking as he burst through the door. "This time he's really done it! I tried to phone you last night, but you were out."

"I was addressing a chamber of commerce meeting," said President Bryant. "Who's done what?"

"Cliffside! Last night he snuck in and lifted that five-foot portrait of Balboa right off the library wall! A hundred thousand bucks, off into the night! I apprehended him behind the men's gym."

Clint Smith rose out of his seat. "What! The Balboa portrait! Doctor Wolf, you almost had me taken in with all that flapdoodle about love and insecurity—but this—this ——"

The chief's eyes sparkled over the sensation he had caused.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Shall I fluff up that pillow a bit?"

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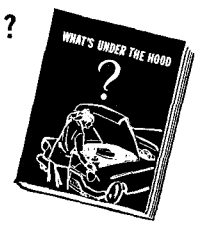

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"I thought I was seeing things—Balboa swooping down on me in the dead of night waving a sword. Then I saw the culprit and nabbed him."

"Hold on, Ralph," said President Bryant. "Let's not refer to a distinguished faculty member as 'the culprit.'"

"Check. Anyway, I detained him—and you know what he said? Claimed he just wanted to have it *cleaned*, at his own expense, because Balboa's armor had been looking tarnished!"

"Did anyone see you?"

"Sure. Two fraternity men. They followed me back up to the library to see me rehang the picture."

"Oh, dear!" I said. "Then the news will be all over the place today!"

"Gentlemen," said Clint, "I think the professor has had it."

"I'm afraid it does look that way," said Doctor Bledsoe.

"Well, we've done our best," said President Bryant, "but it looks as if we're too late. I suppose he'll have to go."

Chief Bristol's nostrils flared. "Shall I have him booked?"

"Are you out of your mind?" President Bryant snapped. "No. You've done your work very well, Ralph. Thank you."

The chief took the hint and left, with disappointment written all over his big, fat, official back.

President Bryant ran his fingers through his hair and sighed. "There is no joy in the world—especially this year."

Doctor Wolf slumped down in his chair. "I wonder what particular thing happened to him," he muttered to himself—but I heard him.

"What do you mean, Doctor Wolf?"

"Oh—well—my guess would be that some single big emotional crisis came along he just couldn't cope with adequately. Could have been anything—maybe even a chance for love."

"A chance for love!" I was dumfounded. "Do you mean his stealing the Balboa portrait was a—a desperate demand for love?"

"It's quite possible. Why, what's the matter, Mrs. Tolliver?"

I was blushing right down to my spectator shoes, but he probably thought I was going to faint.

"Why couldn't he have stolen from himself for a change!" Clint grumbled, ignoring our conversation. "He's got half the college in that basement of his.

"Pass the sugar, please."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

But no—he wouldn't steal anything he already owned."

His words electrified me. "Clint! Would you repeat that?"

"Huh? Well, all I said was he wouldn't steal anything he already owned. And he wouldn't, would he?"

"You're right—he wouldn't!"

It hit me, then—an idea so preposterous I knew it would work!

"Gentlemen," I said. "Clint has just solved our problem!"

Clint jumped. "What! I have? What are you talking about?"

"Just this: if Owen—I mean, Doctor Cliffside—actually owned the college, he wouldn't bother taking anything from it."

"Are you—you aren't suggesting we—*give* it to him?"

"In a way, yes, I am!"

President Bryant's mouth dropped open; Clint's eyebrows shot up to his hairline; Doctor Bledsoe looked etherized; Doctor Wolf appraised me with fresh professional interest.

"We could if we wanted to, you know! Who owns this college, anyway? The corporation. And who controls the corporation? We do—we trustees. We own the college."

"But Ev-ah-lyn!" said President Bryant. "We can't"—he lifted his arms in bafflement—"*give* him the college!"

"No, but we can do the next best thing. Gentlemen, I am going to resign from the board—on condition that we appoint Doctor Cliffside to replace me!"

"Over my dead body!" Clint roared.

"Oh, come now, Evelyn!" said Doctor Bledsoe, and they all started laughing. But what can you expect from "practical" men?

Then Doctor Wolf intervened. "Now wait a minute. Granted it's—shall we say, a somewhat novel suggestion? But let's take a look at it."

So we did. And as they talked, the men admitted that Doctor Cliffside was a brilliant man, and that they wouldn't object to associating with him on the board on personal grounds. His collector's impulse was their only complaint, and they finally agreed that making him a trustee would be almost a sure cure for that.

We held a special board meeting to announce the news to Doctor Cliffside. He appeared on Friday at three o'clock, nervously weaving cat's cradles and smiling shyly at me. President Bryant welcomed him cordially and got a surprised look in return.

"Is this about—what happened the other evening?" he said.

"Why? What happened the other evening?" said President Bryant.

"Oh. Um, well, guilty of a slight—indiscretion or what-not, you know."

"I've no idea what you're talking about, Professor Cliffside. No, the reason we have met this afternoon is this: Mrs. Tolliver resigned from the board this week, leaving us with the problem of electing a new trustee. We decided it would be ideal to have some outstanding person who enjoys close relations with our faculty. Furthermore, although you have been unaware of it, we have also been trying to think of something to do with—for you, which would express how deeply we prize your thirty years of service to Balboa College, your famous edition of Chaucer's works, and you, yourself, whom we all love and admire. We have solved both problems most happily—by choosing you as our new trustee!"

"Me? A trustee? I mean to say—me?"

"You, indeed. Along with *us*—and I cannot emphasize this point too strongly—*you* now own Balboa College lock, stock and—presuming there's one around somewhere—barrel."

We all crowded around him to shake his hand, and I gave him a kiss on the cheek that almost turned him into a reversed eel on the spot. Then he and I left together and went out to celebrate with a rousing pot of gunpowder tea and crumpets in an ivy-twined Pasadena tearoom. And he held my hand!

The stratagem worked perfectly. One day a month or two later a large van backed up to the rear doors of the Buildings and Maintenance Department and quietly disgorged The Cliffside Lode. The library has also acquired a new treasure: Vasco Balboa now brandishes his sword at the wall opposite him, where hangs the companion portrait of another conquistador, Hernando Cortes.

And I'm very proud of the brass plate on the frame below Cortes' feet, which reads: GIFT OF DR. AND MRS. OWEN CLIFFSIDE.

The Ladies' Favorite Cardinal (Continued from Page 24)

happens to be one of the club comedians away from the field, he is a serious-looking fellow on it.

Still boyishly earnest at twenty-eight, Joe strives so obviously to do his best that he brings out the maternal instinct in females from under fifteen to over seventy.

As an outfielder Joe often plays easy chances into hard ones, then makes up for it with belly-busting catches. As a first baseman he executes virtual ballet splits in reaching out for low throws. At the plate when he decides in the middle of a swing to hold back, he checks himself so violently that he appears almost to wrench his shoulders from their sockets.

Other ballplayers take a sour view of this sort of thing when conscious exhibitionism is involved, but they know Cunningham isn't putting on any act. His pal, Don Blasingame, the former Cardinal second baseman who is now with the San Francisco Giants, sums up, "Sure, he leads the league in one-handed catches, but he leads it in effort, too—and everyone knows it."

Cunningham's manager, Solly Hemus, a conspicuous hustler in his own playing days, declares, "Joe is no hot dog"—baseball slang for a show-off. "He goes all out all the time. He doesn't run as well, as fast or as easily as some others, but did you ever see anyone run harder?"

What has nailed down Joe's popularity with the men as well as the women at Busch Stadium is the genius he has shown, from his early years as a sub, for coming through with clutch hits. By now it is clear that Cunningham is one of the soundest hitters in the business. In approximately four seasons with the Cardinals he has averaged .317. Among active National Leaguers, only Stan Musial (.337) and Henry Aaron (.323) have higher career marks.

In spite of his hitting Cunningham has had a hard time winning a regular job. As recently as opening day last year he was just a utility man riding the bench. Even today, with a .345 season just behind him, there is no guarantee that Cunningham will have a set position all year long.

This is a curious state of affairs. But then, Cunningham seems to have a penchant for getting into bizarre situations. For example, when a tornado struck St. Louis in February 1959, one of the objects in its path was an apartment shared by Cunningham, Don Blasingame and Ted Glen, a short-order cook who comes from Joe's home section in New Jersey. Blasingame was out, but Cunningham and Glen were in the apartment. Doing what? Why, they were discussing the Bible.

At the very moment that the tornado arrived, Joe was looking up a passage in First Corinthians. He bolted from his chair and into the next room just before part of the ceiling crashed down where he had been sitting. Glen, seated across the room, ran into the hallway and was blown into the kitchen, also unhurt.

The episode was reported in newspapers around the country. Rival ballplayers kidded Joe about it all last summer. They insisted that the newspapers must have got mixed up about what he was reading. Surely it was the "baseball bible," *The Sporting News*. The kidding was good-natured, as it invariably is where Joe Cunningham is concerned.

Cunningham is husky enough—six feet one and 185 pounds. He has the strong arms of a steam fitter, which he was, and the powerful hands of a journeyman plumber, another trade for which he holds a union card. However, he is not the graceful type who impresses everybody at first sight. Even his natural ability as a hitter is obscured by the fact that he keeps altering his style. Joe changes his batting stance more often than players who can't hit.

In the off season he preaches safety first—"I gave up steam fitting a couple of winters ago in New Jersey after I narrowly escaped getting hurt," he says—but on the ball field, he throws caution out the window. He is constantly on the trainer's table with bumps, lumps, cuts, blisters and the painful sliding burns known as "strawberries."

Cunningham not only plays hard but bruises easily. He also is susceptible to muscle cramps (*Continued on Page 113*)

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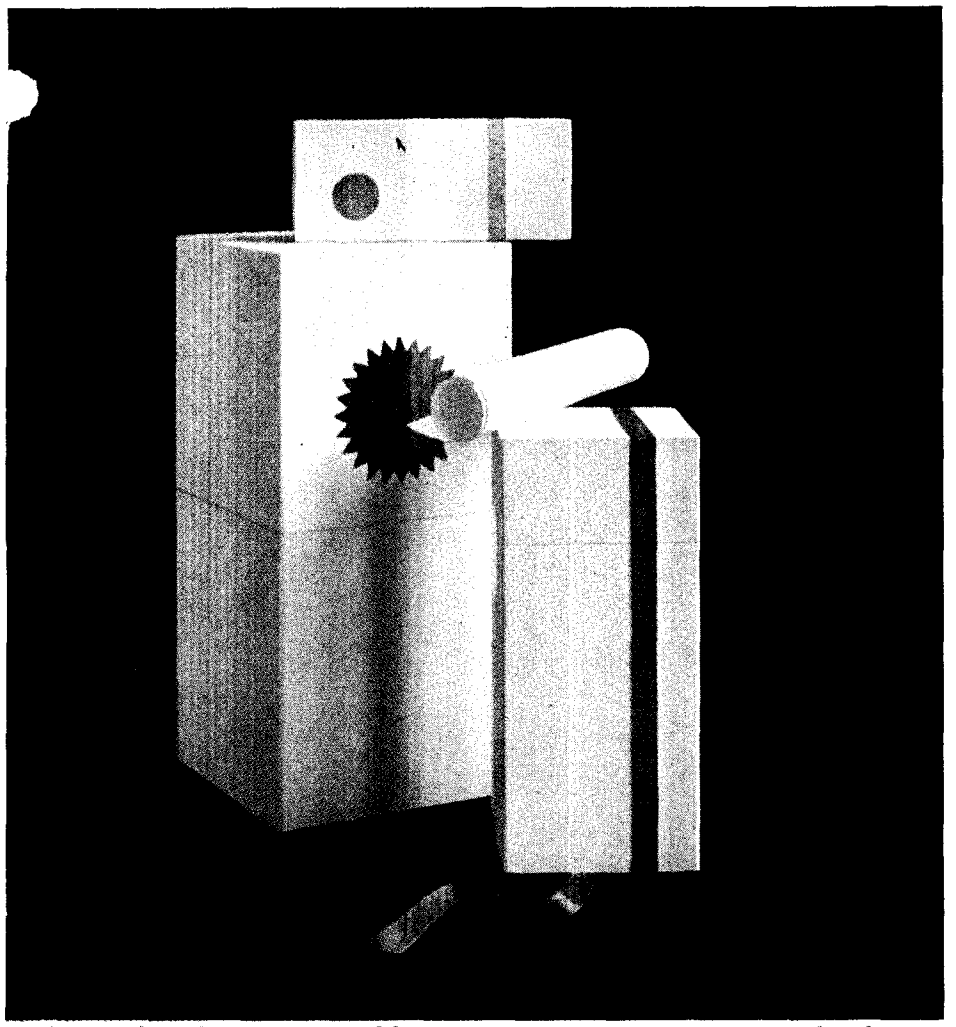

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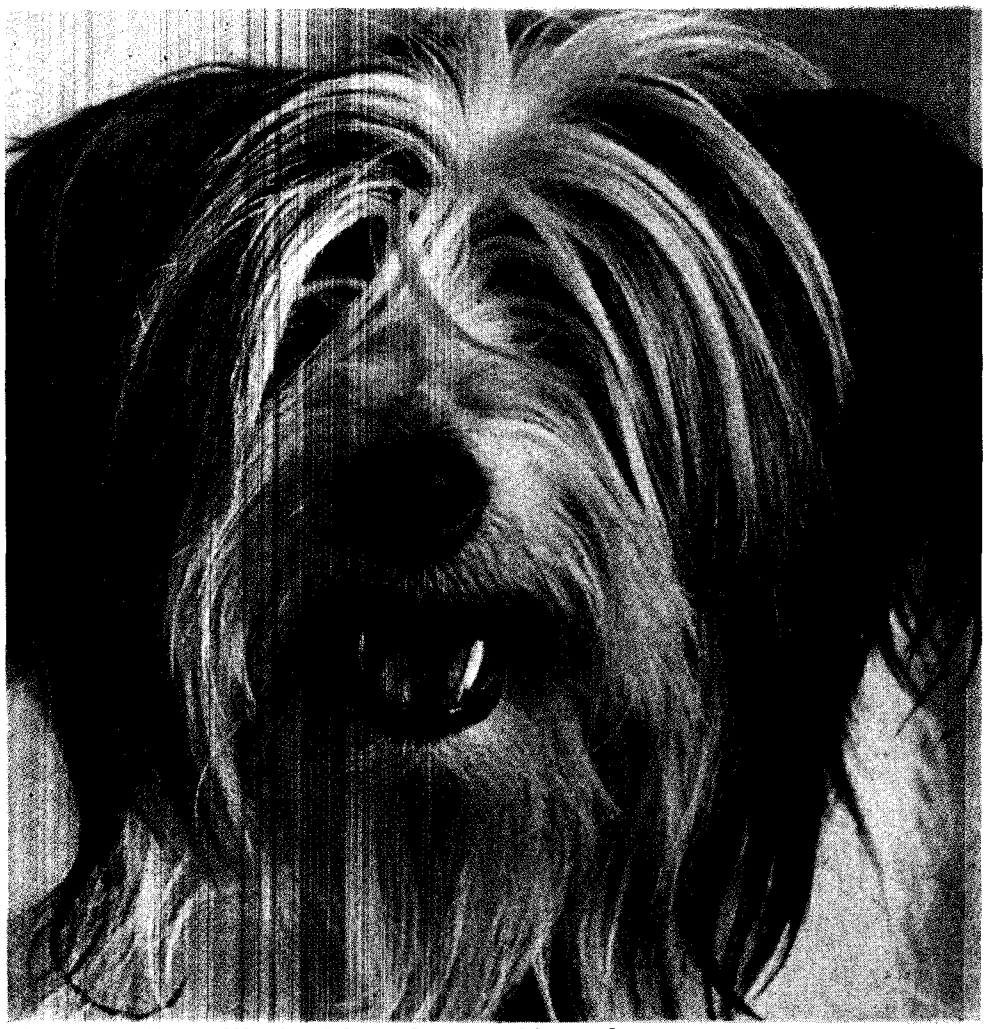

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(*Continued from Page 110*) in his thick thighs, even though, at trainer Bob Bauman's suggestion, he has been taking special exercises to alleviate this condition.

Joe suffered his most unusual injury last summer. "We're flying to Philly," Garagiola recalls with glee, "and Cunningham is in the men's room doctoring elbows he had rubbed raw in a headfirst slide. He comes out, slips and—well, did you ever hear of a guy pulling a leg muscle 10,000 feet in the air?"

Don't assume from this that Joe is always on the receiving end of jokes. He hands out as much ribbing as he gets, generally dispensing his humor with a poker face. Cunningham and bespectacled Eddie Kasko, an infielder who was later traded to Cincinnati, did much to help the Cardinals stay loose when the club made a surprising run for the pennant in 1957. The practical jokes and wisecracks of Joe and Eddie kept bus trips from hotel to ball park alive with laughter. On trains the pair entertainingly kibitzed whatever card games they didn't break up with their nonsense.

One Sunday afternoon in St. Louis Kasko tied the score against Pittsburgh with a ninth-inning double, and Cunningham won the game as a pinch hitter with a home run in the eleventh. Frank Lane, then the Cardinals' general manager, hurried joyfully to the clubhouse.

Kasko, pretending not to have seen the general manager enter, called over to Cunningham, "They way you're hitting in the clutch, Joe, I think Mr. Lane ought to give you a raise."

Cunningham came back, equally deadpanned, "And you deserve the best, too, Eddie, because if you hadn't tied the game, I couldn't have won it."

Lane got a kick out of this and also out of an encore that took place the following night. Pinch-hitting again, Cunningham drove a grand-slam homer into a big neon clock on top of the roof in right-center to give the Cardinals a 7–3 victory over the Giants. Afterward, within earshot of Lane, Kasko crowed that this should be worth a $500 bonus.

The next day Cunningham and Kasko both found $200 extra on their pay checks. In each envelope there was a note from Frank Lane reading, "We needed the extra $100 to fix the clock."

Frantic Frank, who has since moved to Cleveland, still refers to Cunningham as "Frank Merriwell" because of the numerous dramatic hits Joe produced as St. Louis drove to a strong second-place finish in 1957. Joe's over-all average was better than fair that year—.318 for 261 times at bat—but as a pinch hitter he was truly sensational. In thirty pinch appearances he delivered thirteen hits—three of them homers—for a .433 mark.

Says the 1957 St. Louis manager, Fred Hutchinson, now at Cincinnati, "Cunningham was the best one-man bench I ever saw."

Hutchinson is a solemn, craggy-featured fellow whose face looks exceedingly stern. It has been said that his expression would frighten the bogeyman. With unintentional irony he offers a similar observation about Cunningham.

"Joe is a real nice kid," says Hutch, "but he's so intense and tries so hard—he grits his teeth and glowers so much—that he looks like the meanest man in town."

It was under Hutchinson in 1957 that Cunningham finally came to St. Louis to stay. If Joe hadn't had unusual determination, it is doubtful that he ever would have made it. In each of the three previous seasons he had tried to establish himself with the Cardinals, only to be frustrated by circumstances largely beyond his control.

His first opportunity came late in June of 1954, when Eddie Stanky, the Cardinal manager of the moment, brought his team to Rochester, the Redbirds' International League farm, to play an exhibition game. Stanky wanted to look over two of the Rochester players—Bill Virdon, an outfielder, and Cunningham, a first baseman.

Harry (the Hat) Walker, who was managing Rochester, tipped off Stanky that Cunningham would be playing with a taped leg. "He's an eager kid who insisted on playing, bad leg and all, just so you could see him," Walker explained.

Hopping around furiously, Cunningham singled twice and walked twice. Stanky was impressed. He had an expensive rookie first baseman, Tom Alston, the Cardinals' first Negro player, for whom Anheuser-Busch had paid nearly $125,000 in money and players. But Alston wasn't hitting. Two days after the Rochester exhibition Cunningham was notified to report to the Cardinals in Cincinnati.

Joe packed up in such a hurry that he left most of his clothes at the cleaners, but he still wasn't fast enough to catch a night train to Cincinnati. Then he coaxed the Rochester club's publicity man to drive him seventy miles to Buffalo, where he boarded a morning plane.

He signed his first big-league contract in Cincinnati that night, while eating dinner at seven P.M., an hour before game time. Stanky put him right into the line-up at first base, leg still taped. Facing Cincinnati right-hander Art Fowler, Cunningham grounded into force plays his first two times up. Then he walloped a two-run homer, and later drove in two more runs with a single.

In the field he distinguished himself by knocking down a hot grounder, sprawling into foul territory to retrieve it, and then, from a sitting position, feeding a good throw to his pitcher covering first base. Another time he raced into the right-field bull pen for a foul fly, toppling over the waist-high grandstand fence as he made the catch.

The Cardinals won in a romp, 11–3, and rushed for a midnight train to Milwaukee. Manager Stanky was properly restrained in his comments to enthusiastic reporters. Said Eddie, "Let's wait until he faces a good left-hander—Spahn."

Off master southpaw Warren Spahn in Milwaukee the next afternoon the left-handed Cunningham pounded two long home runs. This gave him three homers, a single and nine runs batted in after just two major-league games.

Cunningham was grinning as he faced the writers in the clubhouse following the game. "Me, nervous? Naw, I haven't come out of shock yet," he said.

Joe was in for a less pleasant shock the next year, after holding the first-base job for the balance of 1954. Naturally he didn't maintain his early pace, but he finished up with a .284 average for eighty-five games. He hit eleven homers and drove in fifty runs. Therefore, when he reported to the Cardinals' training camp at St. Petersburg, Florida, in the spring of 1955, he had no reason to doubt that he was now, at the age of twenty-three, an established member of the club.

On March thirtieth, with the training period almost over, Manager Stanky called Joe into his cubbyhole office. "I'm sorry," Stanky said, "but I'm moving Musial in to play first base. You're going back to Rochester."

A feeling of injustice engulfed Cunningham. He knew that Stanky was maneuvering to make room in the outfield for Bill Virdon, a clever fielder, but Joe felt that he also deserved to stick with the Cardinals. Joe had undergone a run of poor luck in training camp. First he had to favor a pulled leg muscle, and then he got hit in the head with a pitch.

He went to bat a total of only seventeen times in a month of exhibition games.

Looking back on the moment when Stanky gave him the bad news, Cunningham says, "I just sat there and shook. I thought, *Why don't I just go back home and do some steam fitting? I'll see who my real friends are, now that I'm not a big-leaguer any more.*"

Home was Saddle River Township, New Jersey, a rapidly growing suburb of Paterson. As a boy Joe had lived at nearby Rochelle Park, then a town of 1500. There were woods close at hand for running his father's bird dogs. The Saddle River offered swimming in the summer and skating in the winter. There also were open fields for sports, such as baseball.

However, Joe devoted a good deal of his free time to working for nickels, dimes and quarters. His mother, the former Mildred Speer, suffered from severe asthma and allergies. His father, Robert Joseph Cunningham Sr., an industrious steam fitter, was hard-pressed to pay all the medical bills. Joe and his younger brother Jim chipped in by caddying, cutting grass and shoveling snow.

From the time Joe was thirteen his big ambition was to buy an automobile for his ailing mother. Before he was twenty-one, he had saved enough money to do it—$2000. Later, as an enlisted man in the Army, he sent home the bulk of his pay. Now that he is a highly prosperous bachelor—he wangled a salary in excess of $30,000 for the coming season—Cunningham has air-conditioned his parents' home to make his mother more comfortable. He takes her South each winter to enjoy the warmth of St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Cunningham, an attractive blonde whom Joe closely resembles, had some close brushes with death in years past. Today her husband says softly, "Joe has brought her back."

The father, a short, stocky man now employed as a job estimator with a Paterson plumbing-and-heating firm, is talking about more than Joe's financial contributions. As Benny Borgmann, the scout who signed Cunningham for the Cardinals, puts it, "It hasn't hurt Mrs. Cunningham any to see Joe battle his way up to the top in the big leagues."

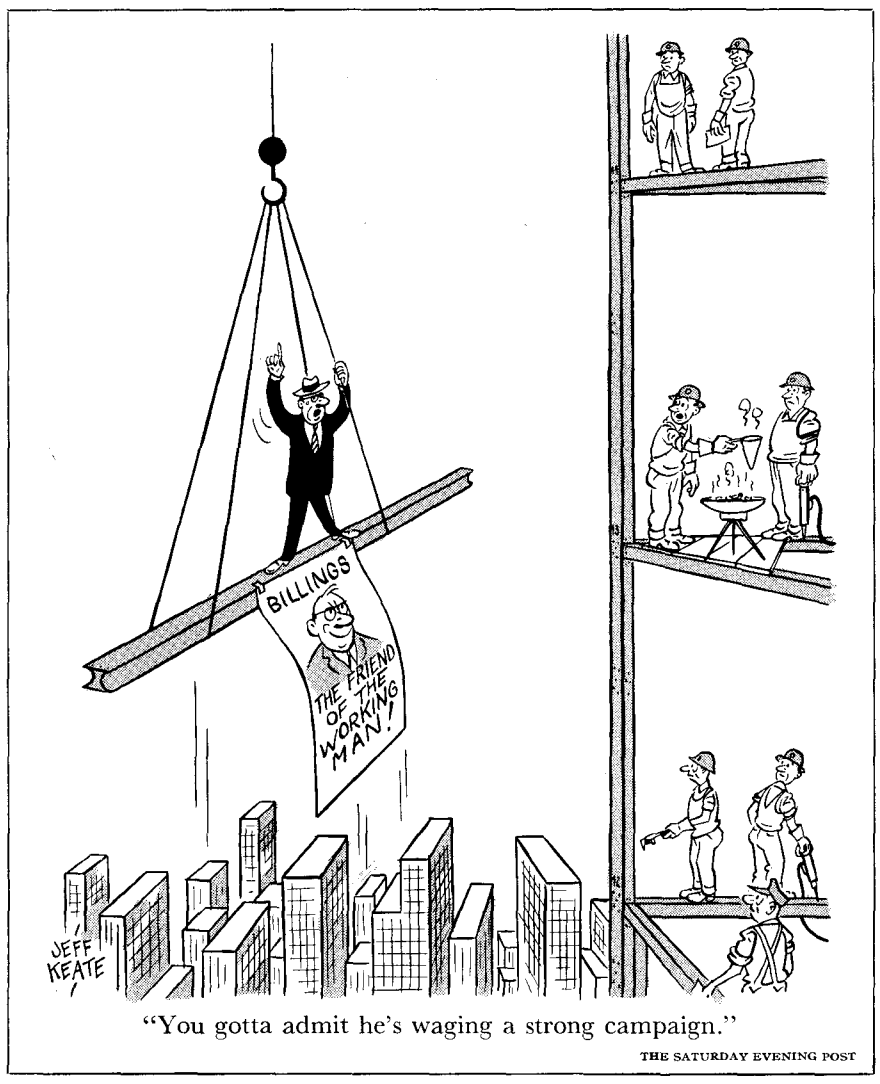
The Cunningham boys and their father were Yankee fans when Joe was growing up. Yankee Stadium was only twenty to twenty-five minutes away by bus. Joe's favorite was Tommy Henrich, an outfielder who became a first baseman. Cunningham, the first baseman who became an outfielder, today wears the same uniform number as Henrich—No. 15.

Joe might ultimately have worn it for the Yankees if they had gone after him when he was graduated from high school in Lodi, New Jersey, in June of 1949. Cunningham was a gangling seventeen-year-old who weighed only 155 pounds and seemed all feet. The Yanks weren't interested in him. Neither were the Giants nor the Dodgers. That left a clear field for Benny Borgmann, a friend of Joe's high-school coach, Stan Piala.

What did Borgmann see in this boy nobody else wanted? "I thought I saw a good hitter," says the scout. "I saw, too, a boy who had been a good high-school student only because, as in everything else he did, he was willing to pay the price of hard work."

Cunningham signed without bonus and for a salary of only $150 a month. A fond aunt thought he should go to college, and the University of Iowa offered him a baseball scholarship. However, Joe lacked both a language credit and the incentive to pursue his education. He wanted to be a professional ballplayer.

Joe looked like a character out of Ring Lardner when he reported that summer to Johnson City, Tennessee, in the Class D Appalachian League. He was tall and skinny and in need of a haircut. His baseball shoes, two sizes too large, flopped



"You gotta admit he's waging a strong campaign."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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and curled at the toes. He brought with him seven sweat shirts, each a different color. "And," he says good humoredly, rounding out the picture himself, "I hid my money behind a clock radio in the boardinghouse."

This ungainly kid could hit, though. In the next three years he progressed as high as Class A ball. Then came two service seasons in the Army, where he played among big-leaguers and also got his full physical growth. When Joe returned in 1954 St. Louis farm director Walter Shannon promoted him to Triple A at Rochester.

Cunningham's quick rise to the Cardinals that summer—and his abrupt descent to Rochester the following spring—has already been related. His batting average sagged along with his morale. In late May he was hitting only .204. At this point Fred (Dixie) Walker, Harry's older brother, became the Rochester manager.

"Dixie helped my hitting more than anyone," says Cunningham. Walker, a former National League batting champion, knew that in spring training, after ordering removal of the right-field screen in St. Louis, Stanky had encouraged all Redbird left-handed hitters to pull the ball. Dixie felt that Cunningham was better when he "went with the pitch," hitting to all fields.

With this approach Cunningham pulled his average up to .275. However, he still couldn't stick with the Cardinals in 1956, Fred Hutchinson's first year. Musial was back in the outfield, but now Wally Moon was at first base in another experiment. Then there was Tom Alston, the expensive bust. August (Gussie) Busch, the sportsman who controls the Cardinals, was annoyed that Hutchinson didn't play Tom more often. Diplomatically Frank Lane finally farmed out both Cunningham and Alston. This time Joe hit .320 at Rochester, missing the International League batting title by just a point.

At spring training in 1957 Cunningham took a tip from Johnny Keane, a minor-league manager since promoted to Cardinal coach. Keane pointed out that Musial, no longer able to move well in the outfield, would return to first base again. "A reserve first baseman is a luxury," said Keane, "but not if he can play the outfield too."

A lifelong first baseman—and a good one—Joe set out grimly to learn a new position. Daily he shagged flies, making sliding, diving catches of those he misjudged the worst. He proved to have a more powerful throwing arm than had been apparent in the confines of the infield, although he threw with more strength than direction.

The two-position gambit kept Cunningham on the roster, and Joe did the rest. Pinch hitting, replacing a slumping outfielder for a day or a week at a time, serving as a late-inning replacement for Stan Musial at first base, Joe saw an increasing amount of action. He hit .318 in 1957 and .312 in 1958, then soared to .345 last season.

Would his goal now be a batting championship? "My only goal," says Cunningham, tongue in cheek, "is to play regularly." He got in 145 of the Cardinals' 154 games last year, but he was annoyed that until mid-May he sat on the side lines while Solly Hemus, the new manager, experimented with other outfielders.

Cunningham has been handicapped over the years by (1) four St. Louis managerial changes in five seasons; (2) Musial's advancing baseball age, which forced "The Man" to move from the outfield to first base, and (3) the high command's desire to balance off left-handed hitting with right-handed outfielders who can both bat and field.

The Cardinals have found better fielders than Joe, but not better hitters. He has always been able to swing that bat, although at first he sometimes didn't know what he was swinging at.

Back in 1954, after Cunningham homered one day to beat Russ Meyer and Brooklyn, he was asked what kind of pitch he had hit.

"I'm not sure," he replied. "Must have been one of those funny things I've been seeing up here."

Maybe a screwball, Meyer's pet pitch?

"A screwball or slider," Joe said. Turning to Dick Schofield, a nineteen-year-old bonus infielder, he asked, "What's the difference?"

Schofield's jaw dropped in disbelief. "Difference!" he moaned sarcastically.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, not much. One breaks in on you and the other away from you, that's all." With the right-handed Meyer throwing to the left-handed Cunningham, a screwball would have broken away from Joe.

Today Cunningham has his own positive ideas about hitting. He's confident enough to pull for the fences when necessary, but he prefers to "aim through the middle," as he did last year, when his home-run output went down and his average up.

He has fidgeted from one batting stance to another—"I've just got to be comfortable up there," he declares. Last season he settled on one in which he moved his right foot closer to the plate. Fearlessly he strides into the pitch, even against a side-wheeling southpaw with a humming fast ball. Time and again he has to drop heavily to avoid a high and tight pitch that would have been easier to duck if he hadn't such raw courage.

Cunningham is proud that he batted .325 against left-handed pitchers last year. He's proud, too, that once again he led the Cardinals in clutch hits. Seven times he drove in the tying run in the eighth or ninth inning. On ten occasions he knocked across the winning run.

Hall of Famer George Sisler, the hitting coach of the Pittsburgh Pirates, says that it is difficult to set a defense against Cunningham because he invariably gets a piece of the ball and hits to all fields.

"I used to think he was a streak hitter," says Sisler, "because he changed batting stances so often. He seemed erratic, but he's much improved. He's got good judgment and determination, and he's a good breaking-ball hitter."

Manager Solly Hemus, a former walk-wheedling lead-off man, credits Cunningham with having the sharpest batting eye he has ever seen. Joe last season drew eighty-eight bases on balls. Only the Dodgers' Junior Gilliam, with ninety-six, was ahead of him in the National League. In announcing that Cunningham would replace the departed Don Blasingame as lead-off hitter for the Cardinals this year, Hemus pointed out that Joe had reached base safely 45 per cent of the time in 1959.

However, Cunningham resents being classed as what the boys call a "base-on-balls" hitter. "I'm just fussy," he insists. "Actually, I'm a first-ball hitter—when they get it over—but I'm not a bad-ball hitter. I know the strike zone."

Another of Joe's offensive weapons is the ability to drag bunt. He did this safely six out of seven times in 1958, and last season beat out seven of fourteen. One victimized his old sidekick, Eddie Kasko, playing third base for Cincinnati.

Joe came up with two out and a runner on third. Kasko, aware that Cunningham is one of the few left-handed hitters ever to clear the left-field fence at Crosley Field, played deep. Joe bluffed a bunt, but Eddie didn't budge. Then Joe pushed the next pitch slowly toward third and beat the throw for a run-scoring single.

"That made us even," Joe recalls, smiling. Earlier in the season when trade rumors about Cunningham were prevalent, Kasko and Mayo Smith, the Reds' manager, conspired to play a trick on Joe, who openly proclaims that he doesn't want to leave St. Louis.

"Looks like we'll get you this time, all right," said Smith, winking as he passed Joe on the field before a day game. Afterward, Cunningham took Kasko to Smoky Joe's Grecian Terrace, a combination bar-restaurant located downstairs from Cunningham's apartment.

Proprietor Al Bayou had a gag telegram waiting for "Smoky" Joe—a nickname teammates have transferred to Cunningham because of his proximity to the restaurant. Supposedly sent by Gabe Paul, the Cincinnati general manager, the telegram read:

JUST TRADED FOR YOU. WELCOME TO THE ORGANIZATION. WILL CALL YOU TOMORROW.

Kasko gravely sympathized with Cunningham and offered, if friend Joe would pick him up early the next afternoon, to introduce him to all his new Redleg teammates. Then Kasko left. Cunningham, taken in, sorrowfully asked Bayou to close out his account. The original Smoky Joe could stand no longer to see his baseball namesake suffer. He spilled the beans.

Now it was Cunningham's turn to enjoy himself. Going upstairs to his apartment, he went through the motions of packing as though to leave town with the Cincinnati club. Joe's acting was so good that Ted Glen, who was in on the joke, soon found himself pleading with the ballplayer not to take the telegram seriously.

The apartment itself is worthy of special mention. When bachelors Cunningham, Glen and Blasingame first moved in, they decorated the walls of the old-fashioned, high-ceilinged rooms with sixteen different shades of paint. Then came the tornado, and not long after, Glen got married and moved out.

In refurbishing the place, Cunningham and Blasingame contented themselves with doing the walls in black and beige and the fireplace in white. However, the fireplace is lined with giant Japanese dolls. On the walls there are surrealistic pictures painted by artist friends, including some that feature scowling redbirds in baseball-action poses. There is also a sign tacked up by Joe, who takes a lot of kidding about the fact that he is becoming bald: SMART WOMEN DON'T FALL IN LOVE WITH HAIR.

There are two Joe Cunningham Fan Clubs in St. Louis, composed of teen-aged young ladies. Joe has escorted the presidents of both clubs through the apartment, with a graciousness that not all of today's baseball idols can match. He is unfailingly courteous to fans of every description.

Cunningham is a man of varied interests. An active Presbyterian, he has also attended Catholic Mass with Ted Glen, the Church of Christ with Don Blasingame and Baptist services with still other teammates.

In the Army he took up dancing to improve his footwork around first base, and it has remained one of his favorite recreations. He likes television and movie Westerns. He smokes an occasional cigar, drinks beer moderately and enjoys all kinds of food—especially the shish kebab that Ted Glen serves up at Smoky Joe's.

There is reason to suspect that bachelor Joe, the Ladies' Day favorite, is about ready to stop playing the field and get married. Recently, looking around for a good business investment in St. Louis to augment real-estate holdings he has acquired in New Jersey and California, he acquired a bowling emporium in nearby Imperial, Missouri. "I hope I'm never traded," he declares, "because St. Louis fascinates me."

The feeling is mutual. Says Cardinal general manager Bing Devine, "He's a ballplayer's ballplayer with a natural showmanship that appeals to the fans. The day I trade him, I'd better get a Ty Cobb in return—or start packing myself." THE END

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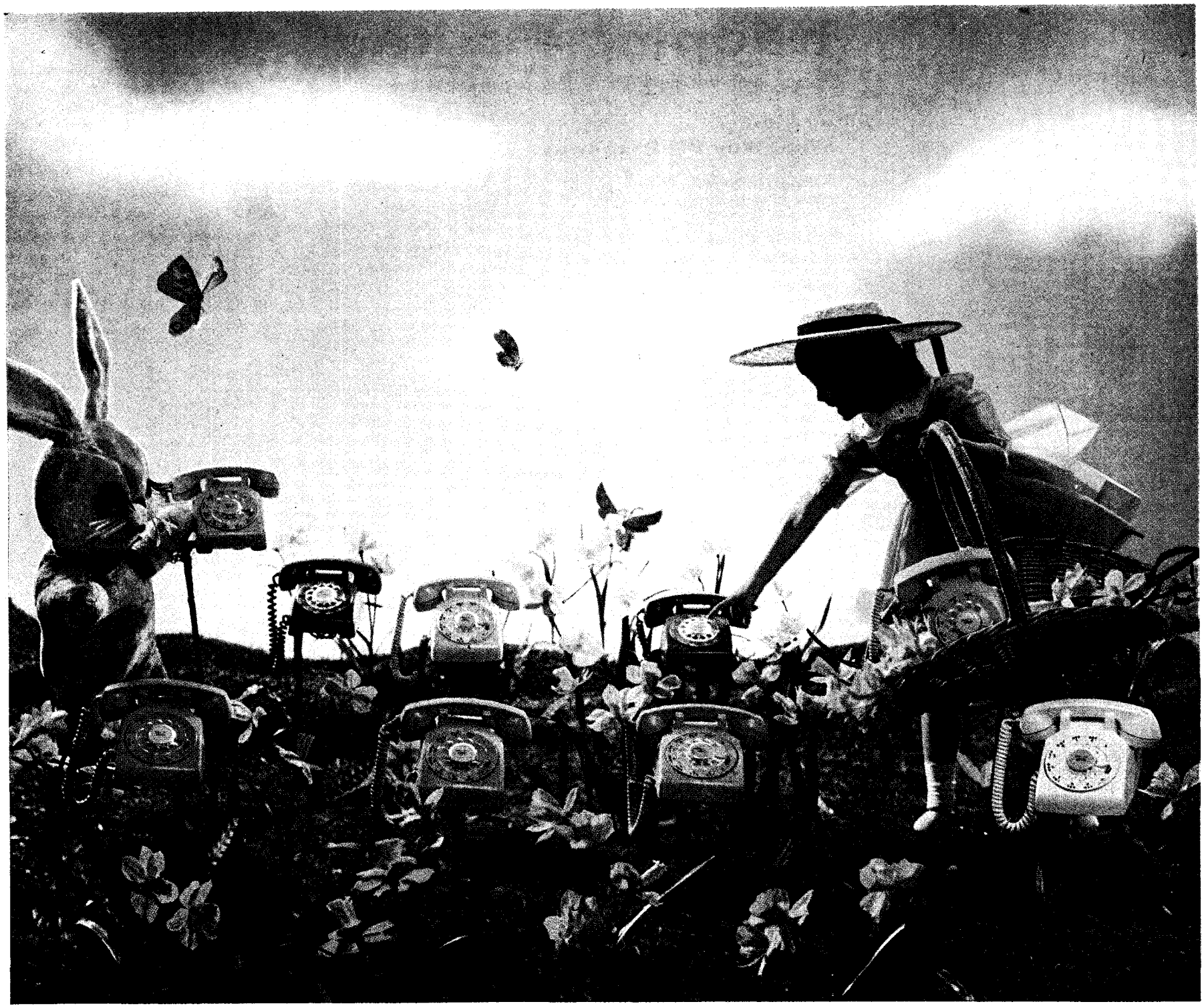

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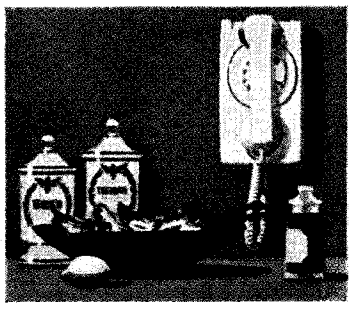

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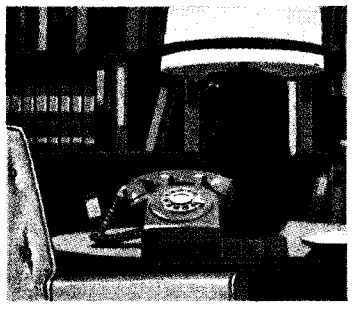
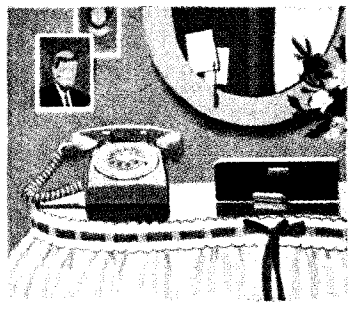
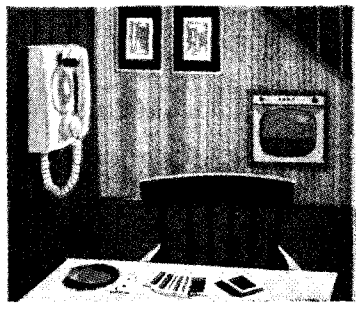


TEEN ROOM



FAMILY ROOM



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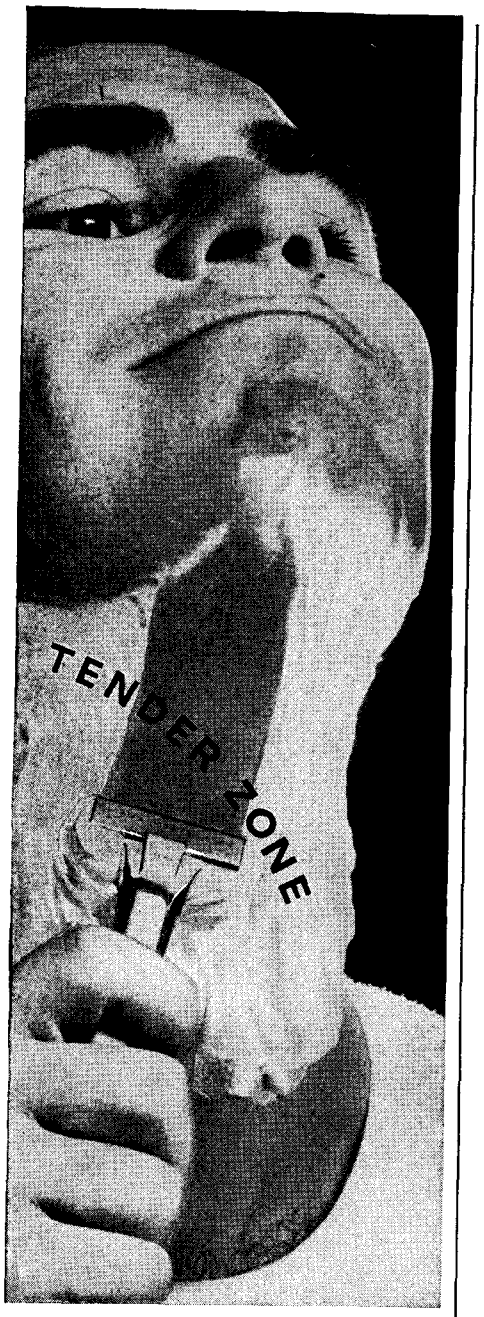

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Keeping Posted

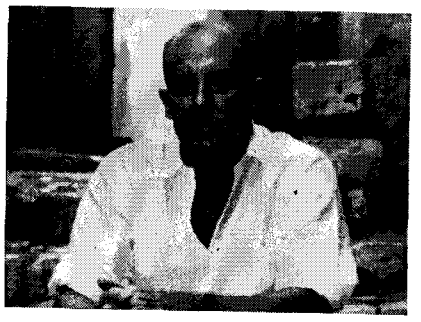
Way, Way Off Broadway

Paul Healy relates in his article on page 36 that he masqueraded as an assistant director in order to get an inside look at the business of putting together musical shows for amateur groups. He attempted to describe his disguise to us, but because words cannot reveal how ridiculous he looked, we are providing the photograph at right. Healy accompanied a bona fide director to Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee, in this get-up and was advised to define his theatrical background as "off-Broadway." (He lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland, with his wife and five children and is Capitol Hill reporter for the *New York Daily News*. His one attempt at playwriting—for an amateur group—closed after two performances.) Just before curtain time on opening night, Healy was unmasked as a mere writer; nevertheless, the cast was exhorted to "go out and give a great performance for *The Saturday Evening Post*." They did.

Behind the disguise: reporter Paul Healy.

"A Man of Many Crotchets"

Caskie Stinnett has been described by a colleague as "a man of many crotchets." Most of his most perverse essays have appeared either on our POST SCRIPTS page—see page 40—or in an impudent little publication called *Speaking of Holiday*, which he edits for one of our sister magazines. Once he went to the trouble of writing a satirical book, *Will Not Run February 22nd,* just to let the railroads know he was fed up with commuting. He dislikes Virginia accents, especially his own, and also has it in for the medical profession because "all of the good diseases are gone." Our man Stinnett didn't show up for work for seven months during 1958, and now it turns out that he wasn't really sick at all. He spent that time in a French villa above the Mediterranean writing his first novel, *Out of the Red*, which was published last week by Random House. The book was inspired by the author's wartime observation of bureaucratic madness, and we shudder to think how official Washington will react to the blow. Stinnett reports that he is working on another novel—"and, funny as it may sound, it isn't humorous."



Caskie Stinnett in southern France: "If you must write a book, this is the place to do it."

Portrait of an Ex-Bachelor

Will Harriss: short lyf, lovely wyf.

Observe the photograph at left: The subject is **Will Harriss,** not quite at work in his Los Angeles bachelor apartment. Above his desk is a portrait of the very lovely Miss Miriam Druten, casting director for the TV shows, *Day in Court* and *Traffic Court*. When this photograph was taken, Mr. Harriss possessed, in addition to his portrait of Miss Druten, a Ph.D. in medieval English literature and a check for his first published story, which may be found on page 34. (Quoting Chaucer, he says, "The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne.") Shortly after sending us his photograph, it dawned on Harriss that as a result of selling his story to *The Post* he could advance by six months the planned date of his marriage to Miss Druten. Mr. and Mrs. Harriss now live in a Los Angeles unbachelor apartment.

The Poker Business

We asked **Ed Montgomery,** of the *Oklahoma City Times*, to share with us his experiences as an oilman, wrestler and poker player, around which critters he weaves the story on page 30.

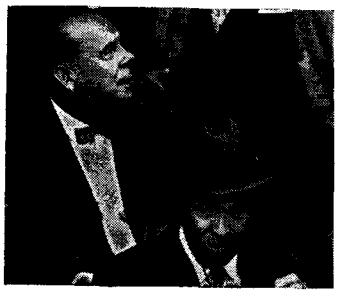
His reply: "I've never been in the oil business, and I quit wrestling when I was twelve because I couldn't lick anybody. But poker's something else. I've played poker in a dozen states and all over Australia, New Guinea, and what used to be the Territory of Hawaii and the Dutch East Indies. In World War II I was a bombardier in a squadron where people flew when they were told to, slept occasionally and played poker the rest of the time. I've seen four-handed games played in the radio operator's section of B-25's returning from combat missions. We had a pretty firm rule that the pilot and copilot couldn't sit in on the game at the same time, however. But all I got was experience; I never made any money. At the end of the war I retired from poker playing and started writing. Any writer will tell you that writing's enough of a gamble for anybody."

Incidentally, the Montgomery family recently moved from Haddock Street, in Norman, Oklahoma, to Franklin Drive. They feel this will be lucky for them because "nobody named Haddock ever founded *The Saturday Evening Post*."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"My Friend the President"

By George E. Allen



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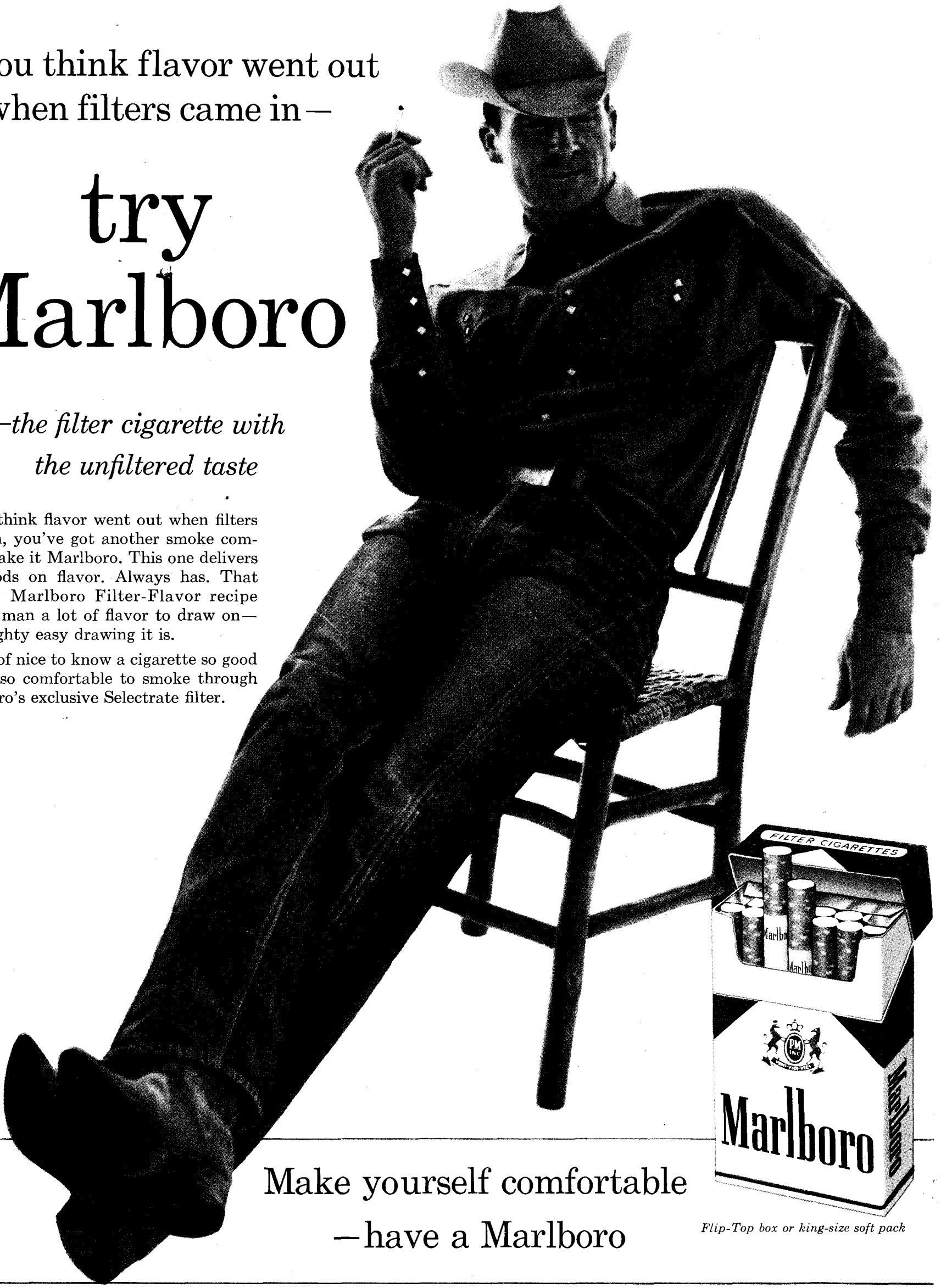

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